

SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY



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TORONTO, 1940

SACKING PORTO EDDA AND PUSHING ON PAST ARGYROKASTRON, GREECE'S MIGHTY MIDGET OF AN ARMY HAD BY LAST WEEK OVERRUN ONE QUARTER OF ITALY'S ALBANIA

NOW that Parliament has risen and Prime Minister King is free to devote some time to the question of distribution of functions within his Cabinet, we hope that he will not overlook one function which is at present being performed with far less than the maximum efficiency. We refer to the function of informing and encouraging the people of Canada with a view to producing and maintaining the psychological state known as the will to victory. Closely associated with this function, so that it should be appended to it as suitable for performance by the same organ of government, is the function of informing, and enlisting the sympathy of, people outside of Canada concerning Canada's war effort and the merits of Canada's cause.

These functions are at present being carried on, more or less, by at least half-a-dozen different government agencies under nearly as many different ministers, all competing with and getting in the way of one another. It is impossible to correlate their work, because they are not responsible to any one head. They are not a major interest to their respective ministers, because each of these gentlemen has functions under his charge which have nothing to do with Information and which inevitably look far more important than the particular fraction of Information which belongs to him. Some of the portfolios to which they belong are so fantastically unrelated to Information that the association would be laughable if we were not so long accustomed to it. One branch, for example, is under Trade and Commerce, another under Munitions and Supply; Air Defence and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police have little publicity offices of their own, and probably have half-a-dozen other branches of the public service. The Office of the Director of Public Information does not appear to be responsible to any one minister and may be the child of an inter-departmental committee, of which Ottawa is full, but historically, it is the child of the Publicity Department of the Canadian National Railways; it is "selling" the war with considerable efficiency on the lines on which railway transportation used to be sold, and is probably the most competent, or the least handicapped, of the various organizations in the business, but except for its "Facing the Facts" broadcasts, usually but erroneously credited to the CBC, it has shown no more than routine inspiration.

The importance of the work which needs to be done upon the minds of the Canadian people, and incidentally upon the minds of their neighbors, is so great that it would fully justify

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the creation of a separate ministry, with a minister as able and energetic as anybody outside of the group of war specialists in the Cabinet, and with the ablest propagandist in the country as deputy minister. Into the hands of this new Department should be gathered all the scattered groups now engaged in any form of publicity work relating to the war, including, we should assume, all that part of the creative branch of the CBC which is now working on war publicity. Whether the CBC as a permanent station-owning enterprise should go over bodily to the new ministry is open to discussion, though it certainly has no excuse for being where it now is.

Such a department would find itself already well staffed with advertising and publicity men gathered from the various existing publicity agencies. The deputy minister, we suggest, should not be a man with that kind of experience alone. The ideal qualification would be a successful career as managing editor of a

daily newspaper, and the kind of man wanted is the kind of man whom his paper would be most reluctant to part with, in these puzzling times. The work would be difficult and exacting, and no gratitude would follow it. But with a minister powerful enough to secure a pretty free hand for the department, there would be the possibility of rendering a national service of the very first importance.

The Greek Campaign

WITH the result of the Russo-Finnish war of a year ago in mind, public opinion was slow to believe that the initial successes of the Greeks could be consolidated into decisive, permanent victory over the Italians, in view of the enormous disparity in numbers and material resources. The tide of the struggle can still be turned and perhaps will be, but it is already evident that the possibilities for

final Greek success are greater than we had dared believe. Disregarding the invaluable assistance given by the Royal Air Force, it may be said that Greek hopes are sustained by two most vital factors, the exceedingly high morale of the Greek forces and people themselves, and the apparently very low level of the morale of the Italians. The Italians have, of course, been operating over a terrain that is much more favorable to Greek defence than to Italian attack, but up to the time of writing—they have continued to give ground even in the more open areas nearer the Albanian coast.

What is the bearing of all this on the main war, the struggle of the sea and air might of Great Britain against the land and air might of Germany? Let us see.

To those who from time to time enquire of us how long Great Britain can endure the air attacks to which she is now being subjected we make two replies. One is that we think the British people have the courage, and the determination, to endure them as long as necessary, so far as their personal resistance is concerned. This does not, of course, meet the point that the production and importation of the implements of warfare might conceivably be so gravely reduced by bombing that the courage and determination of the people would become useless. On that point our second answer is that air warfare, on a scale necessary to produce that effect, does not go on indefinitely. This is not a war of trenches, like 1914-18. The whole interior of Germany, including especially its strategic economic points, is suffering today as no part of any belligerent country, not under actual occupation by the enemy, suffered in the last war. Great Britain is the lesser, not the greater, sufferer; and Great Britain has infinitely the greater powers of endurance.

But meanwhile the German moral resistance is about to be severely strained, if it has not already been strained before these lines are read, by the news that Germany's great and powerful ally Italy has no further stomach for the fight into which she entered so gaily when she thought that both France and Britain were beaten to their knees. If Britain had really been beaten when France surrendered, France would no doubt have been carved up and a generous slice awarded to Mussolini; but the continued resistance of Britain compelled Hitler to be highly circumspect in his treatment of France, and Mussolini therefore undertook the Greek campaign.

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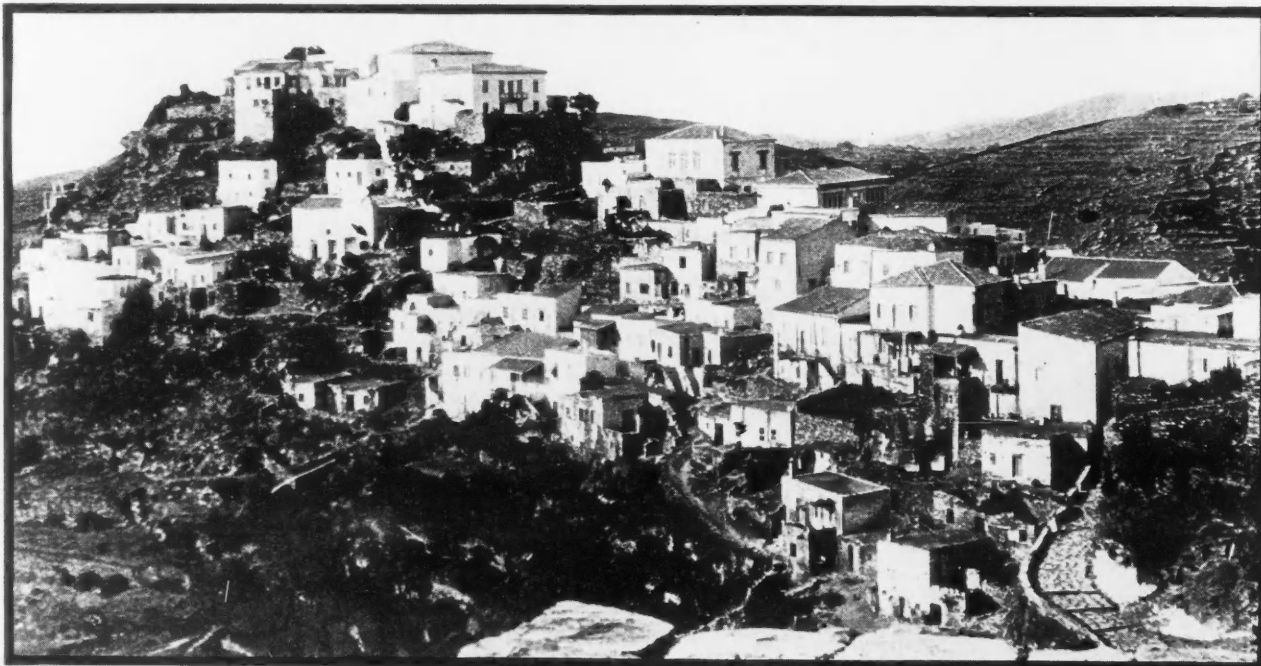
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A Page of Color Pictures from "North West Mounted Police."



CRETE IS A STRATEGIC, 3,320-SQUARE-MILE MOUNTAINOUS ISLAND LYING SOUTHEAST OF GREECE. THIS IS TYPICAL

COAST SCENERY, TAKEN BETWEEN SITIA AND PORT NIKOLO IN THE NORTHEASTERN SECTION OF THE ISLAND.



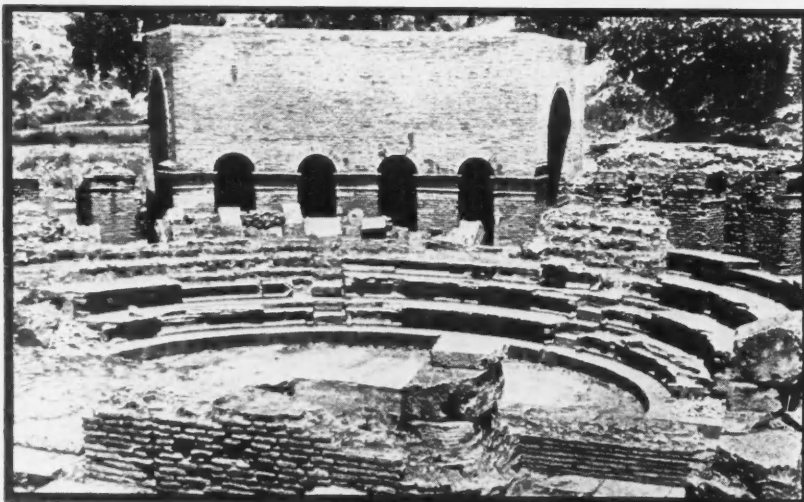
ST. MYRON, A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE NEAR THE FORMER CAPITAL, CANDIA. CANEA HAS BEEN THE SEAT OF THE ISLAND'S

GOVERNMENT SINCE 1840. CRETE HAS A POPULATION OF ABOUT 300,000, ONLY SEVEN IMPORTANT TOWNS.

Island of Crete

Today all Crete is a swarm with British and Greek troops. Anti-aircraft guns guard the harbors, British warships lie offshore and Greek inhabitants of the island have turned from their goat-herding, wine-pressing and vegetable-farming occupations to do their bit.

For Crete stands athwart the sea route to Italy's fortified Dodecanese Islands off the coast of Turkey and a strong base at Crete nullifies their importance. Also this puts Britain 400 miles closer to the scene of action in Greece than Alexandria, Egypt, and increases the hazards of supplying Italian Libya. Naval men claim that provisions to Marshal Rodolfo Graziani's army, which is threatening Egypt, have slowed to a mere dribble, and that since Crete was fortified, not one supply ship has slipped through Kaso Strait to the Dodecanese, where food is low.



ROMAN THEATRE AT GORTYNA. THE RESTORED PART PROTECTS VTH CENTURY GREEK LAW TABLES. CRETE IS RICH IN PREHISTORIC REMAINS.



RETIMO, ON THE NORTH CENTRAL COAST, SHOWING VENETIAN FORTIFICATIONS AND THE CITADEL. ALTHOUGH RATED

AS ONE OF THE IMPORTANT TOWNS OF CRETE, RETIMO ONLY HAS A POPULATION OF SLIGHTLY LESS THAN 10,000.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Mr. Lambert and the CBC

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

MR. R. S. LAMBERT can read. I know he can, for I've heard him read at least once a week over the CBC network. So I'm a little sad when he defends the CBC's "job in production of programs." The word "production" has a meaning in radio. And then he goes on and lists almost three-quarters of a column of programs of the CBC, not one of which is a production job. The CBC does not "produce" the Metropolitan Opera, the Hart House Quartet and nearly all the other things he mentions. Really, Mr. Lambert, I ought to thank you; your list is a splendid piece of bolstering for my argument.

And about the cutting off of all avenues of air discussion to political parties. I was delighted to see Mr. Lambert at the Conference for Civil Liberties in War-time, at Montreal, and I know that he is a great civil libertarian. So he ought to be concerned about this cutting off; it really is a dangerous business. And despite what he says, the political parties were not told of the change. And as far as the regulations governing controversial broadcasting are concerned, I got them from a nervous young man at the CBC headquarters, and I got them as a newspaper man, and the parts I discussed were not marked as deleted.

Mr. Lambert has only been watching Canadian affairs for a short time. I think that is what prevents him from realizing what a headache the CBC has been. It has been a headache to Mr. King, to Mr. Howe, to Mr. Murray, to everyone concerned. As for a Parliamentary Committee, of course there ought to be one. Members of the House are asking for it. They are doing so little work at present that it would be good for them, and they get no extra pay for acting on a committee anyhow. And I bet that if there is a committee some of the things discovered will make Mr. Lambert's hair stand up.

Ottawa, Ont.

POLITICUS.

A Lesson in Union

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

AS AN interested reader of all that concerns the possibilities of a federated union of the democracies, I feel that there is a peculiar importance to be attached to the coming Dominion-provincial Conference to consider the implementation of the Rowell-Sirois Report. Will not the behavior of our delegates to the Conference be of special significance in computing the feasibility of a wider federation? Their purpose is to make more workable the federation under which we live. There are many difficulties in their path. But a petty provincialism at this moment will be a serious discouragement to a wider acceptance of one of the best solutions of the world problem that have yet been offered.

I appeal to you to give more prominence to this aspect of the Conference. It would be a triumph for democracy if small self-interest were submerged in the larger and more ultimate interests of the whole. Democracy is not easy. We do not pretend that everyone can get everything he wants under it. The long view must be taken, and smaller considerations which do not fit in with that must be sacrificed.

Westmount, Que.

GWENDOLYN M. RUSSEL.

More Pronunciation

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

I WAS surprised to note that your correspondent John C. Kirkwood did not call attention to two words which American broadcasters almost always pronounce incorrectly—primarily and interesting. It is almost a rarity to hear the accent on the first syllable of these words. At least that is my experience.

By the way, I wonder if any of your readers remember a paragraph containing a number of words often mispronounced, which was used as a test of school-teachers some years ago. I do not remember the whole of it, but it began: A sacrilegious son of Belial, having exhausted his finances, resolved to ally himself to a comely, lenient and docile lady of the Malay or Caucasian race."

CHAS. H. HUESTIS

Edmonton, Alta.

The Eyes of the Motor Vehicle Operator

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

WHEN you suggest a complete physical examination for operators of motor vehicles, you are suggesting a very extensive program. However, I do think that eyesight is a very important factor, and I feel if this were checked up—and this can be done at a very reasonable cost—it would be found that there are many people with uncorrected defective vision operating motor cars today.

Checking the eyesight could be done by a layman by the use of simple test cards which would show the need, if any, for glasses. If defective vision were found to be present, the individual would then have to go to either an oculist or an optometrist before obtaining a permit to drive a car.

H. M. HARRISON, (M.D.)

Medical Director, Canadian Medical Institute, Toronto.

The Mouth of the Gift Horse

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE title of your front page illustration speaks of a "Christmas gift" to Britain of twenty-four bombing planes. It was a surprise to me to hear that the United States had begun to give anything to Britain.

Thornhill, Ont.

J. S. H. GUEST.

(In case any reader should have misunderstood the somewhat figurative language of our caption, we hasten to make clear that the bombing planes are being paid for by the British government. We continue to feel, however, that the turning of them over to Britain, in the present state of the world, constitutes for other than financial reasons an act of generosity and sympathy which merits the term "Christmas gift." These are times in which a bomber ready to bomb is worth considerably more than its mere cash value. Editor.)

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

paigned out of sheer need to show that he also could do a little blitzkrieg on his own account. The Italian people never had any real desire to fight Britain, and the discovery that to Britain there has been added another tough and unnecessary enemy in the shape of Greece is too much. Their chief concern now is to avoid the ruthlessness, not of their enemies, whom they know to be civilized nations, but of their ally. If they can defend the Brenner Pass they will not care what happens to Albania and Abyssinia.

Warfare and Cabinet Rule

THE University of Toronto Press has performed a useful service in reprinting from the August number of the Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science the article by Prof. R. MacGregor Dawson on "Winston Churchill At The Admiralty 1911-1915." It is a timely and important piece of writing for two reasons. The man who was chiefly responsible for the move—the Dardanelles campaign—which should have caused the war to end in a British victory three years before it did, the man who was incomparably the most brilliant figure of the Cabinet of those days, is now the head of the British Government, a government which, having no important belligerent allies, is fortunately free to carry on the war as it sees fit without deference to the feelings of other nations. But more than that, the Dardanelles affair is an outstanding and most instructive example of the difficulties which arise in the carrying on of a war by means of a Cabinet responsible to Parliament—difficulties, we may add, which are not wholly absent even from a War Council which, like that of present-day Germany, is responsible only to a single autocrat.

Mr. Churchill's period as First Lord of the Admiralty sheds more light upon his character than any other part of his life, and is therefore of the highest interest at the present time. But it also sheds a great deal of light upon the difficulty which always attends the reconciling

THE GUEST AT THE INN

I WAS the last one who could find a place in that small, crowded inn at Bethlehem, And when they came, as twilight grew apace, The keeper said there was no room for them.

I saw her standing by the cattle shed, Her hour drawing near. Perhaps I might Have told the landlord she could have my bed— The stable was no place for her that night.

But I was weary. I had hurried so. On heavy roads I'd travelled all the day. The bed was mine, I could not let it go And so I slept those wondrous hours away.

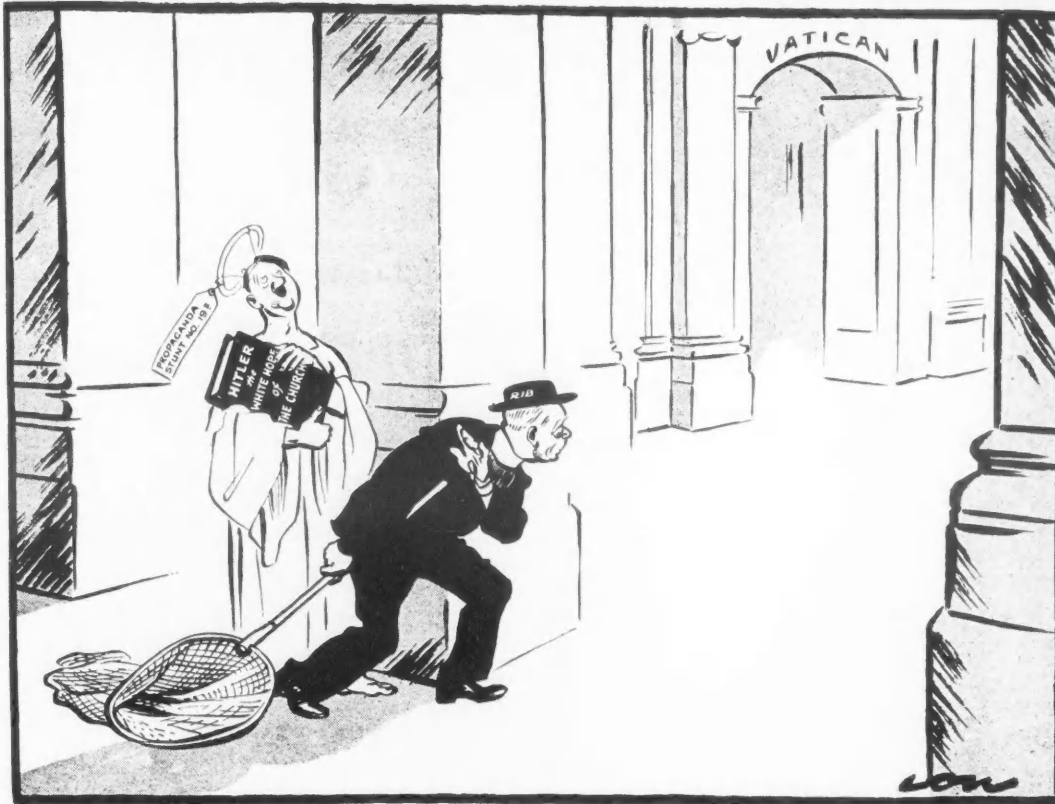
And, as I lay in heavy, dreamless rest Upon the couch that was so rightly mine, The wise men reached the ending of their quest Led, through the darkness, by a star ashine.

Yet blame me not unless you know no part Of vain regret as Christmas carols ring Because you have not listened to your heart That prompted you to do the kindly thing.

Windsor, Ont.

MABEL FREER LOVERIDGE.

of the views of military experts and of politicians as to the conduct of a war; and nothing could be more dangerous than to assume that the military experts are always right. Mr. Dawson makes it clear that the tragedy of the early years of the Great War arose largely from the fact that the Army spoke with a single voice, that of Lord Kitchener, which was very frequently wrong, while the Navy spoke with so many voices that it was difficult for it to get reasonable attention paid to any of its views. A further difficulty arose in the Dardanelles case, from the fact that the chief military officer and the chief naval officer on the spot agreed upon the necessity of a serious modification of the original plan, involving a delay of several weeks, and the War Cabinet could not be induced to take the responsibility



HUNTING BIG GAME

—Lau.

of over-riding their local decision. We know now that the men on the spot were wrong, and Mr. Churchill was sure enough that they were wrong at the time, but he could not claim to possess the positive knowledge that would have justified him in overruling them. The reading of this pamphlet should go far to increase confidence in Mr. Churchill for the present crisis.

Registration and Vote

WE ARE extremely anxious that the registration card system—not half of whose possible benefits have yet been realized—should be put to practical use in the municipal elections which will be pretty widespread over Canada during the next few weeks; and we are a little out of patience with the objections of those who maintain that there must be some sort of legislation before this can be done.

The law requires that every citizen shall carry his registration card on his person at all times. The law is rather obscure as to who is entitled to demand production of the card, but there is no doubt that any police officer can arrest any person who fails or refuses to produce it. Whether the deputy returning officer at an election poll has this right may be open to question; but there can be no question that he can insist upon swearing any person who presents himself to vote and does not produce the card, and it should not be much trouble to summon a policeman who could repeat the demand for the card before the voter gets away. If the voter has no card he is then arrested for not having one, and if he turns out not to be the person whose name he is using he is further charged with perjury and impersonation at the polls, both pretty serious offences. So far as we can see, the registration system ought to be mighty useful at the elections just as it is, without any more law-making.

The Members Are Willing

THE demand for a more continuous sitting of Parliament is beginning to be voiced even by those persons who would next perhaps to the Government be most inconvenienced by it, namely the members from the remote parts of the country. G. A. Cruikshank of Fraser Valley, B.C., a Liberal back-bencher, told his fellow-members recently that "this House should be kept in almost continuous session. It would mean a financial loss to members from the Far West to be kept here, but we asked to be elected to represent the people during war time and we should be ready to stay here."

The importance of Parliament, far from being diminished during a war, should be vastly increased. In time of peace it is possible for public opinion to exert a certain influence upon the conduct of affairs by the Government, even when Parliament is not sitting. But in time of war it is impossible for public opinion to keep itself adequately informed upon the innumerable questions of detail, many of them involved in military secrecy,

which have to be dealt with by the Executive, and about which that Executive tends to become more and more autocratic the more it feels the absence of public restraint. It is in this situation that the House of Commons becomes virtually the people of Canada, or at any rate the only channel through which the people of Canada can exercise any effective influence upon the behavior of their Government.

A reasonably continuous session would develop in the private members of the House a much livelier sense of their individual responsibility for the conduct of the war, the seriousness of the times has already done much in that direction, and the present Parliament, despite its enormous party majority, is by no means a mere rubber stamp for Cabinet decisions, and would immensely increase the confidence of all the Canadian people that vital matters, about which they themselves cannot, as they well know, be in a position to judge with informed certainty, are being judged by competent and impartial observers.

Censorship and Delay

WE HAVE on our desk certain air-mail letters from England which seem to suggest very strongly that a bottle-neck has developed in the censorship of communications leaving the British Isles by air, and that a breaking of that bottle-neck in the interests of correspondents engaged in export trade from Great Britain is imperative if that export trade is not to be seriously handicapped.

The letters to which we refer are dated and postmarked as of Birmingham October 28 and 29 respectively. They were delivered in Toronto on November 25; as this was a Monday they may conceivably have been received by the local post office on Saturday, November 23, but not earlier. This means that they took not less than twenty-six days in transit. It is interesting to note that they bear labels stating that they were opened by examiners nos. 540 and 685 respectively, which suggests that there are quite a few examiners. Nevertheless, unless this delay can be shown to be due to some cause entirely unrelated to the British censorship, it must be clear that there is an imperative need for the devising of some system which will expedite the handling by the censors of mail dealing with export business.

The firm from which the letters proceeded is one of the oldest and most reputable in Birmingham. It should not be beyond the wit of the British authorities to devise a means by which some responsible individual in that firm could be clothed with sufficient power to do the censoring of the firm's export correspondence, and to deliver it to the postal censors with a certificate that it contains nothing but business information. Failing that, there should be a means by which letters designated as of a purely business character could be dealt with by the censors without having to await their turn in the queue. If the Canadian government were to point out to the British government that this sort of thing gravely handicaps commerce between the two countries it might have a useful effect.

THE PASSING SHOW

PORTO EDDA, named after Mussolini's daughter, has fallen to the Greeks. Once more Hitler has all the luck. He hasn't got a daughter.

And once again the Roman legions operate under the old Roman sign of S.P.Q.R., with its modern meaning—very small profits, very quick returns.

BELLIGERENT BALLAD

In conquered lands stark Famine stands
And mocks at Destitution.
The histories show, and Frenchmen know,
The answer's Revolution.

R.L.E.

Ontario will make no new King's Counsel this winter. With Mr. Conant to guide him, the King needs no more counsel.

The House of Commons has no soul for poetry. A speech last week began with the Charge of the Light Brigade and ended with Flanders Fields, both very well recited, and in the middle of it the Speaker rose to remark that "The Hansard reporter is having difficulty hearing what the hon. gentleman is saying because of the conversation which is going on in the House."

OTTAWA DIET NOTES

Dr. Bruce
Is an ardent believer in tomato juice,
But Mr. Gardiner
Thinks wheat is the real constitution hardener.

Mr. Hanson
Uses an old-fashioned wood stove to heat his pans on,
While Mr. Mackenzie King
Insists that his Christmas pudding be tied up with red tape instead of string.

A New York writer observes that all the Italian soldiers have won so far in this war is a little African sand. Well, sand is one thing they need.

Radio quizzer asks: "Should a gentleman remove his hat before striking a lady?" We think so, and his gloves too.

Canadian poetess' new volume is called "Britons Awake," which seems unkind in view of the fact that air raids are preventing most of them from sleeping.

IN CASE YOU'RE PUZZLED

I'm attacking the British, says Adolf Hitler, Because I've run out of anyone littler.

The Superman books are being banned in Canada. Now what Cabinet Minister could be afraid of invidious comparisons?

Is the C.B.C. staff really incompetent, or is a former member of the board just a Sensitive Plaunt?

Stalin is Russia, and Russia is Stalin'.
Mystical Russian Aphorism.

ITALIAN OPERA

Admiral Cavagnari
Couldn't put the "Nostrum" into "Mare,"
And is now in the same imbroglio
As Marshal Badoglio.

When the worst comes to the worst, the Germans are going to find that you can't eat mechanized cavalry.

First Greek to second Greek: "Is that snow over in the Italian lines, or just more white feathers?"

OUT OF EVIL . . .

or COO, DON'T THE WIND BLOW COLD!
Strange to observe
How failing nerve
In commanders of Roman designation,
Gives wider sway
From day to day
To the Christian virtue of resignation.

The Sirols Report reminds us that with Constitutions it's never too late to amend.

The Europe for Which We Fight Begins to Form

THE Czechoslovak and Polish governments-in-exile announced in a joint declaration from London on Armistice Day that after the war their two countries would enter into a political and economic union which would pave the way for a wider federation of nations and the establish-

ment of a new order in Europe.

Although details of the plan of union are still under study, it is understood that the first stage will be based on a close economic co-operation, including a customs union, a common monetary system, and railroad unification. It will be a

BY DONALD C. MacDONALD

union of independent sovereign states, each retaining its own presidency, with separate parliaments and armies, but with a common foreign policy and a unified army command.

This announcement—given to the press at the British Ministry of Information on November 11—was accompanied by a short statement of the British Government committing itself to support the proposed union, an action that was interpreted by some as being a partial answer to the insistent demands, emanating from some sections of the British public, for a declaration of Britain's war aims in Continental Europe.

The story of this announcement was buried on the back pages of Canadian papers. A release of the official text was made in Canada on November 19 through the office of the Director of Public Information, but it attracted even less attention. Nevertheless, this is perhaps one of the most significant bits of news

vaks were federated under a single ruler. Among the earliest records of Poland's written history is the story of how, in 966, Dabrowka, the daughter of a Czech king, who was at the same time wife of the Polish ruler, Miecislav I, was instrumental in bringing Christianity to Poland. In the centuries before these countries fell under the domination of their more powerful neighbors—Prussia, Russia and Austria—for a time the Polish kings federated under their personal rule the territory of modern Poland with that of the Ukraine and of Lithuania (which then included the territory of modern Latvia and Estonia). At the opening of the 14th century a Czech king, Wenceslaus, ruled simultaneously in Warsaw and Prague, while later, in the 16th century, kings of the Polish Jagellonian dynasty were also kings of Bohemia. In our own day the union of Bohemia and Slovakia in 1918, creating the modern Czechoslovakia, was along lines of democratic federation of which this Czechoslovak-Polish union will be a further realization. In fact, the wider federation—a United States of Europe—was the ideal of Thomas G. Masaryk, president-liberator of Czechoslovakia, whose work is now being carried on by Dr. Eduard Benes.

Longest Secure Period

The longest period of security from aggression by either Prussia from the west or Russia from the east, was enjoyed during those centuries when a comparatively strong state existed in eastern Europe. The fact that Prussia and Russia did grow more powerful later and, together with Austria, partitioned Poland out of existence, only qualifies but does not deny the lesson of history; the greatest assurance of peace and security in eastern Europe lies in a state powerful enough that it is not a perpetual invitation to aggression by its powerful neighbors.

The proposed union of Czechoslovakia and Poland not only creates such a power, but it interlocks the fate of two countries which have in fact been interlocked all throughout modern times. History has shown twice already that Poland cannot exist without Czechoslovakia, and in turn the position of Czechoslovakia is weak without Poland. In the 17th century the destruction of the old kingdom of Bohemia, and the over-running of Slovakia, doomed both the Czechs and Slovaks to centuries of foreign tyranny from which they were released only in 1918. Their collapse paved the way for the partitioning of Poland in the 18th century, because it left Poland's southern as well as her western and eastern borders open to attack. In a similar fashion, the destruction of Czechoslovakia in 1938 paved the

way for the fall of Poland—such is the increased tempo of our age within one year.

London Freedom's Centre

The second significant feature of the announcement of this union is that it emanated from that community of interests represented in Britain today. Too often we are apt to think of Britain as standing completely alone in Europe. Admittedly she is carrying the lion's share of the burden. But in Britain today there are the governments not only of Dr. Eduard Benes of Czechoslovakia and President Raczkiewicz of Poland, but of King Haakon of Norway, Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, Premier Pierlot of Belgium and Gen. de Gaulle of France. In some instances the contributions that are being made by these governments are vital.

About 90 per cent of Norway's merchant fleet, which totals almost 5,000,000 tons, and the greater portion of the Dutch merchant marine of 2,250,000 tons, are today carrying food and war materials to Britain from every corner of the globe, a fact which is of immense importance when, as Churchill warned recently, the greatest threat of the enemy is in his submarine campaign. Units of the Polish, the Dutch and the free French navies ply home waters with the Royal Navy, while in the Far East the Dutch fleet stands a silent guard with the British.

Each of these governments in Britain has been assigned a portion of British shores and a number of airbases to watch over. The Belgian and the Dutch governments are about to start training in Canada recruits drawn from this continent to swell the numbers of their forces in Britain. Official communiqués have commended the magnificent work of the Czechoslovak and Polish air squadrons in sharing the defence of Britain. At the moment another such squadron is being formed in Canada by Norwegians, their instructors being trained men who escaped from Norway, and their planes, deliveries from the United States where the Norwegian government had ordered them before Hitler's northern blitzkrieg.

Resources Are Pooled

Though circumstances have limited the contributions that each of these Allies can make, they have pooled all their available resources in material and man-power with those of Britain so as to make them as effective as possible. In that way they are maintaining a sense of national pride among their down-trodden countrymen, because they have made it possible for them to feel that, though their country be overrun, it is contributing its bit to their own freedom and to the freedom of the world. Some day, as surely as the sun will rise tomorrow, the Nazi structure in Europe will crumble before the pounding of free people from without and the revolt of free people from within. The present direction which is being given to the political thinking of Europe's "silent people," strengthened by the fact that their government and countrymen fight on in Britain, will be the assurance that when the day of revolt comes, their efforts will not run off into communistic channels, but be directed toward the speedy restoration of their independent homeland.

Today these exiled governments in Britain represent a cause which is identified with that of Britain, but which will be merged tomorrow, each with the larger cause of its freed homeland, all with the larger cause of Europe. They are symbols of free men, now enslaved, but who will rise again. They make up a veritable league of nations, a league bound together by a cause which is not just theirs, not just ours, but the cause of humanity. With Britain they have forged a community of interests. Today, they have merged their cause with ours—to win the war; tomorrow, we shall have to merge our cause with theirs—to win the peace.



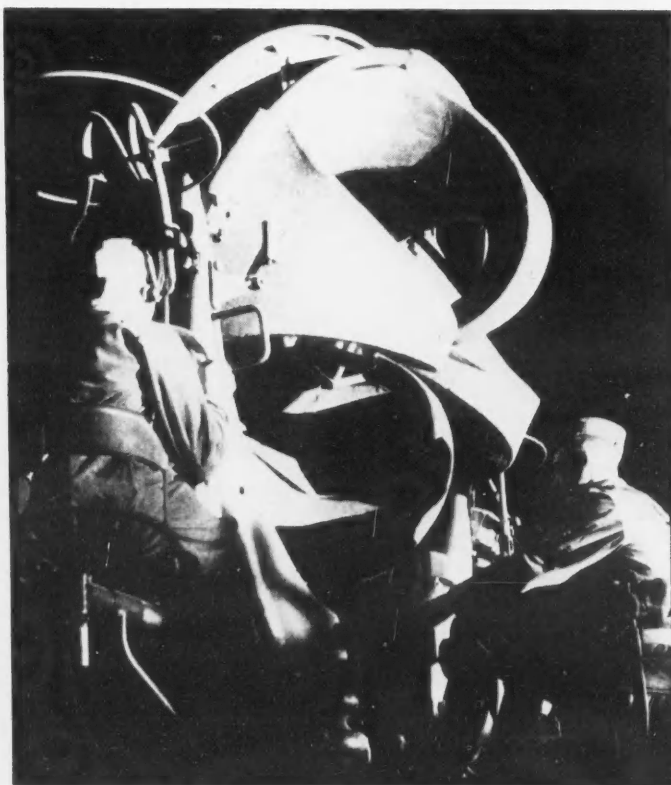
A regiment of German baby tanks ready to go into action



. . . and the same tanks engaged. They carry a crew of two



German armored cars carry a crew of five: a driver and 4 machine gunners



A German anti-aircraft listening post near Berlin

Because Germany's army swept across Europe to accomplish in 75 days what it took Napoleon 10 years to do and because censorship clamped down on pictures of the German army, the tendency has become to regard it as a host of supermen.

In reality the German Army is the product of a nation which has been preparing for World War II ever since it was defeated in World War I. Actually, the men in these pictures possess no superior qualities to the young men on the opposite page. To date their big advantage has been long preparation for an aggressive war and a thorough psychological training from babyhood in the belief that war is their supreme glorification.

that has come from Britain in a long while. For here is the first inkling of the lines of the new Europe for which we fight, the alternative which the Allies have to offer to the enslavement of European peoples, and the reduction of their countries to agricultural appendages of a dominant industrial Germany—that reshaping of a continent which the Nazis are wont to call a New European Order.

There are two features of this Czechoslovak-Polish union which augur well for its success. The first is that it is not a new experience for either the Czechoslovaks or the Poles.

The history of these two peoples contains many instances of close association, including federations within each of the countries, and occasions when Poles and Czechoslo-

Military Training at the University of Toronto

BY ERROL CAHOON

COMP'NY, 'TEN—SHUN! The grounds of Universities across Canada are echoing to the commands of officers and the tramp of marching feet. For when it was announced that the young men of Canada were to be called for a month's training, the university governing bodies, knowing that one of the greatest factors in efficient continuation of the war was educated men, met in Ottawa and conferred with the government.

In order that University students who are in the age group affected by the National Resources Mobilization Act would not be required to attend a Militia Training Centre for a period of thirty-days during their course, it was arranged that all male undergraduates would be required to take military training under the Canadian Officers' Training Corps in each university.

To carry out this scheme of training at the University of Toronto, the Corps was divided into two parts—the Officers' Training Corps, and the University of Toronto C.O.T.C. Training Centre.

Courses conducted give training leading to lieutenant's qualifications in Artillery, Engineers, Signals, Infantry Rifle, Infantry Machine Gun, and Army Service Corps; and captain's qualifications in the Army Medical Corps, Canadian Dental Corps, and Ordnance Mechanical Engineers.

The graduate members have 3 hours' drill or lectures 2 evenings a week and Saturday afternoons, while the undergraduates have their drill and lectures in the afternoons, with the same number of hours. Those who are training for captain's papers have a longer syllabus and require about 10 hours a week.

"Somewhere in Ontario"

This instruction is continued at camp—"Somewhere in Ontario"—which is held in the Spring after the final examinations are over, and where facilities are better for both training and practical work. It is there that the *esprit de corps* will be developed to the limit by the intensified training and the camp life.

The candidates write two examinations during the period of instruction, the first paper being common to all the arms, and the second paper special to the arm. The examinations in practical work will be held during camp.

The C.O.T.C. Training Centre at University of Toronto includes all those men between the ages of 18-24 inclusive, who are given the same training as that required by the government to be given at a militia training centre. There are 1,500 enrolled in this group. Another group comprising the ages 18-20 train 2 hours a week in preliminary drill along with their physical training.

The full course totals 7 hours of instruction and drill a week—2 hours on 2 afternoons, and 3 hours Saturday afternoons. This lasts until the middle of March, when there is a full till the final examinations are over, and is continued at camp (likely the same camp as the C.O.T.C. in the Spring) for 2 more weeks.

The Training

The men are trained in war gas drill, anti-aircraft drill, military discipline, history of the unit, scouting and patrolling, characteristics of weapons, musketry, camp hygiene and sanitation and military law.

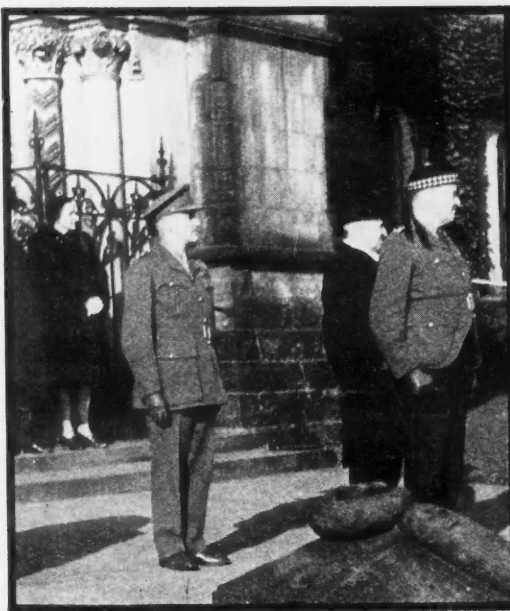
Certain Saturday afternoons the men of either the C.O.T.C. or the C.O.T.C. Training Centre, or both together, go for route marches led by the band through some part of the city. The band and the C.O.T.C. have been issued battle dress, which, contrary to tradition, fits very well indeed. The wearing of uniforms has brought up the problem of saluting, and after asking a lot of questions, the men have come to the conclusion that they have to salute any uniformed man carrying a swagger stick; for at 20 or 30 paces distant, the patch pips on the officers' battle dress are practically invisible.



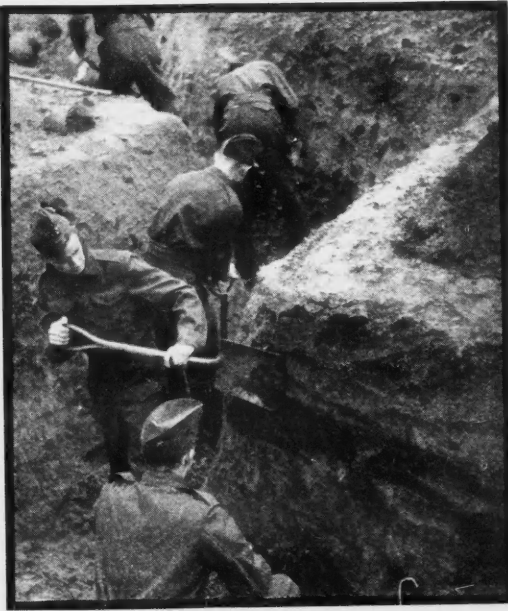
Progress from a half-uniformed, half-drilled unit like this



. . . to a uniformed, well-drilled unit like this took weeks of work.



Brig. Eric Haldenby takes the salute.



By digging laboriously like this



. . . Engineers achieved professional-looking trenches.



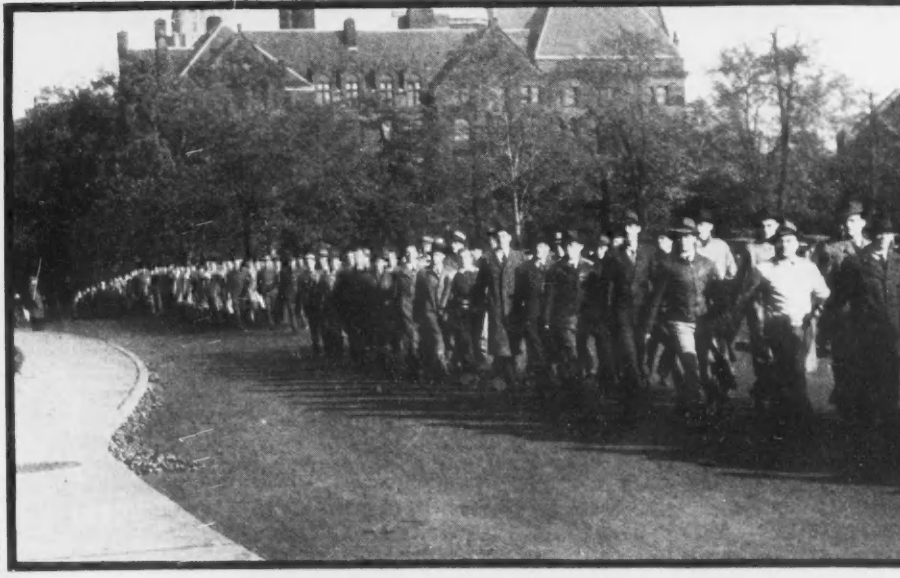
Stringing barbed wire requires care, patience, an even temper



. and stout, thick-palmed mitts to protect the soldier's hands.



Embryonic officers lounge on the front campus just before . . .



. a foot-grilling 6-mile route march which ended in a "march past".

★ He thought he left \$100,000 for his family

The value of his estate was \$100,000 but after taxes, debts and fees were deducted only \$79,000 was left for the family.

If this father used a $4\frac{1}{4}\%$ rate when figuring the income from his estate for his family, they will receive \$893 less EACH YEAR than he had counted upon.

Settlement costs (taxes, debts and fees) in the administration of estates are inevitable, but on the average a Trust Company will use only \$1,870 for every \$2,150 used by individual executors for such purposes.

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The Victims of the Raid

BY ROSAMOND BOULTBEE

In the previous article Miss Boulthbee described the simple home life of the old South East Coast lodging-house where "the Aunties," both in their eighties, have been hosts for years to her and a little group of other retired people, and told how the news of its wrecking by a bomb came to her while on duty at a warden's post. Miss Boulthbee, who is one of the Toronto Boulthbees, is like several others of that family an accomplished literary artist, and we believe this to be among the finest portrayals of the psychological effects of a bombing raid that have yet come to Canada.

THE Aunties and others in the house were being well attended to. Mr. O. had come through the ordeal wonderfully, was in his sitting-room on the top floor, with the sky now as a ceiling. (The next day he and Mrs. O. were to have gone to a niece on the border of Sussex and Surrey.)

I went out over crackling glass and slate. I saw broken house after house, and a demolished chapel. I called, "Paddy, Paddy." I flashed the borrowed torch in and out of dark corners, but no cry came to answer me. Two young policemen came up. "Can we help you, lady?" In the same detached manner I said, "I'm looking for my cat." They looked at each other. "A cat!" one said, and the other echoed "A cat!" By now they guffawed. "A cat! Shall we send a conveyance for him?" I walked on, unhurt by their sneers; after all, they did not know my Paddy. I heard them call, "Hi! Where are you going?" "Into my home," I replied. "But it's unsafe, they are getting the people out of there, lots of them." I could see they thought I didn't know my own home it didn't matter, so much had to be done.

I walked on through the shell of rooms into the kitchen. The Aunties

were both dressed in fur coats,—shabby old things, but with what pride I looked at them. The ambulance men were seeing to their needs. An ambulance van awaited, as near as it could be brought. I looked at the two dear old figures. "Darling," I said as I put my arms round Auntie H. She smiled, her cheek was very soft. I turned and saw the other Auntie smiling at me too as if to say, "This is our Miss, she brought all these important gentlemen in here for us." "Darling," I said again, and again I felt another soft cheek. I turned and saw my two friends, the truculent policemen. "Can we do anything to help you, lady?" they asked. I thanked them with a negative shake of my head, but we smiled the smiles of understanding for each other.

THE St. John Ambulance men were very busy. "Now, mother," said one to Auntie H. I recognized him as the very efficient lecturer to our first aid classes. "Come along, we are taking you to the Town Hall." Two of them made a chair with their hands. Auntie H. was perched up, with an arm round each man's neck; her withered old feet dangled as they carried her out to the waiting conveyance. Auntie B. followed in the same manner. "They are just perfect," I said to myself. Whom was I speaking of?—the men or the Aunties? Perhaps both. But I was really thinking how well I had been justified in my ten years conviction that those two dear old women are about the grandest type of people this world possesses. Asking nothing of life, but to see themselves through. Content with so little, so human in their likes and — no, I don't think they have any dislikes, except being disturbed from their usual course. They knew their home was shabby, but they only hoped it would see

them out. I watched their brave figures like ancient queens being carried to their canopies by their slaves.

A little procession was coming up. Mr. and Mrs. O. and three more of the five hundred and forty years', all in the same manner, carried by St. John's Ambulance men in neat uniforms, very careful of their burdens. I came up behind, I looked into the van, which was to take them to the Town Hall and from there to temporary homes, until each individual problem would be settled. I saw those dear, blasted out, old people, victims of the curse of totalitarianism, of the wreckers of homes who offer instead—indeed would force instead—their cruel inhuman system of control of all decent liberties.

LOOKING into the van I saw Mrs. O's smudged face. I saw Mr. O. very, very grey, a cricketer's cap on his head. I said—I was very near to sobbing now—"Oh, do look at Mrs. O's pretty face." It was so pretty in spite of the smudge, and I saw Mr. O. with an unimpaired gallantry try to raise himself—he managed to lift his cap—he was smiling, something had been said that pleased him about his beloved partner of not far off half a century. "Oh, look at your pretty face," he said. I cried, and many heard me, "Mr. O., Mr. O., always the gallant gentleman, but I know, always a flirt." "No! No!" he answered. But the days of cricket and pretty women had come back to him, and he too in his enfeebled physique was feeling the exhilaration of having suffered the calamity we all are waiting for. It had brought to him the sense of not having been overlooked by God—for out of such cometh the Resurrection.

I looked at my face, when I returned to the now forsaken remains of the house. A crooked but still whole mirror showed me a woman in the neat navy blue uniform-coat provided for women wardens, my policeman's whistle on its dirty white cord suspended in business-like readiness for use, my helmet well braced by its strap under my chin—and my face! pretty!!

The right eye shaded by the angle of the most protective helmet could see so much, but the left now looked something like a map of Europe, swollen purple mountains, and crevices between the bumps.

Where would I go? To the Town Hall too? No! the tiredness I had so gladly lost might return. I telephoned to friends, four miles north-west of that South East Coast town, asking could I come to them. "Of course," was the reply. "I'll be late."

*In her first article Miss Boulthbee mentioned that the ages of seven out of the nine people living in the bombed house totalled up to this figure.



An anti-aircraft gun crew at drill on Canada's eastern coast. This 3.7-inch gun can fire a shell every five seconds and makes flying very hazardous for a plane which ventures down below eighteen thousand feet.

THIS CHRISTMAS

GIVE THESE FAVOURITES

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CIGARETTES
BY PHILIP MORRIS

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Your pipe smoker friends will appreciate this grand smoking mixture. It's real pleasure in a pipe.

A gift that's always certain to please. There's no finer Virginia cigarette made. Buy them in the special Christmas cartons.

X-19

I said. "Never mind, we have a room ready for you." Blessed people.

I went out across the debris. Many had gone, though a lot of officials were still there. Two came forward, each offering me shelter in their homes. Since then one of these has been bombed out. They too must, now, not be tired any more.

THE house, or shell of it, was empty and rather ghostly as I returned. Dusk was coming upon us. I rather wearily renewed my search for my Paddy. "Paddy" I called, but the stillness gave me no answer. I tried to find what clothes I could extricate, and found the case we all have ready for such an emergency. I looked round my room. I realized that I could see none of its desolation.

My room, so full of love and thought, had entered into the realm of eternal things. My writing table, which I had brought from Canada, stood near the window piled up with bricks, slate and cement from the ceiling. But to me it was the useful, and still to-be-used, friend my mother had left me. My pictures and eikons brought from Russia, hanging in crazy disarray, were still on the walls. My parchment shade curtains were flapping dejectedly in

and out of the window. My feet were encased in a sort of Flanders mud. There had been a carpet, nowhere to be seen now.

But in my imagination, my curtains were drawn, my fire was glowing, Paddy's quiet little figure was in front of it. My lights were shaded. The wireless, beside my divan, was giving out music. A step! Is it a ghost? The door slowly opened. A figure stood there in uniform and helmet. The husband of a friend, he too a friend. His face was very kind. "My dear," he said, "I hardly dared come in, but I had to." I put my head on his shoulder and cried and cried. — Those friends were bombed out of their home the next day!

A HOME, a dear welcome awaited me about an hour later. When in my soft bed, I reviewed the day's activity. There is some inner joy which radiates itself to stricken people. Christ must have had that joy, even on His way to the Cross, that inner knowledge that there is always the Resurrection. I had seen this in many people's faces, in that lifetime of a few hours just past.

"I am with you always," is God's promise to us all. "We haven't lost as you have," those tell us who are

still suffering anxious anticipation. "You haven't gained as we have," I try to explain. I would all could have something of its redemption. God's purpose is always merciful, if only we can feel it from the joy in the depths of our hearts. "The joy which cometh with the morning."

Later

I DID not go to London the next day, nor have I been since. I went, early in the morning after our evacuation, into our town. I felt that until I found Paddy I would hover about the ruins of our home. It looked very pathetic, but infinitely dignified. More slate had fallen. I saw too that the chimney stack was mostly in my room; much soot had come with it. I got some fish and made a noise like a saucepan, thinking Paddy would come to that ever welcome sound. But no sign of him came. My heart was very heavy. What good, I felt, had the Germans got out of our house? Seven very old people. Two younger women and two cats. Paddy it seemed was to be the one casualty.

Oh yes! casualties! I went out and asked some of the men working outside. No, there had not been many, considering the damage done.

"I was at Ypres in the last war," a policeman told me, "and never have I seen two bombs, even there, do such destruction as that." He waved a hand toward the number of fallen homes. "The casualties?" Two had been killed, an elderly lady and a young domestic, both within a hundred yards of our house. "About twelve hospital cases," I was told. No, not heavy, but about fourteen too many, I thought.

I WENT back into the house. I heard footsteps. There stood the immaculate landlord. For years I had had a wholesome fear of that gentleman. But I realized that in spite of his austere exterior, he was quite right, from a business point of view. Weekly he, or one of his staff, would call on Auntie H. "Why bother the old dear so much?" I used to think. I would hear her from my room saying, "I'll pay you all I can on Friday." Then there would be whispers. She would be telling the caller how this one would pay on Tuesday, that one on Thursday. And, "That lady in there always pays me for a month when she gets her money from Canada." "And when will that be?" "I think next week," she would cautiously reply. "Auntie H.," I would say to myself, "you know you had a whole month's money last week, two-thirds of it was in advance." But I realized that it was best to let Auntie H. continue in the way she had done for nearly sixty years. She never expected either the landlord to believe, or me to pay as she had told him. The landlord, astute to severity, was no match for Auntie H's diplomacy.

My faith was more than justified. When the crash came it was I who owed Auntie H. for part of the week. We were expecting that Canadian remittance. When I took the money to her, Auntie H. thought there was something wrong about it. "You'll be needing it for yourself," both she and Auntie B. argued. They were not very happy about it. "Yes, you borrowed half a crown as you were going out that day," Auntie B. contended. She always has an argument ready. More than that sum they doubted I should give them.

BUT this day the landlord stood there, very erect, very well groomed, still severe. Through his glasses he peered at me. He spoke in jerks. "Well, this is it — is it?" he asked. I answered, "Yes, it's pretty terrible, what are you going to do?" "I don't know, I've lost everything everything. Not a house that I own remains; all those others in my real estate business, empty. I don't know what we are going to do."

He rested heavily on his walking stick, then he asked for Auntie H. He seemed bewildered, stunned. I followed him as he went through the kitchen. Then some cord seemed to have been touched. Auntie H., grand old bluffer, came to his mind again. "How is she?" he asked. I told him. "I wish you could have seen them, they went out like queens." His head was lowered, his shoulders bowed. The severe landlord was crying — crying very human tears. He looked up at me and said "I'm an old fool."

"Fool?" I repeated, as I took his hand and stroked his arm. "Fool? You've never been such a man as you are just now." He looked up again, his face was very wet, he made no attempt to dry it, and asked me to please tell Auntie H. he had been asking for her.

When I saw the two Aunties later in their temporary home, both were in bed. They seemed to think the landlord must have come for the rent. I told them that the rent automatically ceases when there's no house to live in. This they could hardly believe. He could have the furniture; some of it would still be quite useful if it could be extricated. Then I told them his message, and that he had cried. The two old figures began to quiver in bed; amazed expressions showed on their faces. Smiles, and a little uncontrolled laughter, came from both. The relief was very great, and their Miss has told the landlord that they went out like queens! Their laughter was only a part of their tears.

(To be continued)



What gift too fine?

In the armed forces, in factory and on farm, Canadians everywhere are serving and fighting for those ideals which seem brightest to us at Christmas-time. And this year Canadians will wish to show their love and esteem for their dear ones in some outstanding way; they will look for some gift both practical and personal—that will last through the years—and that will bear so fine a name it will do honor both to those who give and those who receive. The happy answer for many thousands will be

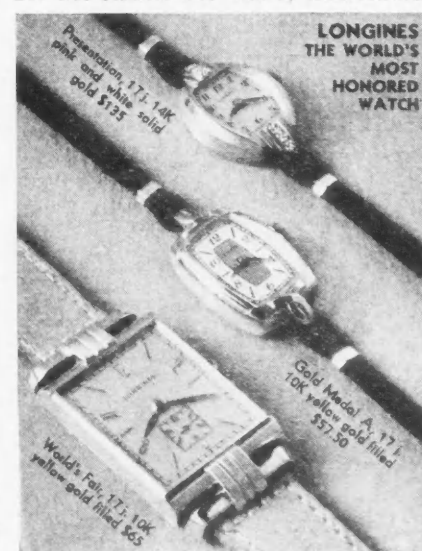
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Our purpose and our power belong
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The Front Page

UNIQUE IN JOURNALISM IS SATURDAY NIGHT'S "Front Page" where the events of the week are commented upon with gravity or gaiety as the case may be. The Editors reserve the right to choose which attitude. — The Publishers.

SATURDAY NIGHT
The Canadian Weekly

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A BENSON & HEDGES Value

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Britain's New Mediterranean Base

BY COL. GEORGE DREW, M.P.P.

MUSSOLINI changed the whole course of the war in the Middle East when he started his badly-planned attack on Greece. As we read of the astonishing Greek successes on land and the dramatic resignations in quick succession of General Badoglio, as Chief of the Italian General Staff; of General deVecchi, as Governor of the Dodecanese Island; and Admiral Cavagnari, as head of the Navy, we are perhaps inclined to over-emphasize the importance of these passing events and miss the significance of one result of the attack on Greece which may have the most far-reaching effect on the whole course of the war in the Mediterranean.

When the Fascist political leaders decided to attack Greece without adequate preparation, their cardinal blunder was to permit the British to occupy the Island of Crete. Having decided to attack Greece, sound strategy would have suggested that they should make adequate preparations to occupy that vitally important island with land, sea and air forces at the same time as the attack was launched through Albania. The resignation of the head of the Army, the head of the Navy, and the head of that area most immediately affected by the British occupation of Crete, suggests that this is the aspect of the ill-conceived attack on Greece which most concerns those who are supposed to be responsible for the technical direction of Italy's war effort. Both Badoglio and Cavagnari were strongly opposed to Italy's entry

into the war in the first place. In spite of their own dissatisfaction and the rumblings of discontent which have grown to ominous proportions in the north of Italy, where the people have a traditional hatred of Germany, Badoglio and Cavagnari were not prepared to make a complete break with the leaders of the Fascist Party, with which they had never been sympathetic. But when the Fascist leaders ignored their advice and launched the attack in Albania, they were the first to recognize the full consequences of this course. They were not under any illusions about the strength of the British Navy. Many of the Fascist leaders actually believed the claptrap propaganda which was appearing in the Italian press about British impotence in the Mediterranean. Badoglio and Cavagnari knew that if the British occupied Crete any further boast by Italy that the eastern Mediterranean was "Mare Nostrum," would be unadulterated nonsense. If Crete should become the base of British naval and air power in the Mediterranean, Italy's fleet, which had given no very convincing evidence of a desire to fight even under favorable conditions, would be completely immobilized. As they had been unable to even seriously threaten the British on the little island of Malta lying close to the shores of Italy, they knew how impossible it would be to drive the British from the powerful island of Crete if they were given an oppor-

tunity to organize their defences.

As British naval power in the Mediterranean was never challenged during the Great War, there was at no time during that conflict any occasion for Britain to look for new bases. But with Gibraltar under the possible threat of attack through Spain and with Malta so close to Italy as to be easily attacked from the air, Crete became the logical place in the Mediterranean for Britain to establish its most important naval and air bases. A glance at the map will show the key position it occupies in the eastern Mediterranean, not only as a naval base but also as a base for bombing attacks on any enemy forces in the Mediterranean, eastern Europe, Syria, or northern Africa.

Italy Lets Us In

No matter how friendly Greece might be, however, Britain could not make this move without inviting attack, not only by Italy but also by Germany, upon friendly nations which would certainly not welcome this outcome of such action. It thus became apparent that before the British could occupy Crete, Greece must extend the invitation to them as a result of attack. Italy's attempted invasion of Greece provided the very opportunity which both Britain and Greece sought and gave to Great Britain much-needed naval and bomber bases conveniently near Italy. Now Britain has a naval base at Suda Bay, on the northwest coast of Crete, a comparatively short distance from the entrance to the Adriatic, across which Italy must carry men and supplies to Albania, and hundreds of miles closer than the British were before to the ports upon which Italy's North African forces must depend. The Dodecanese Islands, which constituted a serious threat to Turkey, are now cut off. Thus General deVecchi, the commandant of the Dodecanese Islands, was placed in a hopeless position, and General Badoglio and Admiral Cavagnari were unwilling to accept responsibility for the consequences of a situation which was created against their advice.

It now appears that the successful Greek counter-offensive may lead to a major military disaster for Italy. During these past few weeks the Greeks have written some of the most glorious pages of their long history. But their leader, General Metaxas, has been careful to remind them again and again that they should not be carried away by temporary success. The Greek Army is poorly equipped by modern standards, and if Germany should decide to enter this arena now or next spring by an attack through Yugo-Slavia or Bulgaria, it is doubtful if the British could, within that time, land enough troops and equipment on the mainland of Greece to make it possible for the Greek forces to withstand such a combined attack.

Crete Cannot Be Taken

But what has changed the situation in the Mediterranean so vitally is the fact that, even if the Greek mainland were overrun, the Island of Crete, lying nearly one hundred miles to the south, would still be available as the base for British sea and air operations.

Crete may become one of the most important names in this war. It may easily come to have the same significance in British history as Gibraltar. If the worst should come to the worst and Greece should be overrun, it will be from this island that Greek freedom will be restored just as the freedom of Western Europe will be restored from the British Isles.

As it is entirely within the realm of possibility that Canadian troops may be called upon to garrison this important island, some knowledge of the characteristics of the island itself and the part it is likely to play are more than a matter of passing interest to the people of this country.

Crete is 160 miles long and for a considerable part of its length from

30 to 35 miles wide, narrowing at some points to a width of eight or nine miles. Most of its shoreline is formed by mountain ranges which make it an extremely easy island to defend once long-range naval guns have been placed in position. The interior has wide, level plains, providing excellent facilities for a large number of airports, and the soil which maintains a substantial agricultural population provides ample foodstuffs for an army of occupation so that it will not need to depend upon supplies from outside.

It is probable that many of the Fascist leaders, who have little real military experience and no personal knowledge of any other countries, believed their own propaganda about Great Britain and did not expect that Britain would make any move against Crete. Badoglio and Cavagnari knew otherwise. Britain had been ready for some time to occupy Crete if Greece was attacked. Coast defence guns had been taken to the East for that very purpose, and within two weeks of Italy's attack on Greece, General Sir Archibald Wavell, the commander-in-chief of the British forces in the Middle East, flew to Crete to superintend the placing of the big guns, particularly those being mounted to guard the entrance of the magnificent harbor at Suda Bay.

This harbor, which is large enough to accommodate the whole British Fleet, is surrounded by snow-capped mountains which make it extremely difficult to attack from the air, and its narrow entrance, now dominated by British naval guns mounted on commanding rocky promontories, makes it a safe anchorage even if the Italian Navy should show any evidence of a desire to come to grips with our ships.

England of Inland Sea

There is something peculiarly appropriate about the British occupation of this first home of European civilization. Long years ago Crete was the England of the Mediterranean. Sea power gave her the same prosperity and security which the British Isles have known in more recent years. Because of that sea power, Crete was free from invasion for three thousand years, and after it became a united nation in 2500 B.C., it was not only free from invasion but enjoyed a period of more than a thousand years of uninterrupted peace during which it achieved the highest measure of prosperity and culture known to the ancient world. During that time Crete was the mistress of the Mediterranean, and it was only when she permitted the Greeks and Phoenicians to exceed her in sea power that the island was invaded and she lost her freedom.

But the exquisite works of art and architecture, which have been discovered recently, are a reminder of that period of high culture and prosperity which themselves in turn remind us of the reason for Crete's importance in ancient days. The geographical advantages which made Crete so powerful long ago are the same advantages which have made the British armed forces so much more powerful in the Mediterranean during these past few weeks than they were before. Once again Crete becomes the seat of naval power in the Mediterranean and at the same time becomes the base for that new and deadly sister service, the Royal Air Force. This too is peculiarly appropriate as it was from Crete that Icarus was supposed to have made the first of all human flights according to ancient legend.

Turkey Much Stronger

The occupation of Crete has made an enormous difference to the position of Turkey. It is altogether likely that the Eastern Mediterranean will be the scene of intense military activity next spring. Whether Bulgaria becomes a partner of the Axis or not, whether Russia approves or is openly antagonistic, it seems likely that Germany will make some move in that area by April or May at the latest. We must never forget that Germany

(Continued on Page 13)

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Godbout and New Quebec

BY R. K. TAYLOR

A SOCIAL revolution is in the making in Quebec province these days and the Little Father of the transformation is Premier Adélard Godbout.

Quebec has sometimes been likened to the Deep South of the United States as a poverty-stricken, educationally backward region. But no one ever talked about such a thing in the political platforms of the province. Compliments catch more votes than criticism. And it was on this cold-blooded basis that Quebec politicians operated until slim, mild Mr. Godbout emerged.

Any Canadian schoolboy can give you several methods for committing political suicide in Quebec, among them, telling the French-Canadians they must learn English, criticizing the educational system, or imposing direct and therefore unpopular taxes.

Mr. Godbout has done all these things, and he's thriving nicely.

HE DOESN'T look like the sort of man to lead one-third of the nation along a new social path. He's slender, blond, just under medium height. You would never pick him out in a crowd. But when he stretches out his hand and gives you a welcoming smile, the day is definitely brighter.

He'll wear sartorial abominations such as a shiny serge suit, with pink shirt, black tie and tan shoes. He's not suave nor polished. He uses beautiful French. His matter-of-fact delivery of a speech should be colorless beside the dash and drama his opponents and supporters dish up. But, as one newspaperman described it, when he speaks he talks so truthfully and sincerely that he simply glows like an electric light.

He was picked as a goat to lead the Quebec Liberal party after the scandals, long over-due, broke in 1935. The party experts saw him as the best bet to convince the voters that they had turned over a new leaf and picked an honest man as boss. The Liberals took an awful beating in the 1936 election and even Godbout was defeated. He made a surprise comeback in 1939, and the astonished party experts found they had a figurehead as leader, but a boss as tough as they come. He's told them "No" so often they are dizzy. Which is a good thing, for this social revolution stuff is hard for professional politicians to take.

Godbout has played the key role in keeping French-Canadians united with the rest of the Dominion on the war issue. He was offered a Federal cabinet position, and rejected it. He's doing nicely at Quebec.

IT BEGINS to look as if Quebec soon will be doing better too. He's a great man for fundamentals. He's adopted policies so progressive that in Quebec it is sheer radicalism. His selected men he thinks will put these policies into effect, diplomatically but not half-heartedly.

Schools in rural areas will be required to improve the quality of their teaching of agriculture.

City schools must give pupils the chance to become skilled industrial workers. Technical, arts and trades schools must increase.

Mr. Godbout speaks plainly on this issue. "Within the next 10 months we will need 50,000 skilled workers. After the war European industries will be established in this country. It is our duty to foresee that and prepare for it. If we do not, industry will go elsewhere in Canada.

"All I want is that each of our workers, members of all classes, be a specialist in his line. I want Quebec workers to be the best in all Canada."

MR. GODBOUT warned his fellow French-Canadians that they were bound to become more and more a race of hewers of wood and drawers of water unless they were equipped with a knowledge of English and mathematics. "We absolutely must know English to get ahead," he declared.

Teaching of English has been a minor subject little thought of in Quebec schools in the past.

But it is going to be emphasized now.

His educational program has developed two reactions. First, Maurice Duplessis, Union Nationale leader, charges it is a direct insult to the

clergy who staff the Catholic schools of the province. Godbout, tersely, has answered that that is nonsense, the clergy was consulted in advance and they approve. Second, French leaders, instead of resenting the stress placed on the need of learning English, are supporting Godbout.

Abbé Arthur Maheux of Laval university writes: "To compete more successfully, our young people must know English better." *L'Événement-Journal*, French paper in Quebec city, agrees and adds "Our inferiority in the economic field is plain."

Educational changes are only one phase of the Administration's program. Labor laws in Quebec are due for a major revision at the next session of the Legislature. The Collective Wage Agreement Act and the

Minimum Wage Act are due for revision, with some of the present loopholes eliminated. There is talk in government circles of the establishment of labor tribunals representative of employers, employees and the public, to hear labor disputes before they get to the stage of a strike.

This seems so reasonable that it is incredible that any government should try it. But Mr. Godbout is following other policies just as incredibly reasonable.



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"The future of the history of the world will be fought out at Singapore"—Lord Roberts.

IN THE Lion House of the London Zoo there stands a single sculptured head, whose cold lips are perhaps now parted in a faint smile. For at last, after more than a hundred years, the foresight of their owner is vindicated, at last his dream is coming true.

There is no more extraordinary story in the annals of the British Empire. Born on shipboard, son of a poor sea captain, Stamford Raffles went to work at the age of fourteen as a clerk at India House, Britain's commercial capitol. So impressed were the directors of the East India Company by their young clerk's work that at 24 they sent him out to Penang to become assistant-secretary to the Governor at £1500 a year.

Characteristically, he began to master Malay on the voyage out. At a time when officials regarded natives indiscriminately as "niggers," Raffles, scorning escorts and guards, got to know the Malays, studied their history, manners and codes. Slender and frail, wilting in the hothouse climate, he made long journeys among their villages.

To Raffles his territory was not a God-forsaken prison but a land full of wonderful secrets, awaiting discovery. Everything in it interested him. When in due course he became Governor, it was not unusual to meet in the corridors of Government House a couple of young tigers, a bear, or a newly-discovered mountain bird.

After Waterloo, the British Government handed back to Holland the East Indies which it had taken into

The Gibraltar of the East

BY HARRY HOPKINS

"protective custody." It agreed not to occupy any islands south of Malacca Strait.

At one stroke, Raffles saw all his studies, his reforms, his Empire-building dreams, going for naught. Britain would be cut off from the riches of the East.

But...there was a certain little island he had studied, at the foot of the Malay peninsula. Both English and Dutch had forgotten its existence. There was nothing there but dense jungle. Yet the Power that held that scrap of land site of the ancient city of Singapura—would command the gateway to the East, the shortest route between Europe and China.

Empire-Building

The idea took possession of Raffles. With the cautious assent of his superior, the Governor-General of Bengal, the young official of 38 set sail to do a bit of private Empire-building.

On February 24, 1819, his ships dropped anchor in the fine natural harbor. A canoe shot out from the side of one, carrying Raffles, a colleague, and one sepoy soldier. Slowly they paddled up the mangrove-edged river, till in a clearing they saw forty or fifty native huts, and a large dwelling.

Raffles got out, walked up to the big house and knocked on the door. The Tumungong, the local ruler, emerged and they shook hands. With a brass seal, blackened in the smoke of a lamp, the Tumungong

and his Sultan signed a treaty giving the East India Company power to erect factories in return for a yearly payment.

Next day, tents were brought ashore. A well was dug, and everyone drank from it in token of friendship. Raffles himself hoisted the Union Jack, and started to lay out plans for the town.

When they heard of these "irregularities," Raffles' employers were exceedingly annoyed. The Dutch would make a fuss. All the Company wanted in Malaya was pepper and spices. The Government was equally upset. Not for five years was Raffles' acquisition officially acknowledged.

But Singapore could not be ignored for long. In June, Raffles is writing: "Already a population of 5,000 souls has collected under our flag...if no untimely fate awaits it, it promises to become the emporium and pride of the East." Sixteen years later the population was 30,000.

The Malays might, as Raffles said, be "the easiest of all peoples to rule," but they were also most competent pirates. In war-prahus manned by twenty or thirty natives, their long hair streaming fearsomely in the wind, their brass four-pounders, mounted behind stockades in boats' bows, they were the terror of the seas. Much of the energy of the pioneer Governments had to be devoted to rounding them up, and bringing them back to hang on the

beach at Singapore.

But pirates or no pirates, Singapore quickly became the world's Boom Port, magnet of all the races of the East—Hindus, Javanese, Arabs, Malays, every religion and every color. Most of all, the hard-working Chinese, today 70% of the population, and industrial backbone of Singapore.

Rubber, Tin

In 1877, the first Para rubber trees in Malaya were planted with seed cultivated at Kew, in the gardens of a British Residency. The magic of the place asserted itself—and today there goes out from Singapore more than half the rubber to enter the world's markets.

For centuries the Chinese had worked the tin-mines. Now, Singapore opened them to the world. More and more, machinery took the place of primitive Chinese hand labor. From the furnaces of the world's largest tin-smelter now passes annually through the port of Singapore over half the world's total tin production.

But still the boom went on. Between 1921 and 1931, the population of British Malaya trebled. Little more than half of this total were born in the country.

Raffles had dared to hope that Singapore might become the "next port to Calcutta." Today its trade exceeds all the Indian ports put together, and places it among the

world's twelve greatest seaports.

Yet it was only two years ago that Raffles' dream reached complete fulfillment—when in 1938 the great £20,000,000 naval base was opened, and Singapore became at last the Gibraltar of the East, around which lie three-quarters of the land territory of the Empire.

Shrivelled and worn out by the hothouse climate, Raffles was sent home by the doctors to face demands for refunds of overpaid salary from the tight-fisted East India directors, to found the London Zoological Gardens, and to die at 43.

Few who read the name on the tombstone in a Hendon churchyard give it a second glance. But Sir Stamford Raffles, no doubt, is well content with his monument.

PREDICTION

(In the light of Past Experience)

DARLING, when you tire of me
I'll be very gay
And with nonchalant salute
Send you on your way.

I'll be full of pretty words
Like "Since it must be so"—
Never say I made a scene
When you turned to go.

I'll act like any brittle girl
From any Coward play—
Not for me such trite remarks
As "Please, beloved, stay."

This is no idle boast, my dear
(I hope my luck holds true)—
For long before you tire of me
I shall be tired of you!

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Father Metzger, Painter of Canadian Indians

FROM the Ecole des Beaux Arts and the Academie Julien in Paris to the clergy house of a remote Catholic parish in Saskatchewan is a long transition. That a priest should have brought his brushes and his palette so far afield, and devoted to the portrayal of the Indian types and prairie scenery of the Prince Albert district the skill which was once employed upon the landscapes of Alsace and the human types of the one-time capital of European art, now, alas! so grievously oppressed under the tyranny of France's enemies, is a strange thing even in a land where strange things are common occurrences. But the accompanying pictures of two notable Indian characters of Northern Saskatchewan are a proof that the art learned by Father H. Metzger in Paris many years ago has lost none of its effectiveness.



Father Metzger

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

famous artists of the day, some of whom still correspond with him in his northern retreat. In 1900 he went to Italy, to study the old masters in all of the renowned art centres, Rome, Florence, Milan, Venice. In another journey to Egypt and Palestine he became acquainted with the Orient, and brought back a wealth of sketches of landscapes and human types.

In 1900 he was ordained to the priesthood, and for eight years he exercised his ministry in France. At the instigation of the late Monsignor Pascal, Bishop of Prince Albert, he came to Canada in 1909, and after a few short appointments in various places while learning the English language he settled down at St. Peter's Colony near Kronau, where he built a rectory and has lived ever since. Kronau is a station on the Arcola-Moose Mountain section of the Canadian Pacific.

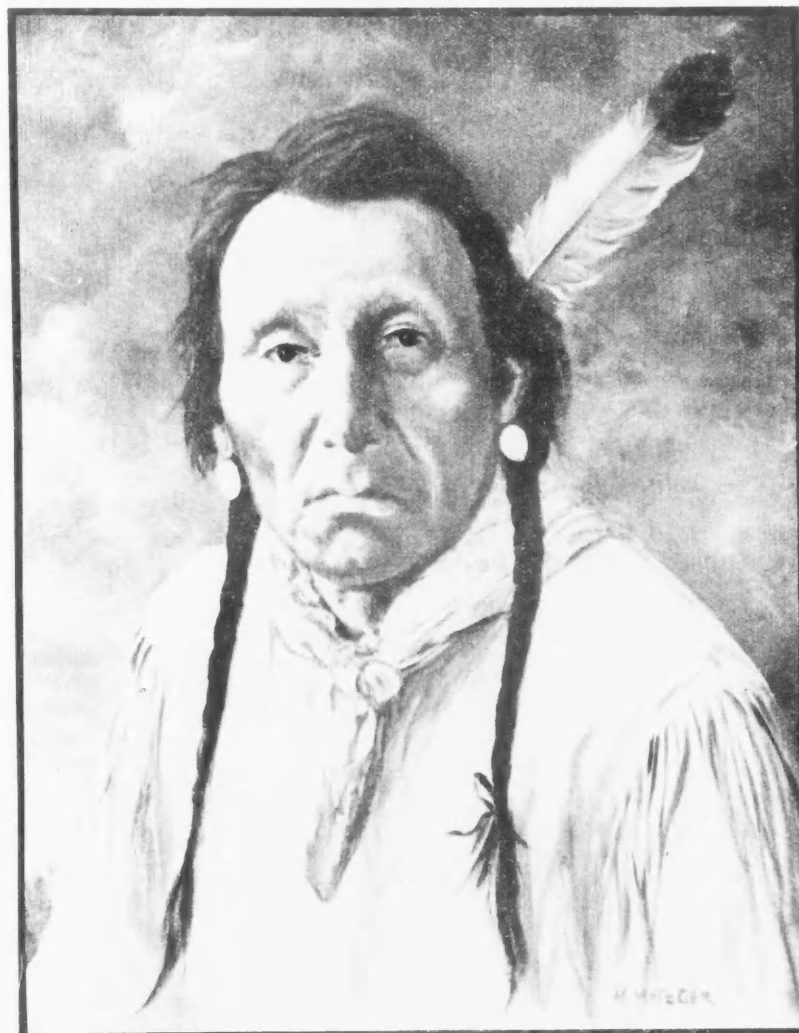
The first thing he did, after providing himself with the bare necessities of shelter, was to erect a kind of studio where he could work undisturbed with paint and brushes. This was not a business proposition; there was little or no demand for art among the settlers who had to struggle for their daily bread. "In the first few years," says Father Metzger in a letter to SATURDAY NIGHT, "I had to live from my gun. After breakfast, in the winter months, I put on my snowshoes, shouldered gun and rifle, and went out into the bitter cold in search of rabbits and prairie chickens. When darkness fell I came home with a load of game that would last me for a week or more. This was the kind of life I liked."

HIS earliest Saskatchewan paintings were of a religious character. He became known among the Ruthenian population, who used paintings exclusively in their church decoration. Almost every Ruthenian church in Saskatchewan has one or more of Father Metzger's paintings on its walls. Then he became interested in the native Indians, and was a frequent visitor at all the reservations in the Qu'Appelle Valley, where he made friends among the different tribes. Landscape painting also became a favorite pursuit, for even on

the treeless prairie the skilled and accustomed eye can find many beauty spots. The banks of the Many Bones Creek, where the church and rectory stand, have supplied the theme of many interesting paintings. When automobile transportation took the place of the horse and buggy the field of action widened accordingly, and the artist-priest found new sources of material in the American and Canadian National Parks and in the lake country in North Saskatchewan. When pastoral duties allowed he would pack tent and rubber boat in his car and go camping in the unspoiled beauty-spots of a practically

virgin country. In the long winters, when the car is held idle in the garage and the roads are blocked with snow, the summer sketches are transformed into finished paintings.

Such is the life of an artist on the Saskatchewan prairie—busy, cheerful and happy. St. Peter's Rectory is known all over the province for its hospitality. Catholics and Protestants alike are friends to Father Metzger, and if any reader of these lines should find himself in the vicinity of Kronau he may rest assured that a warm welcome and a most interesting artistic experience await him in the good Father's home and studio.



Day-Walker, the Cree medicine man.

A CHILD IS BORN THIS DAY

LEAD, my son,

Lead, and men shall follow;
Your courage and the steadfast way
That you pursue a dream
Shall give them love of life again.

Your generation rises
Out of a wounded world;
But now, without the monuments
That point to precedent,
The freshness of your thought
Shall bring forth bloom again.

Walk far, my son,
With quiet resolution.
Your path is through the tumult,
Near the tortured hearts of men.
Fear shall be your scorn
And lips will laugh with yours.
There will be peace again.

Toronto, GWENDOLEN MERRIN.

Sixty-four years ago a boy was born in Grendelbrook, Alsace, then as now under German rule but for twenty-two years part of France until the recent invasion of the German blitzkrieg. He soon showed an aptitude for painting, and received his first lessons in art from an able teacher in his native village. While still a boy he learned to understand nature in the beautiful scenes of his homeland, and in company with his

teacher he visited and sketched the many mediaeval castles perched high on their spruce-clad mountains and the picturesque villages of the valleys, with their towers, their fortified gates and their ruined walls.

When of an age to attend college, he was fortunate enough to find in the well known Alsatian master Georges Reitzel a devoted and experienced guide towards higher artistic studies. These he pursued for a year in the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, but broke off to take up the classical studies preliminary to the priesthood. For these he went to Switzerland, where together with his book learning he continued his artistic training. Before entering the Seminary he went to Munich, where the Alsatian master Martin Feuerstein gave him technical training in art; and it is to the influence of this master that he owes his clean and simple design combined with beautiful coloring.

EVERY year for several years, while pursuing his theological studies in France, he attended the autumn course of the well known Julien Academy in Paris. There he came in contact with many of the most

The Coverdale Show at Ottawa

BY GRAHAM McINNES

TO VISIT the Coverdale Collection, now on view at the National Gallery in Ottawa, is to enter a world where painting was simply and solely the pursuit of gentlemen. In the late 18th and early 19th centuries, artists in Lower Canada were almost exclusively woodcarvers; in Upper Canada, native art was represented by the even more humble calling of sign-painter and carpenter. But in

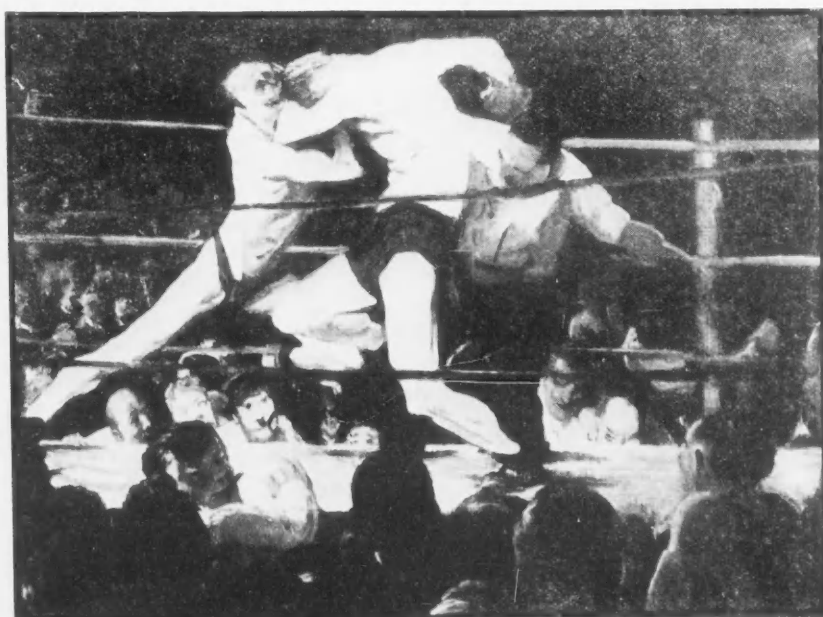
both the Canadas, British officers (and in some cases, their ladies) painstakingly recorded the face of the country, sometimes as a gentlemanly hobby, more often in the line of duty.

The Coverdale Collection, normally in the Manoir Richelieu at Murray Bay, gives us an excellent cross-section

of this topographical art. These military draughtsmen make Canada seem an extraordinarily neat place. Their simple lines, their passion for minute detail, and the wooden figures which seem added to their landscapes purely as an afterthought, give no hint of the vast unruly hinterland in the shadow of which they lived and worked.

Lieutenant James Peachey, for instance, paints the Lower Saint Lawrence as if it were a Claude landscape. His little stylized drawings are utterly charming, but reveal, you feel, as little understanding of the country as the English garrison must have had of its inhabitants. Captain Beaufoy is a strong sentimentalist on whom the rugged grandeur of the Laurentians made a deeper impression, but with G. Heriot we are back once more to the minutely detailed drawings of the professional guide. There is also W. H. Bartlett, whose book "Canadian Scenery," published in 1842, has made him better known than his contemporaries. Bartlett painted in both the Canadas and in the Maritimes, using a free brush, and managing to get in a great deal of detail without overloading his drawings.

These topographers (they can hardly be called a school) served a good purpose in keeping interest in art alive during a rather barren period of our development. Their work has immense documentary value, while the fact that their approach was in the main scientific rather than consciously artistic, gives their paintings great charm. The collection is on view until the New Year.



The Red Cross Show at the Grange Art Gallery, Toronto, closes on December 15. It is one of the finest collections ever brought together in Canada and this "Stag at Sharkey's" is its finest example of contemporary American realism—even if some of the lady visitors find it too "brutal".



Muskeg, 103-year-old Cree Indian of the File Hill Reserve.

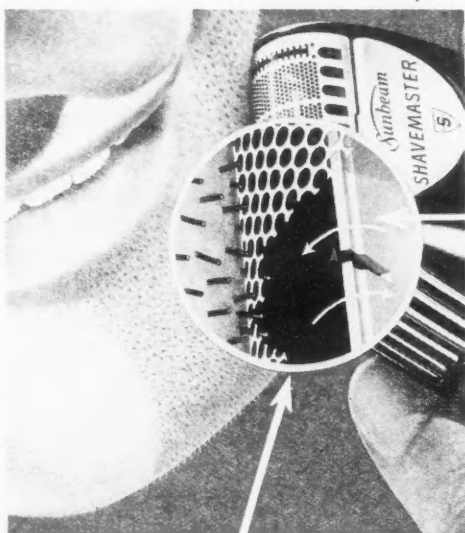


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THE HITLER WAR

What Will Hitler Do About Italy?

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

AS THE Greek successes in Albania continue and a British offensive against Graziani's Libyan Army appears to be starting, and startling changes take place in the Italian High Command, the question becomes ever more insistent: what is Hitler going to do about Italy? Will he let her fall out of the war — which, at the present rate, might happen any time before Easter? will he support her? or will he take her over as virtually another occupied territory?

Hitler is probably hopping mad and completely disgusted with his junior partner, but these feelings will not govern his final decision. That will depend on what further use he hopes to squeeze out of Italy. The "Axis" never meant any more to him. No true alliance can be founded without love, respect or common interest, and there is none of these between Germany and Italy. In fact there is probably less love and respect for Italy in Germany than in any other European country, because the Germans judge by military standards, remember Caporetto, and have not forgotten the "betrayal" of 1915, when Italy switched her alliances and went in against them.

In the summer of 1936 I had occasion to talk over the Italian conquest of Ethiopia with a number of German officers. They were quite unimpressed; it was one thing to fight African natives, using tanks and planes against their spears, and another to meet a first-class European army on even terms. And I am sure the Germans didn't mean the Greek Army when they said that! In the Fall of 1937 I was in Berlin during Mussolini's state visit and did not miss the snickers that followed the strutting little Italian officers and Blackshirts, or the extremely derogatory jokes circulated with great relish by the crowd which had been marched out from office and factory to provide a totalitarian welcome for the Duce. There was so little sale for the small Italian flags which the German authorities had had prepared in quantity for the occasion, that at the last moment ten thousand had to be handed out free to those in front of the station. Rauschning quotes Hitler himself as saying at an earlier date: "Don't talk to me about the Italians; they are the same as the Rumanians."

No Illusions

The point I want to make is that neither Hitler nor the German Command is under the slightest illusion as to Italy's military prowess. They used her for the amount of British and French strength and attention she could distract in the Mediterranean. I am quite ready to believe that Hitler didn't want Italy to actually enter the war with France last June, since she occupied no more French troops by fighting than she had by standing threatening, and would be sure to want a big cut of the pie. And so it turned out. Italy's military effort, begun after France had sued Germany for an armistice, did not make the slightest difference to the outcome, yet her jealous demands for spoils and her inflated ambition to rule the whole Mediterranean basin hampered Hitler's plans for dealing with France and Spain all summer. There have been indications that the Axis "partners" actually competed against each other in Spain, particularly for control of Gibraltar, while Mussolini's demands for Nice, Corsica, Tunisia and Syria stood in the way of the deal for French overseas bases and fleet units which Hitler was so anxious to make with Vichy. In the end, it is believed Hitler disregarded Italy's claims, which infuriated Mussolini, who had been secretly intriguing with Laval and Franco to set up a "Latin Bloc" to hold Germany in check!

When Hitler turned to Britain what he wanted of Italy was the tying

down of as much as possible of Britain's naval and aerial strength in the Mediterranean, while he finished off the Isles. Whether Hitler called on the Duce for the move which his Libyan Army finally made into Egypt in mid-September is open to doubt. Once again, the Italians were probably worth more to him before they began to fight. When they turned to Greece they undoubtedly became a liability. I suspected from the second or third day of that affair that Mussolini had set off on his own hook, and Mr. C. L. Sulzberger, who has been doing some excellent despatches from the Balkans for the *New York Times*, now assures us that the Wilhelmstrasse had not been informed of Italy's intention to attack up to October 26, or two days before the show began. This was apparently to pay Germany back for going into Rumania without giving Rome advance notice. It is in the Balkans that the rivalry of the two Axis Powers is the most acute, from Trieste and the Dalmatian coast, towards which the Germans look for an outlet to the sunny south, to Hungary, whose revisionism Italy has always championed, Rumania, whose oil both must share, and even Greece, which Italy regards as wholly within her sphere of interest, but where the Germans have nevertheless worked diligently.

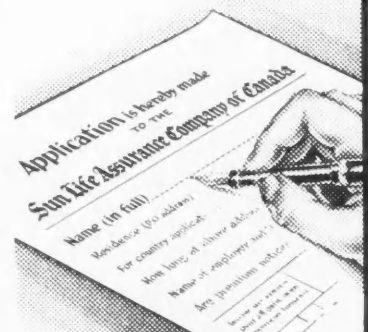
Italian Meddling

In looking for the Germans to help the Italians as soon as they ran into difficulties in their Greek campaign, I think we underestimated this rivalry and the German fury at seeing the Italians turn aside from their prescribed task of occupying Britain in Egypt to meddling in the Balkans and spoiling all of Germany's carefully laid plans for taking over that whole area. What has been really going on in the Balkans is a private squabble between the two dictators, the one trying to recoup himself in Greece for what the other had grabbed in Rumania, and not, as we imagined at the outset, the beginning of an "Axis drive to the Near East."

However this may be the situation is rapidly approaching the point where Hitler must help Italy in some way or another or watch her drop out of the war. The question here, it seems to me is: What does Hitler still want of Italy? Surely he still needs her to hold as much of Britain's naval and air power as possible in the Mediterranean, while he pursues victory in the waters of the Atlantic and the air over England. But how long does he expect to be at this? The latest story, which is popping up in all sorts of places, from Vincent Sheean to the *Bucharest Current*, is of an all-out effort to conquer Britain next Spring. It is logical enough. Hitler's compulsion to get the war over before United States aid to Britain gets into full swing is as great as Ludendorff's was in the winter of 1917-18. Germany has no such reserve of raw materials and industrial production as Britain can draw on in the U.S. and the Dominions. Hitler dare not take his people, weary and hungry, into still another winter of even heavier bombing. So it is plausible that he should be working on some plan to get the war over early next year, either through the direct effect of his sea blockade and smashing air attacks, or by following these up with an attempt at invasion. From his experiences in trying to win the co-operation of Spain, France, Russia and Japan, it must be plain to him now that if he is to win, he must rely on his own efforts.

Therefore it seems likely that Hitler will want to hold Italy together at least through the winter. That means prompt help for her, and brings us to the questions of *how*, *how much*, and on *what terms*? We

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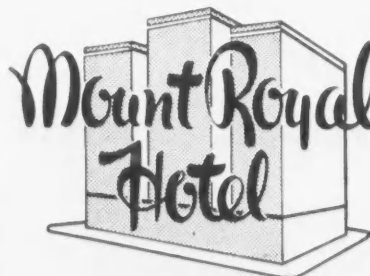


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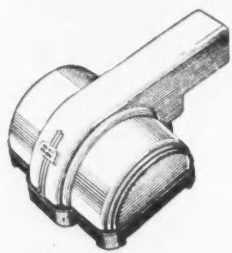
know that Germany has so far not helped Italy in any way—which is remarkable enough for allies—but we don't know whether that has been because the Germans did not want to help strengthen Italy's position, because Italian pride would not permit the acceptance of such aid, because the Germans did not want to become too deeply involved with this weak partner who might prove a drain on their own scanty supplies, or because the Italians would not accept the German terms for help. At the time the rumor went around that Keitel was to replace Graziani in Libya I thought it more likely that what had really been proposed was that Keitel be made the head of a common German-Italian Staff to direct operations in the Mediterranean. It is a fair guess that Badoglio opposed this suggestion; he may even have advocated a separate peace with Britain rather than see his country fall under further German domination. A report from Rome says that it has been common knowledge that he wanted to resign for several weeks past. On the other hand Cavallero had much to do with arranging German-Italian staff co-operation after the signing of the alliance last year, and is known as a strong supporter of Mussolini's regime.

Therefore it seems likely that the change in command is a change in



Featured on the cover of the December 7 issue of SATURDAY NIGHT was the picture of two terrorized infant sisters who were clinging together in sleep. Here are the same two bathing. They still clutch hands tightly.

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the direction of taking orders from Germany. It remains to be seen how Germany will proceed to help Italy. The most she has so far been willing to do about the Greek War is to try, through diplomatic pressure in Athens and Ankara, to get it called off. She could give Italy air support in Albania and Libya, although the aerodrome facilities in the former

and the supply situation in the latter are far from favorable. If she is saving up planes for a supreme effort next Spring she might, however, begrudge their expenditure down here. When it comes right down to it, the only thing which can save Italy is sea-power, which Germany hasn't got, or at any rate can't introduce into the Mediterranean.

Britain's New Base

(Continued from Page 8)

has an enormous and highly trained army. There is little or no wastage of personnel. It is increasing rather than diminishing in size. And there is an old saying that an army can do almost anything with bayonets except sit on them. For the moment the greatest concern of Germany's army commanders is inaction, and, looking for some area in which to engage their troops, it would seem likely that their eyes will turn to the east. If that attack had come with Alexandria as the nearest British base, Turkey would have been faced with a terrifying choice. But with her left flank protected by British naval and air forces from Crete, and with the Aegean Sea closed to Italian or German ships, Turkey's position is far from hopeless, and she should be able

to maintain a line of defence along the Bosphorus, Sea of Marmora, and Dardanelles, even against the most powerful German attacks. Unless and until Germany overruns Western Russia, that is the only way that Germany can attack Turkey and the only way that Germany can send land forces to the Suez. Along that water frontier Turkey has one of the strongest natural defence lines in the world, and the British learned during the last war how good the Turks are along that line of defence.

By next spring the British will have had time to mount the guns necessary for the defence of Crete; to establish sufficient garrisons of land forces; to construct fields for their bombers and fighter planes, and to establish sea plane bases as well. The navy based on Suda Bay will be within easy striking distance of Italy, North Africa, Bulgaria, Rumania, and Syria.

Mussolini's Blunder

A great historical cycle has been completed. With British sea and air power established there, Crete may once again become the England of the Mediterranean. The British occupation of the island will assure the future independence of Crete as part of Greece and, even if the independence of the Greek mainland should be lost temporarily as the result of combined land attacks next spring, the loss of freedom will only be temporary so long as British forces occupy that island. Doubtless Britain will continue to occupy sea and air bases on the Island of Crete after the war is over under an agreement with Greece similar to that by which Great Britain has made sea and air bases available to the United States.

We have had no more cheerful news since the war began than the rout of the Italian Army of Invasion by the Greek Forces. But with all their bravery and skill the Greeks

cannot do the impossible, and it must be recognized that they might be called upon to face such a combination of forces next spring that human flesh and blood could not withstand the attack. But even if that should happen, and it is by no means certain that it will, the Greek effort will not have been in vain because Britain will be able to strike powerful blows from Crete until victory is finally ours. It will take some little time to complete the air and naval bases on the island, but as soon as that is done, Italy will be the first to realize the extent of Mussolini's blunder

when he gave the British forces the opportunity to establish themselves many hundreds of miles closer to the coastline of Italy. Even if the unbelievable happens and the British should lose control of Gibraltar and Alexandria, Italy can never win if British forces hold the Island of Crete. That is why Mussolini's attack on Greece is likely to prove the greatest blunder of his career. The resignations of Badoglio, Cavagnari and deVecchi are probably only the beginning of important developments in Italy which will have much to do with the course of the whole war.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

National Government Won't Do the Job

BY POLITICUS

THERE is much that can be said for the formation of a National Government in a democracy in time of great stress. The assumption is that the best men of all parties will unite, forget their differences and provide a government of all talents. For those reasons democratic states have often been willing to forego the checks and balances which make the system under which they operate function successfully.

But to form a National Government simply to stifle criticism and review is not wise. To form a National Government to give posts to incompetent men who cannot better, or even as well, perform the duties of the ministry, is to defeat the very reasons for National Government.

So the formation of a National Government must depend on the type of men in the Opposition parties. It must depend on their ability to do the job allotted to them, it must depend on their strength of character in fighting inside the cabinet council chamber any measures which they feel militate against the fullest and most efficient prosecution of the war.

The thing to do, then, is to look at the Opposition and see what there is for the Prime Minister to pick from and how the job on hand can be better done by the importation of men from the other side of the House.

First of all let's look at the front benches of the official Opposition

recognized by Parliament, the party whose leader receives the salary that goes to the leader of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition. Here are their names: Mark Senn (Haldimand), Joe Harris (Toronto-Danforth), the Hon. R. B. Hanson (York-Sunbury), the Hon. Grote Sterling (Yale), the Hon. Earl Rowe (Dufferin-Simcoe), the Hon. Herbert Bruce (Toronto-Parkdale), the Hon. George Black (Yukon), Percy Black (Cumberland), Tommy Church (Toronto-Broadview), Bob McGregor (York East).

Difference in Calibre

Then look across the floor of the House to the Ministers carrying the heavy load of this Government. Here they are: the Hon. J. L. Ralston, minister of national defence; the Hon. C. G. Power, associate minister of national defence and minister of national defence for air; the Hon. Ernest Lapointe, minister of justice; the Hon. J. L. Ilsley, minister of finance; the Hon. Jimmie Gardiner, minister of national war services and minister of agriculture; the Hon. Angus L. Macdonald, minister of national defence for naval services; the Hon. C. D. Howe, minister of munitions and supply.

Now are there any men in the front benches of the Opposition who could advantageously take the place of any of those above who are handling the big war jobs in the Government? Of course not.

Immediately the reason for formation of a National Government goes by the board, on that basis alone, for any advantages resulting from the junking of the present set-up would more than be offset by the lack of review so necessary in the effective government of the country.

True it is that Mr. King can strengthen his Government. Those heavyweights of his are by no means all ideal. Nor are they necessarily the best in the country from which Mr. King can choose to strengthen his cabinet. But the point is that there are none of the front benchers in the Opposition who can handle the jobs of those ministers any better.

Some Weak Members

As to Mr. King's other cabinet members, he could replace a large number of the men with much better material outside of the House. And do it easily. There are at least six he can turn out to grass with no trouble at all. They are easily replaceable.

True it is also that some of the front benchers of Mr. Hanson's side could do the job better than some of Mr. King's second-rank men. For instance Mr. Hanson himself could do a better job than Bill Mulock, or Colin Gibson. Dr. Bruce could without any danger whatever succeed Ian Mackenzie, who is a heavy drag on the Government. Joe Harris could easily replace Tom Crerar. But it is unnecessary to labor the point any further than to show that the strengthening of the minor cabinet posts should not come from the House, for then the advantages would be more than overcome by the disadvantages.

What Canada's war effort needs more than anything else is sound criticism and review. And any other type of review will likely call forth damnation from the public that would do the critics more harm than any political gain they could possibly get. For the public has a way of getting to the heart of a matter far better than some politicians give it credit for.

Then there is the important question of what happens if a National Government is formed. There will still be an Opposition, for it is highly unlikely that the CCF'ers will take part in any move to form a National Government. That able little group,

led by Mr. Coldwell, to whom the House always pays the greatest attention, will then become the Official Opposition. And if there are any who would like to see a Socialist Government in Canada when the time for a change comes, and it must inevitably come, then they ought to plump for National Government now.

If the first part of the second session of the 19th Parliament has shown anything at all, it has shown that what this country really needs is not National Government, but effective, virile, intelligent Opposition. And it is much harder in these days to be a first class Opposition member than it is to be a Government member or supporter. One of the real jobs that remain undone at Ottawa is that of scrutiny and stimulation, of intelligent criticism and alternative proposal. That has been so sadly lacking that any real believer in democracy can easily fall into despair.

And remember that while Canada has no Churchill it also has no Alexanders, no Bevins, no Morrisons, no Atlees.



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WEEK TO WEEK

Things That Can't Be Taught

BY B. K. SANDWELL

I AM inclined to be distrustful of this very recently developed passion on the part of the educationists for teaching Democracy. Democracy is not a science, a body of ascertained facts which can be learned. It is not an art, which can be practiced; though I admit that there is an art, of living together with other people in a democracy in such a way as to keep it democratic, for which a few guiding principles might well be imparted in the schools, though the trouble is that by the time the pupil is old enough to understand them he has usually passed out of the hands of the last of his instructors. But anyhow this is not what the currently vocal kind of educationists at this moment currently want to teach. What they want to teach is belief in Democracy. They want to bring up the young under their care to think that Democracy is a good political form under which to live and a good political spirit to

animate one's nation. They want to bring them up to be in favor of Democracy, just as the authoritarian educationists are bringing up their young to be in favor of the totalitarian state. And I don't believe it can be done.

I don't believe also that it needs to be done. Human beings are still fundamentally reasonable; and it does not require any prolonged course of instruction to convince a reasonable being that in a peaceful world, and in a community of moderately intelligent electors, the best government in the long run is that which is operated in accordance with the will of the majority of these electors. This was the accepted view throughout the 19th century, and it is the correct view. It is true that during the 19th century there continued to be, in many civilized countries, a greater or less amount of vestigial remains of autocracy; but these were regarded as precisely what they were,

namely vestigial remains, and it was generally expected that they would gradually disappear as their respective communities became more and more ready for Democracy.

BUT early in the 20th century, of which two-fifths have now elapsed, two things began to occur, which have in no way lessened the argument in favor of Democracy in a peaceful world and with an intelligent electorate, but which have compelled Democracy to defend itself in a non-peaceful world, and in various countries in which the electorate was not quite intelligent enough to deal with certain very novel and very difficult economic problems.

The first of these events was the rise to major military importance of the German Reich. The Germans are a civilized people only in a limited sense. They have never ceased to be a barbaric people in respect of their attitude toward war. They like war—theoretically, and on the assumption that they are going to win it. This is a characteristic of no other modern civilized nation. It is not a characteristic of the Italian nation, in spite of the exuberant language of Signor Mussolini. It is not in the least a characteristic of the French, or of the British, or of the Americans. All of these nations are entirely prepared to make, and frequently have made, the very largest sacrifices in order to avoid wars; and this is not at all because they have all that they want without making war. It is because they regard war as being in itself an evil. The Germans do not regard war as an evil; the only evil that they see about it is defeat. When they are pretty sure that they are not going to be defeated, they like war. They liked it under Bismarck, they liked it under Wilhelm the Second, they like it under Hitler. They are an extremely vain people, and they have a delusion that they are so much better as organizers of war that they cannot be defeated—a delusion in which they have unfortunately found all too much to encourage them in recent years.

THE second event which began to make things difficult for Democracy in the 20th century was the breakdown of international finance-capitalism. International finance-capitalism is also a form of organization, this time economic and not political, which functions best in a peaceable world—although it is charged against it by its enemies that it leads inevitably to war. It certainly has not functioned well in the civilized world since 1918; and the misery which it has inflicted on countless millions as a result of its bad functioning has been quite widely charged up as a bad result of Democracy. That it has been to a large extent the result of unwisdom on the part of democratic governments, and of the democratic peoples behind them, may be admitted. But depressions and unemployment are not produced by Democracy, and Democracy is slowly learning how to deal with them, and would do so much more rapidly and effectively if the Germans had not tangled up the international finance-capital system by keeping it on the edge of war for seven years and then hurling it into war.

The people who disbelieve in Democracy at the present time are not disbelieving in it because they have been taught to do so; they are disbelieving in it either because they want their nation to start a war (or approve of it having started a war) and know that Democracy is not the best possible form of government for war purposes, or else because they have suffered economically and think that Democracy is in some way responsible for their economic sufferings. And the place to deal with these two reasons for disbelieving in Democracy is not in the schools, and the people to deal with them are not educationists.

WHAT can be done about the people who really like war I confess I do not know; but fortunately there are very few of them outside of Germany. What can be done about the Germans I do not know; but the present discussion among our educationists is not concerning what should be taught to the Germans, it is concerning what should be taught to the

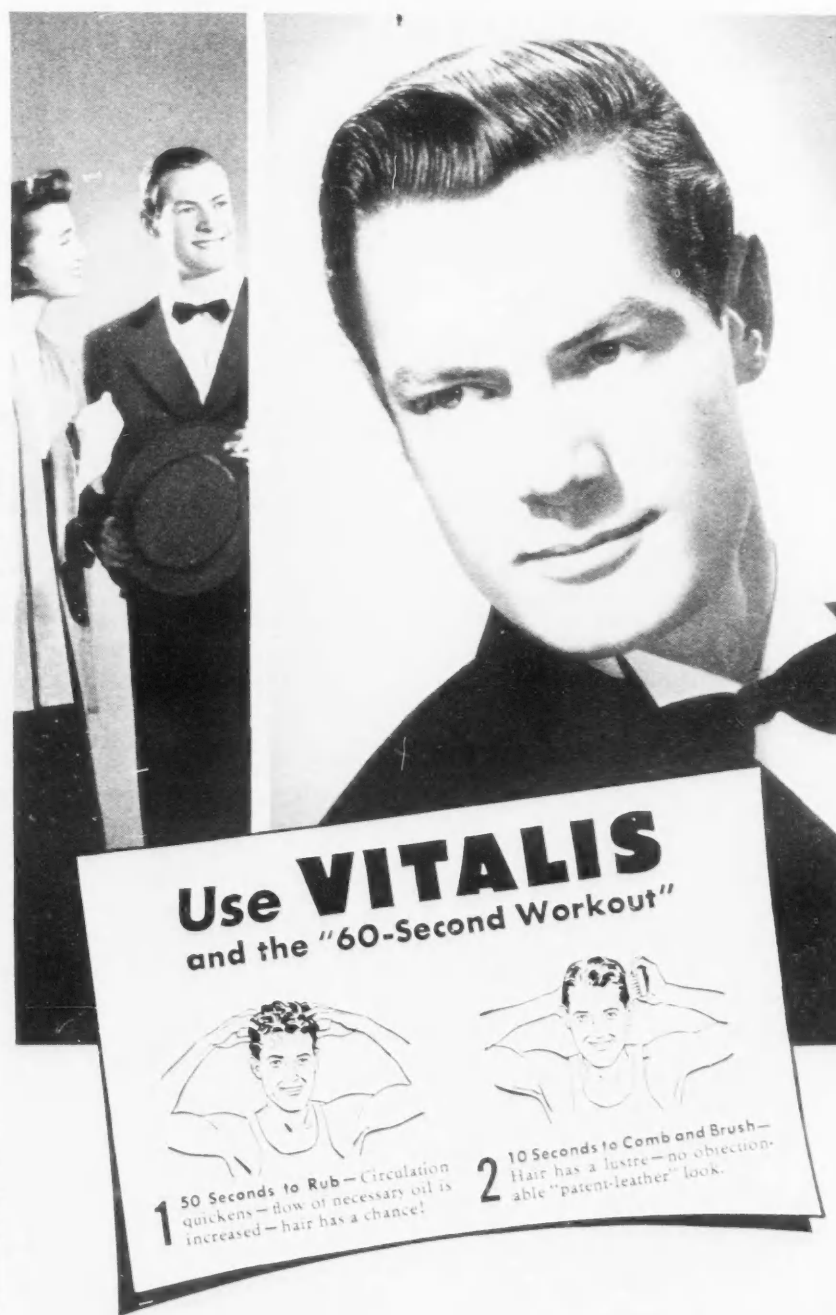
Canadians. My own personal belief is that the Germans will have to be taught once more, and with considerable vigor, not in their schools but in their homes and factories and banks and governmental buildings, that war does not pay, even if you happen to be the least democratic and most war-like of civilized or near-civilized nations. I am afraid that a good deal of this education will have to be imparted with high explosives rather than with chalk and blackboards.

There is, however, the case of those who have suffered economically by depressions and unemployment; and they are not unplethoric in Canada, and their case has to be

dealt with. Here again I do not think that the chalk and the blackboard are the best possible implements for teaching them. What I think about them is that the vast majority of them would be ready enough to see good points in Democracy. If they could see Democracy taking some steps to distribute more evenly among its members the sufferings resulting from depressions and unemployment.

And when Canadian Democracy really does something quite serious about depressions and unemployment, we do not think there will any longer be any urgent need for Canadian educationists to "teach Democracy" in the Canadian schools.

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English-Speaking Union—A Dream or a Plan?

In a world of crashing bombs and sinking ships, of relentless destruction and uninterrupted horror, it is well nigh impossible to retain the power of clear and rational thinking. So obsessed are we by the task in hand, so immersed in the manifold duties thrown upon us that we are apt to turn a deaf ear to intangible or hypothetical proposals.

The idea of a union between the British Commonwealth of Nations

and the United States of America is not a new one. But its significance at this actual period of the world's history cannot be ignored. Already an extensive organization known as Federal Union, Inc. has been formed in the United States to promote such an idea. In Canada a provisional organizing committee has been established with offices at 73 Adelaide St. West in Toronto.

BY PAUL CARLISS

CANADA recently was host to the distinguished playwright Robert E. Sherwood, author of "There Shall Be No Night," "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" and several other successes of the contemporary American stage. His visit to Toronto and Ottawa, in conjunction with the tour of "There Shall Be No Night" was of short duration; but Mr. Sherwood's inter-

est in Canada and friendliness toward Canadians is of long standing. It dates back to 1917 when he enlisted with the Black Watch Battalion of Montreal and served overseas with that famous regiment.

Mr. Sherwood is however more than a playwright and a soldier. He is more than anything else a prophet—a prophet of a new world order. To fight for the existence of democracy in the last war was not enough; now his energies are directed toward a new conception and a new effectiveness of democracy—and he is in deadly earnest about what he is doing.

Basically Mr. Sherwood's idea is an extremely simple one. He would consolidate all the forces of good that are left in the world in order to resist the forces of evil which threaten to overwhelm democracy, freedom and everything we hold vital to our very existence. Since Great Britain represents the main strength of the forces of good, Mr. Sherwood reasons that as a first step all possible aid should be given to her by his own country, the United States—without delay and regardless of the consequences.

A series of full-page advertisements urging aid to Britain were last summer published by the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies in most of the leading papers in the United States. They bore the heading "Stop Hitler Now!" and were written by Robert E. Sherwood. These strongly-worded appeals for direct aid to Britain have unquestionably exerted a powerful influence on American public opinion. But to Mr. Sherwood—as well as to many others who hold similar ideals—the problems and dangers facing the democratic world demand a larger and broader purpose than the mere rendering of material aid to those who are now withstanding the forces of aggression and tyranny. Not only must the totalitarian menace be crushed now but it must be permanently wiped out.

Streit's "Union Now"

The proposal that the democratic nations of the world should form a union (in which the English-speaking countries would predominate) was first advanced by Clarence K. Streit in his book "Union Now." An American, Mr. Streit foresaw in 1938 the approaching reign of terror, and with uncanny prescience foretold the fate of democratic nations which relied upon their own strength. His thesis, that, divided the democracies will fall, united they will stand, is now only too self-evident. "Union Now" created widespread interest and some serious discussion; but events did not wait for the democratic people to make up their minds as to whether the proposals were worth adoption. The storm broke and the prediction of doom became a reality.

To Mr. Sherwood the destiny of the British Empire and of the United States is inescapable. The very tide of events is forcing the two nations to pool their resources and their efforts as never before. And since the history, culture and ideals of the two nations are so closely linked together, the logical, if not inevitable, consequence of this cooperation is actual union.

This far-reaching proposal was first given expression in an article by Mr. Sherwood that appeared several weeks ago in *Life* magazine. It was called "Plan for Union." As an introduction to the article the editor of *Life* had this to say:

"Beneath the immediate issues of America's role in the war, many far-thinking people are discussing America's part in the world order which comes out of the war. One of the most striking proposals was the plan which Clarence Streit called Union Now—a union of all the world's democracies. Since *Life* examined this scheme in its issue of Oct. 23, the events of the war have pushed it far into the future. But in recent weeks a new and more immediate proposal has gained international attention: union of the English-speaking peoples. In England this idea seems such an

immediate possibility that the British Government felt it necessary last fortnight to assure Parliament that no such momentous step would be taken without full discussion."

It is impossible to outline here the details of "Plan for Union." In fact there would be little advantage in doing so since it is not as necessary to understand the mechanics of the Plan as to assimilate the central idea. To many—possibly most—readers the whole thing will seem downright absurd. To others, too impractical to be given serious consideration. But is it impractical? Granted the objections and difficulties—economic, racial, political, religious—appear insuperable. But the advantages are also of great magnitude. It is not suggested that the component parts of the British Empire and the United States would, or could, be welded into a homogenous whole. No rights or privileges would necessarily be sacrificed. But a new strong united force for world peace would be given birth.

Overcome Great Resistance

Of course no idea of great sweep and significance such as a union of the English-speaking nations could be effected without first overcoming great resistance. Individuals, groups, sects and classes will find their particular rights or sources of income or special advantages in some way prejudiced. But no progress has ever been made, no union ever formed that did not place the good of all above every other consideration.

Whatever may be the reaction of Canadians to this plan for a new democratic world, many prominent American citizens have voiced their enthusiastic endorsement and an organization has been formed in the United States to carry on an aggressive campaign urging its adoption. English public opinion has, characteristically, been slow to respond but we know that when necessary (as when a political union was offered to France) great forward steps can be taken. Mr. Winston Churchill, speaking in the House of Commons on August 20 last said:

"Undoubtedly this process means that these two great organizations of the English-speaking democracies, the British Empire and the United States, will have to be somewhat mixed up together in some of their affairs for mutual and general advantage."

"For my own part, looking out upon the future, I do not view the process with any misgivings. No one can stop it. Like the Mississippi, it just keeps rolling along. Let it roll. Let it roll on in full flood, inexorable, irresistible, to broader lands and better days."

Perhaps we should do some thinking about this new blueprint for democracy.



Philip Murray who has succeeded John L. Lewis as president of the C.I.O. On Page 23 is an article on Murray

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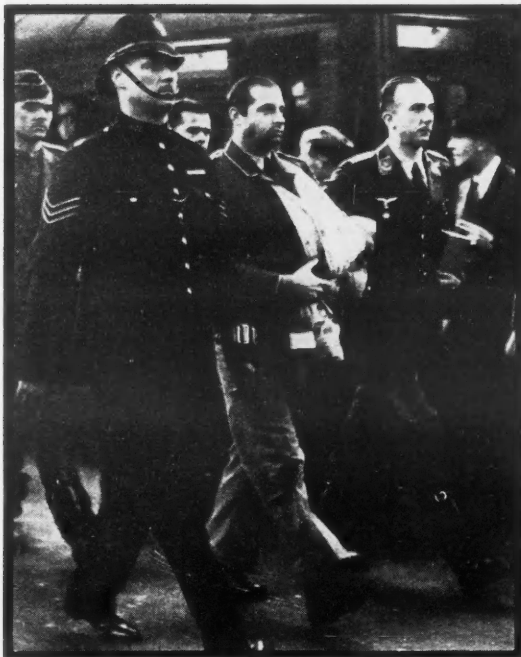
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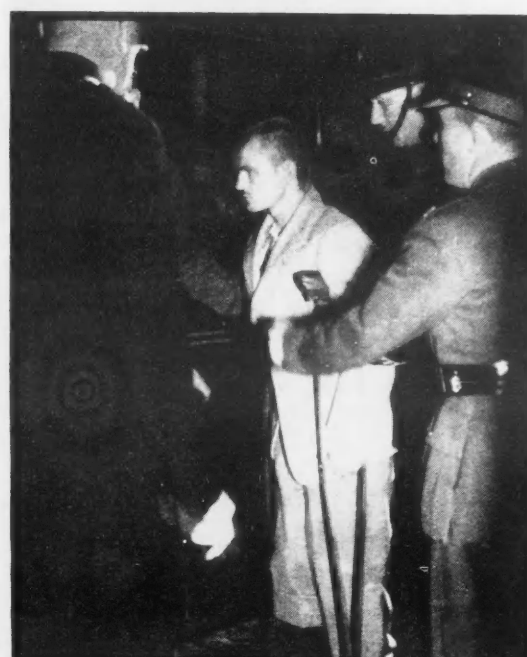
One was injured, all were docile



. . . except one who had to be persuaded.



He found his kit in his wrecked plane . . .



. . . he lost his leg in the wreck of his.



On the side of his crippled Dornier . . .



. . . was painted this caricature.

PRIOR to World War II German wits made this comparison: "When the French Air Force takes to the air, it darkens the sky. When the Royal Air Force takes off, the sun is blotted out. But when Herman Goering's boys try their wings, the birds themselves have to walk!" During September of 1940, Englishmen learned that this witticism had its foundation in grim fact. Goering's boys did their best to blacken England's sky and char the very earth beneath it.

But because the Royal Air Force fought back like a wild cat and clawed terrific holes in attacking formations, Germans lost their taste for combat over England. Since then the Royal Air Force has remained cock of its own sky. Hitler's boast that German soldiers would walk the streets of England's cities as conquerors has been pushed back in his teeth. But there are German fighting men in England. Here are some of them. They're unhappy long term tenants of England's internment camps, aviators who have been shot down over England. Keeping company with Goering's hawks are some of Il Duce's sparrows—swag for R.A.F.'s bag.



Ready or not, these two Nazis have been caught.



Notice the complete absence of the "true Nordic type" among these German airmen . . .



. . . who are being chivvied through a London terminal on their way to internment.



Mussolini's not-so-doughty aviators are "among those present"



Down came this German bomber . . .



. . . to land in an English hops field where the crew was seized.

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THE BOOKSHELF

Myth and Martyr

THE GREAT AMERICAN MYTH, by George S. Bryan. McClelland & Stewart. \$4.25.

THIS remarkable and valuable book bears the secondary title, 'The True Story of Lincoln's Murder.' In it Mr. Bryan reviews the many stories which have grown up around that tragedy, and presents us with what he believes to be the truth of the matter; without being able to examine all the evidence, his analysis seems most convincing.

Considering the reverence in which he is now held, it must come as a shock to most readers to learn that, from the day of his election as President, Lincoln was the subject of vicious and brutal verbal attacks, of continually brewing assassination plots, and of the contempt of a large part of Washington society. We who know of him only as a great and noble figure are surprised to find him presented as a humble countryman, often slighted by snobs, jostled by crowds, and forced to pass through Baltimore unknown, for fear of rioting. Mr. Bryan is particularly successful in his evocation of the atmosphere of Washington during the Civil War.

Of the circumstances of Lincoln's murder, this book has nothing new to offer, but it has many apocryphal stories to explode. The account of the early life and career of John Wilkes Booth is of great interest to the theatrical, as well as the political, historian, but Mr. Bryan has no satisfactory explanation to offer of what it was that drove Booth to his crime. Interesting, also, are the accounts of the 'False Booths' who appeared years after the murder, confessing, when drunk or delirious, that they were guilty of the President's death. Mr. Bryan is firmly of the opinion that the man who was apprehended at the Garret house by Colonel Conger and his men was the true John Wilkes Booth.

The book is exciting reading and contains a great deal of curious information, such as Osborn H. Oldroyd's analysis of the influence of the mystic number seven on Lincoln's fate, and extracts from the contemporary press, referring to Lincoln as "the blackamoor's god," "Massa Linkum," "the Ape," and "vulgar tyrant." Many of the ills which we find in modern democracy seem to be of long standing; it is only when petty attacks have declined into their proper unimportance that the great nobles of great men may be seen.

Mr. Bryan writes an odd prose, influenced about equally by Shakespeare and Time. But his story is a good one, and whatever the peculiarities of his medium he tells it well.

Inclement Clemens

MARK TWAIN IN ERUPTION, hitherto unpublished papers edited by Bernard De Voto. Mussen. \$5.00.

THIS is at once a valuable and a disappointing book. It is valuable because it gives a small amount of new information about Mark Twain; it is disappointing because so much of that information shows him as a querulous, litigious and embittered man.

Mark Twain was a genius, and like most men of that order his virtues were balanced by corresponding faults. His wit was shrewd and homely and his penetration was often astounding; but he could also be astonishingly provincial, bigoted and abysmally ignorant. Unless we have some scholarly interest in his work we choose to revere the great and human figure, the humorist with the comprehensive sympathy, and to forget the moralist and historian from Hannibal, Missouri. We cherish the abiding reality of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, and dismiss from our minds that exasperating, brass-bound, copper-bottomed, rule-of-thumb ignoramus, the Connecticut Yankee, that dreary tourist, shocked by nude paintings and educated negroes, the Innocent Abroad,

and that Sunday School teacher in tin armour and a bustle, Joan of Arc.

In this selection from his unpublished papers we find Mark Twain jibing at Theodore Roosevelt and snarling at Andrew Carnegie in a thoroughly petty and ugly way. But there are some passages in it which belong to the Mark Twain whom we think of with affection; his recollection of a minstrel show of 100 years ago, and of a travelling mesmerist, are delightful. He is great, also, in his reflections upon a Bible Class conducted by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The book also contains a vitriolic attack on that pretentious romancer, Marie Corelli, and a very funny recollection of Elinor Glyn.

This book is full of the random recollections of a man who was, a great part of his time, irritable and bitter. It is, except for the passages mentioned, not particularly agreeable reading, but it is of absorbing interest. To those who care to see, it reveals how much spleen, rage, frustration, feeling of unworthiness, vanity, despair, and downright meanness can be distilled in the alchemy of genius and transformed into superb and enduring humor.

British Carryings-on

THE BRITISH CARRY ON, by Pont of Punch. Collins. \$3.00.

THE British surpass all other nations in the difficult art of self-caricature; they hold themselves up to ridicule quite happily at times when such an attitude appears to other nations as a perverse form of moral suicide. But to the British there are no other nations whose opinions matter on such a subject; others are made up of foreigners who cannot be expected to understand these things. Britons love jokes against themselves; peppery colonels read *Punch* in order to roar at jokes about peppery colonels, and vague vicars read it to laugh at vague vicars like themselves. This cheerful delight in self-ridicule is a part of British self-confidence. Without being in the least aware of the fact, the British are a nation of satirists.

The book under review is charmingly satirical. 'Pont' is particularly apt in his delineation of the podgy men and grim-faced women who make up such a large part of Britain's population. And how wonderfully he draws those gloomy, overcrowded, fusty English drawing-rooms, which somehow manage, in spite of a wretched climate outdoors and bad taste within, to be the most comfortable rooms in the world.

To anyone who has relatives or friends in Britain, or an affection for that curious and wonderful island, this book will prove reassuring and delightful. It is in no way a patriotic duty to buy this book, but

Messrs. Collins tell us that it reached Canada with some difficulty, and we think it would be polite to give it a welcome. What we strongly advise is that you take a good look at it in a shop; you will probably be unable to resist it.

For Children

For musical children Random House publishes an excellent series of books which tell the stories of the operas; they have now added the stories of ballets, and recently produced Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" and de Falla's "Three Corners Hat." The stories are told by Robert Lawrence and the gay and brilliant pictures are by Alexandre Serebriakoff. The text includes musical quotations which are handy when listening to the music on the gramophone. These are 75 cents each.

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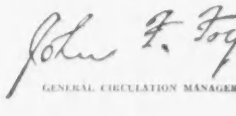
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THE BOOKSHELF

The Original Documents

BY B. K. SANDWELL

READINGS IN CANADIAN HISTORY, edited by G. W. Brown. McClelland & Stewart, \$2.25.

IT IS impossible to commend too highly the idea which led to the compilation of this handy volume of nearly 400 pages. It is improperly named, for it ends with the year 1800, and the title should therefore have included the word "Early." Another volume of similar character covering the period of the political developments following the arrival of the Loyalists, down to 1867, is urgently needed as a sequel. The selection of texts is admirable, but we should have liked to see something more said about the nature of the texts themselves, and the lack of an index is a very serious defect. Nevertheless the volume as it stands will fill a most important lack in the list of popular works upon Canadian history. Everybody has a dim idea of the Jesuit Relations, but very few Canadians have read so much as a paragraph of their actual text, whether translated or in the original. The present volume tells us practically nothing about the Relations themselves, and does not even inform us when they are being quoted, except by means of a little figure 10 at the end of the first quotation, from which we can learn, 340 pages later, that the extract is from "Kenton, Jesuit Relations, 23." It appears to be assumed that the younger students for whom the volume is primarily intended will be interested only in the contents of the extracts and not in their source, but this may be a mistake, and in any event the volume might conceivably fall into the hands of an adult reader, and in that case would be almost certain to stir him to a lively interest in the prime documents for the early period of Canadian history.

Strange Reorientation

BY JACK ANDERS

THE DREAM WE LOST, SOVIET RUSSIA THEN AND NOW. By Freda Utley. The John Day Company, New York. \$3.50.

IF THERE are still people who believe that Stalinism is good, we are afraid Mrs. Utley's book will not shake their faith; it has too many weaknesses. He who watches the steadily swelling literature that comes from disillusioned Communists, from sympathizers and opponents, is seized by the fervent wish to see a real orthodox "capitalist" economist go to Russia, and tell us in precise terms what is what. All of us who dislike Stalinism do so on political grounds. Our dislike would continue if someone were to tell us that economically things in Russia are not so bad as politically. But we are deluged with half-baked economic arguments, designed to prove a point that is not in need of being proved: the evil of despotism.

Mrs. Utley's chapter "The Cost of Soviet Industrialization" is brilliantly written; brilliantly, that is from a propaganda point of view. But hardly a sentence in it stands the test of common sense, let alone of economic probing. Let us take a minor point, because it does not want a long argument. We read: several reasons "rendered the keeping of accounts in Soviet enterprises the work of clever swindlers rather than of experts." Four lines later: "The keeping of accounts has at least done something to restrain the anarchy of Soviet economy, even if the accounts are often 'cooked.'" Just note the word "often" in the second sentence, and then read the first sentence again.

The weakest part of the book is the third part, a comparison between Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany. The fact that so many Germans and

German Jews have been allowed to leave the country . . . proves the comparative mildness of the Nazi regime." What about the hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of Russians who left their country after the Bolshevik revolution? "But that was in 1917, and not in 1937." Mrs. Utley would probably say, "Quite so. Would Hitler or his successor let anyone out in 1933?"

"Given economic opportunity and peace the Germans may develop the

progressive features of National Socialism." Mrs. Utley can't prove it. We can't prove the opposite. But we believe the opposite.

Stefansson's Iceland

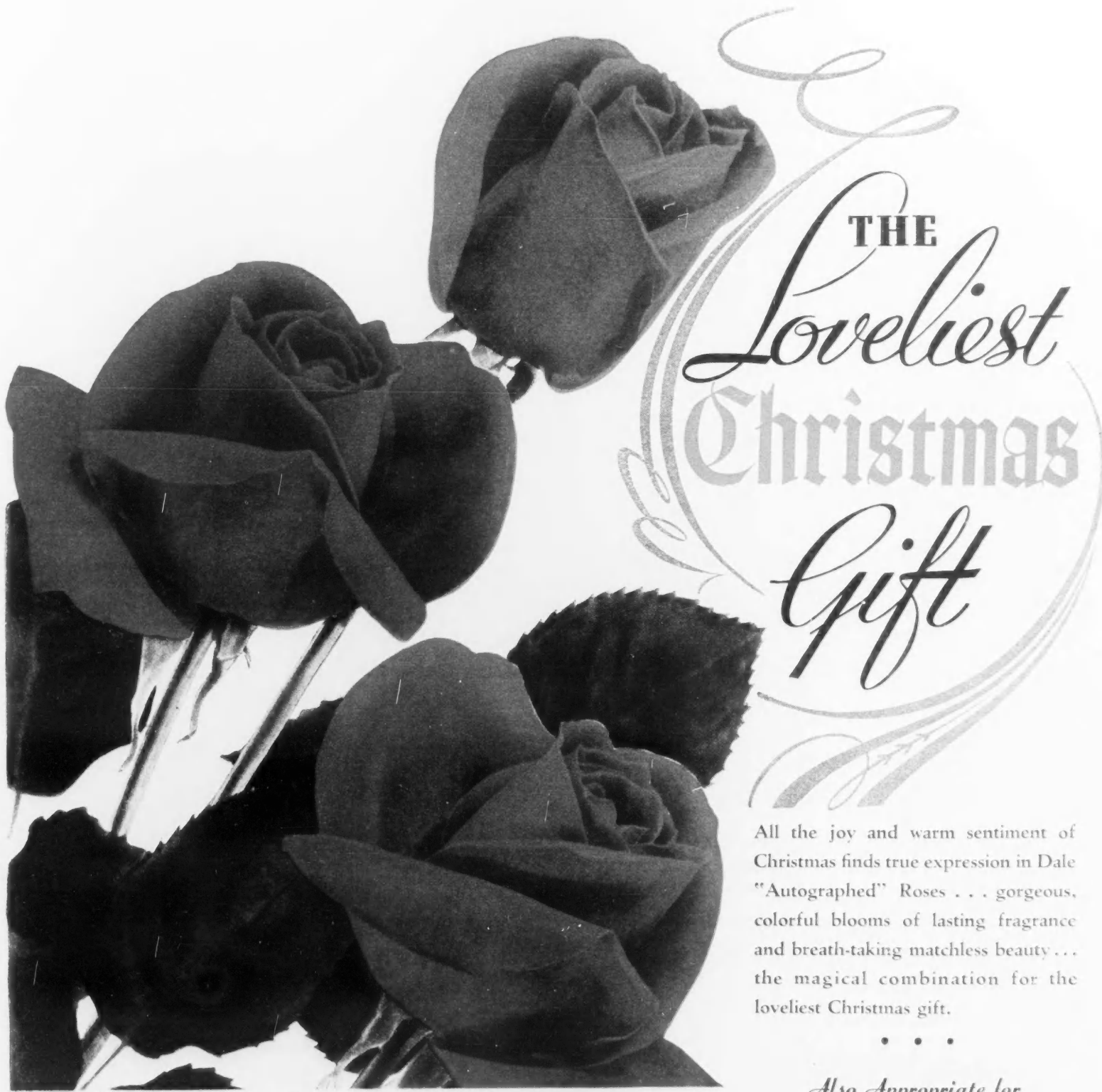
BY KENNETH MILLAR

ICELAND: THE FIRST AMERICAN REPUBLIC, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. McClelland and Stewart, \$4.50.

WRITERS about Iceland have been accustomed to extol the sublimity of the geysers and sagas and to raise their eyebrows over the curious customs of the natives. Mr. Stefansson's book has a chapter or two for tourists (it was written before the war), but scenery and sagas are subordinated to a comprehensive account of Iceland's political, economic, and social development during the last thousand years.

Several of these facts would seem to give Iceland a special claim to our attention. It was the earliest republic in the Western Hemisphere, and Norse sailors from its shores explored our coasts five hundred years before Columbus made his "Lindbergh voyage." It is of greater contemporary significance that during the present century Iceland has quietly become one of the world's most advanced democracies, with a

state medical service, a very high standard of literacy, and a flourishing system of co-operatives which can supply every necessity of life. Mr. Stefansson's enthusiasm for his subject sometimes leads him to present facts of the "Believe-It-Or-Not" variety, concerning such matters as the size of Icelandic glaciers and the number of times Icelanders appear in the Encyclopedia Britannica. But such small flourishes may be excused in a book which sets out to prove a case, and proves it very honestly. The actual writing of the book, though not the preparation, seems to have been done in rather a hurry, but the photographs which illustrate it are clear and relevant.



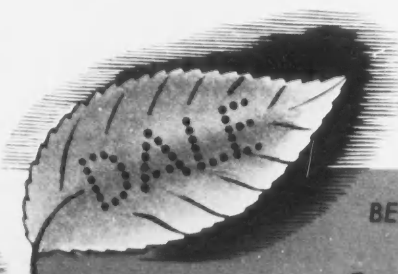
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The greatest film to come out of Hollywood on a purely Canadian theme is Cecil B. DeMille's "Northwest Mounted Police" which brings to the screen the story of the Riel Rebellion of 1885. Among a host of stars in this Technicolor picture are Madeleine Carroll and Gary Cooper. Madeleine Carroll plays the role of April Logan, a frontier nurse, Gary Cooper the part of "Dusty" Rivers, a Texas Ranger in Canada on the trail of a murderer, Jacques Corbeau. When Corbeau kills two Mounted Policemen, Rivers' assignment becomes a point of honor with the Royal Mounted Police. From there on it is a case of co-operative competition.



Long-time suitor for the hand of April Logan is Sergeant Bret (Preston Foster), second from the left in the above picture. Bret maintains that, since Corbeau has killed in Canada, he is now the business of the Mounted. Rivers, who bunks with the Police, claims that the half-breed murderer belongs to the man who catches him first. When April Logan is informed by a squaw whose child she has nursed that the half breeds are planning to ambush the Mounties, she tries to spread the alarm but is stopped by the rabble army of Riel who has made his headquarters in Batoche. In desperation she turns to Louvette, a lovely little half-breed girl.



Louvette (Paulette Goddard) is the daughter of Jacques Corbeau. In love with her is April Logan's brother, Ronnie, a constable in the Force. Louvette hurries to the outpost where Ronnie is on guard, lures him away, and holds him captive. With none to warn them of the advance of the rebel army, the Mounties ride into an ambush at Duck Lake where Jacques Corbeau mows them down with a deadly Maxim gun. They retreat to the Fort.



The inspector is mortally wounded in the engagement. Ronnie is branded a coward and Sergeant Bret is given the assignment of "getting him". In her sorrow, April turns to Rivers for consolation; he proposes marriage and she accepts. Meanwhile Bret and a handful of survivors capture Corbeau, breaking the backbone of the Rebellion. The "regulars" arrive and soon have the situation well in hand. But Ronnie still isn't cleared of the name of coward.

(Color plates by courtesy of the Chicago Tribune.)



Dusty Rivers pierces the enemy lines, locates Ronnie and Louvette. Louvette lays a trap for the Texas Ranger, but Ronnie falls into it, is assassinated. Rivers carries the body back to headquarters, lies and clears him. April decides she loves Sergeant Bret and breaks her engagement to Rivers. As a consolation, he abducts the captive Corbeau and carries him back to the United States with a certain amount of timely help from stern Sergeant Bret.

THE BOOKSHELF

Salvation Is Not Free

EMBEZZLED HEAVEN, by Franz Werfel. Macmillan. \$3.00.

THIS is that rare thing, a book with something to say, written by a man who knows how to say it. It is an unusual and deeply interesting story, and its author is an original and subtle thinker, a man of deep cultivation, and a literary artist of the first order.

The plot is simple. Teta Linek is a Bohemian cook, working for a wealthy Austrian family. She is a devout Catholic, and in order to ensure her soul's salvation she undertakes to educate her nephew, Moj-

mir, for the priesthood. When, as an old woman, she visits him, she finds that this surety for her eternal well-being is a rascally vendor of dirty post-cards in Prague, and that he has used her money to do almost everything except become a holy man. Teta then realizes her sin in attempting to buy her way into heaven, and goes on a pilgrimage to Rome where, through a curious turn of affairs, she dies an object of concern to the Pope himself.

The story is told with economy and brilliance. Underlying it is the question: Upon what, in this con-

fused world, may one depend? Can faith, in any of its various forms, be of help to the individual when values are changing so rapidly? The answer given is an affirmative one: Yes, faith can do much, if it is not merely a passive and greedy scheme for personal gain, like the scheme of Teta Linek to get into heaven. Here however, the author leaves us high and dry. He has convinced us that a great part of the world's ills are the result of modern man's denial of the spiritual domain. But where do we go from there? Certainly not backward to a kind of warmed-over medieval religious feeling, as Mr. Werfel tacitly suggests. Attempts to retrace old paths have never been of any value to mankind. We must go forward, trusting to find something in the future which will be better than what we have lost. What we must not do is regard our troubled place in time as an excuse for spiritual nullity.

This is a book which deserves hundreds of thousands of readers and will undoubtedly get them. The story is fine in itself, and Teta Linek and the wretched Mojmir, whom we see only once, are brilliantly drawn. There is also a magnificent character-sketch of the late Pope Pius XI, whom Teta encounters in her last journey. The translation by Moray Firth is admirable.

One always hesitates to call any book 'great' in the first month of its life, but "Embezzled Heaven" may justify such rashness.

Amateur Diplomat

BY WESSELY HICKS

SEVEN MYSTERIES OF EUROPE, by Jules Romains. Ryerson. \$3.00.

IT'S HARD to believe that the author of "Verdun" and the author of "Seven Mysteries of Europe" is the same man, Jules Romains. For "Verdun" was such a polished, cynically brilliant indictment of war and "Seven Mysteries of Europe" reads in spots like "A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur"; it's as naive as a gingham apron.

Jules Romains emerged from World War I with these words on his lips: "I swear that I shall always do everything in my power to prevent the outbreak of another war." With the examples of Zola and Anatole France to guide him, he decided that as a great writer he could influence public opinion; that he could become a man in touch with those in places of power and authority so that he could personally influence their decisions in crises. He called that *action on vital points*.

The essays in "Seven Mysteries of Europe" were written last Spring after the author had fled France to the United States, and were published in the *Saturday Evening Post*. They reveal Romains as an extraordinary behind-the-scenes character, a man with intimate acquaintances in the highest places; with Daladier the "Vaucluse bull," with Weygand, with Gamelin, Ribbentrop & Co., Goebbels, Leopold III of Belgium. He knew all the rules of international politics and even made a few of his own but the rule book seems to have confused him and sometimes he worked for peace and sometimes against it; often at the same time. Otto Abetz, currently German Ambassador to Occupied France took him for a merry ride; Ribbentrop completely eluded him; De Man proved too much of a realist.

Most incredible are the chapters on Gamelin and Leopold. Gamelin apparently foresaw the course of the War, called the action to the very month and yet lacked the physical and mental co-ordination to prevent the débâcle. Leopold was involved in a schoolboyish chain letter plot to save peace in Europe. You'll have to read it to believe it.

"Seven Mysteries of Europe" will do little to alleviate the North American's impressions of Europe as a political madhouse; even less will it add to Romains' reputation as a diplomat. He and his activities in pre-War Europe call to mind John Gunther's description of Woodrow Wilson at the Versailles Peace Conference as a "virgin in a bawdy house calling out for lemonade." Romains seems to have contented himself with setting off firecrackers while his companions played with TNT.

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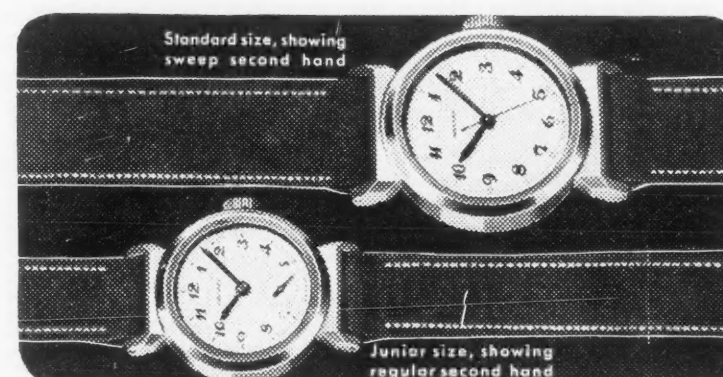
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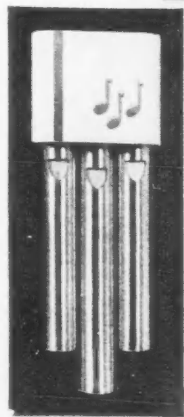
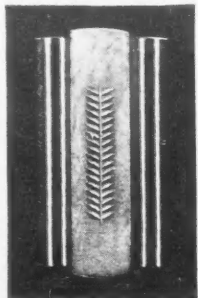
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THE BOOKSHELF

These Doctors Again

BY B. K. SANDWELL

AS I REMEMBER HIM: The Biography of R. S., by Hans Zinsser. McClelland & Stewart, \$3.25.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENTS, by Arthur E. Hertzler. Musson, \$3.50.

THE death of "R.S.", which has occurred since the printing of this volume, adds a certain sadness to some of its more personal references. But the chief reflection excited by the perusal of these two books is that it is an error to suppose that the medical profession, with a very few brilliant exceptions, has anything substantial to add to the analysis of these discordant times which has already been made by psychologists, economists, social workers, and others with a more direct professional interest in the subject. Dr. Hertzler's observations on the effects of the modern tendency towards free exposure of the female form are interesting, but would be more valuable if he were a specialist in sex psychology rather than a general practitioner. His volume is described as a study of "the American Domestic Scene as viewed by the Family Doctor." It is useful and pleasant to be reminded that sex technique is not the most important thing in marriage, but one could wish that the matter had been discussed with a little less sentiment and a little more scientific arrangement. This is one of the most madly meandering books that we have come across in a long time.

R.S. was a more important personage, and bits of his philosophy are of considerable interest, though hardly enough to justify a 450-page biography. R.S. was an observant man, but the things that he observed are rapidly passing away. It is sad to read that he saw the prettiest

girls he ever saw in his life in Warsaw; he calls them "Warsawettes," and likens them to a sunny day with a heavy wind blowing—fair, but not calm. Something of his character is evidenced by the fact that he wanted to name his son Kerensky. A man of sudden and illogical enthusiasms.

Cape Cod Mystery

OUT OF THE FOG, by Joseph C. Lincoln. Ryerson, \$2.75.

THE secret of Joseph C. Lincoln's success as a novelist is that he never abuses the confidence placed in him by his public. For many years he has been writing light fiction about Cape Cod and its inhabitants, and he has a large and faithful following; his books always have good plots, interesting, if not very deeply studied, characters, and a great deal of pleasant humor. Although there is a certain family resemblance among his books he has never evolved and depended upon a formula, and he has never allowed his standard of workmanship to decline. Each book is fresh and charming; each book is designed to satisfy the wants of a very large public.

This latest of Mr. Lincoln's books is a mystery story. It is told in the first person by Myra Simpson Crut, a female journalist who works for the *Ostab County Weekly Item*; as assistant to Captain Mark Hanson this redoubtable spinster helps to unravel the skein of circumstance which lies behind the killing of a young man of important social position. All is satisfactorily concluded except that Captain Mark marries another woman and Myra is left to her journalistic resources. The book is pleasant and easy to read, and can be safely recommended as a Christmas gift for almost anyone.



Dr. Samuel Johnson, patron saint of literary critics, harangues London unperturbed from his pedestal behind St. Clement Danes, his favorite church, recently bombed.

Gallimaufry

WE HAVE received the second volume of the Canadian Jewish Year Book, a very complete survey of Jewish activities in Canada, edited by Vladimir Grossman. It contains several interesting and competent articles on current problems and a good deal of information which will be appreciated, not only by Jews, but by all who are interested in the development of Canada. Unfortunately the volume is marred by the writings of some contributors who have a poor grasp of the English language; Mr. Israel Rabinovitch, for instance, appears to have only a nodding acquaintance with our admittedly difficult and irregular system of grammar. Mr. Grossman might do well to invest in a large blue pencil before he sets about the task of editing the third volume, which is, we understand, to appear next summer.

JOHN C. WINSTON & CO. have sent us two new books for children. One of these is "Story Parade," which is a collection of tales for children between six and ten by modern authors; we can recommend it, particularly for children who are taking music lessons, as there are a number of stories about great composers; the price is \$2.00. The other one is "Greased Lightning" by Stirling North, which tells the adventures of a pet pig. Very pleasant and costs \$2.25.

WHEN a book describes itself as "A Personal Philosophy of Hope Told With a Wealth of Salty Anecdotes" we know what to expect; it is called "Sparks From Home Fires" and it is by Anne Shannon Monroe, who also wrote "Singing In The Rain." We did not greatly like the personal philosophy of hope; it was too simple and we are extremely complex. We did not like the salty anecdotes; for us the salt had lost its savour. People who are easier to please may buy the book from McClelland & Stewart for \$2.50. We can, however, recommend this book as a Christmas gift for any old, quiet relative you may have.

INQUISITIVE children can at least be stopped from asking questions about oil by giving them "The Wonders of Oil" by Ann Jackson. McClelland & Stewart publish this excellent book at \$2.35 and we recommend it highly as a Christmas gift for intelligent children, who, when they have read it, will know more about oil than most investors.

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WAR SAVINGS



COMMITTEE

AN URGENT MESSAGE

To Every Employer To Every Employee

It is imperative that \$10,000,000 every month be saved from the pay envelopes of wage and salary earners—and invested in War Savings Certificates.

At present, the splendid co-operation of many firms and individuals is resulting in an investment of about \$2,500,000 a month in War Savings Certificates. But with the present course of the war this is not enough—heavier demands for more production require the increased objective of \$10,000,000 a month.

To secure this amount, EVERY employee in Canada must save, and EVERY employer in Canada must encourage his employees to save. This not only applies to those who are sharing in the \$35,000,000 monthly addition to payroll earnings which has resulted from increased business activity during the first year of the war, but to every wage and salary earner in Canada there comes the "Call to Sacrifice".

Some employers are alive to this fact. Many of them are not. Or, if they have the War Savings Plan in operation in their plant or office, their employees are not in it 100%, or are saving in such small amounts as to make it impossible to reach the increased objective of \$10,000,000 each month. This condition must be changed immediately, as only an all-out 100% effort from both employers and employees will do the job required.

This 100% participation must be Canada's answer to Germany, where coercion is used to secure money. We must show the enemy, and show him NOW, that we can do voluntarily what he is doing by coercion.

Why The Help of Every Employer Is Needed

FIRST — Because Canada is at war — a war for survival as a nation. To carry on this war requires a tremendous production of the sinews of war.

SECOND — Because we must not allow our productive capacity to be diverted from our war effort by unnecessary spending.

THIRD — Because to the greatest possible extent, employees must be protected against upsetting post-war readjustments.

Remember, War Savings NOW, will provide a vast backlog of purchasing power for ordinary commodities when the inevitable period of post-war readjustment arrives.

To the extent that savings from pay envelopes are mobilized, there will be a curb upon inflation. If employees spend all of their earnings as fast as they get them, there will be rising prices, inflation and the evils that follow.

How Employers Can Help

Experience shows that the easiest and most convenient way for your employees to save is by a War Savings Payroll Plan. We ask you as an employer—whether you have 5 employees or 25,000 — to instal such a Payroll Plan; and to see that it is carried out effectively for the duration of the war.

So that employees will understand the need for saving we shall send you at intervals small bulletins to put in pay envelopes, and shall publish advertisements frequently in the press giving reasons for savings, telling where the money goes, and how savings vitally affect our war effort. Factory posters will be supplied at intervals. Honour Roll Certificates will be awarded for achieving 75%, to 100%, of participation by permanent employees. The necessity for regular saving will be constantly impressed upon every man, woman and child in the country.

You as an employer have a grave responsibility. The leadership in your organization must come from you. We count upon you to give this leadership. To get the plan working efficiently will, we know, involve more clerical work, but we must ask you to consider that as part of your contribution to the nation's war effort.

Nothing is more vital to the successful prosecution of Canada's war effort than the mobilization of the nation's savings. It is a gigantic task, but it must be done. We must not fail. And in the fulfillment of this task Canada is relying upon you to do your part.

If we could sit down as man to man and talk about War Savings, we know that you as loyal men and women would strain every nerve to help us do what it is imperative to do to win this war.

Because, in these days you men and women who are the wage and salary earners are really in the "front line". And you are a mighty important part of that "front line" — as producers and savers.

You are striking Hitler as you carry on with your day-by-day work — keeping up vital production for both war and domestic requirements.

In addition, you fire a shot every time you put a dollar into War Savings Certificates. Because some of you don't quite understand the tremendous importance of this, we are talking it over with you — frankly.

Because to defeat our foes — and make no mistake about this — we simply must count upon the pay envelopes of Canada to produce an investment of \$10,000,000 a month in War Savings Certificates. At present, loyal employees in many firms are saving about \$2,500,000 a month in this manner. But this is not enough, as the course of the war is making heavier and heavier demands for the production of military, naval and air supplies and equipment.

The enemy is coercing his people to raise money. We must show the enemy that we can, and that we will, do more by a united voluntary effort than any people can do by coercion.

We can and we shall get \$10,000,000 a month if EVERYONE saves his or her share. There must be no shirking, no putting-off, no "letting George do it". If necessary, you must sacrifice in order to save, for therein lies the path of duty and honour.

Why You Should Save and Lend To Your Country

FIRST, because you are helping to build planes and ships — to furnish guns and ammunition.

SECOND, because you are building a cash reserve for yourself—for your family—for the "after the war" period.

THIRD, because every dollar you spend unnecessarily may take people and machines away from war production and thus help the enemy.

You may ask: "What about the big fellows, what are they doing? What are you getting from them?" Be assured that the government is going after the big money, and getting it. Employers, executives, and wealthy people will tell you that. But, in addition to the big money, you wage and salary earners must lend Canada \$10,000,000 every month.

To buy 25c War Savings Stamps is good; they have their place. Sixteen of these buy a War Savings Certificate. But employees must save in dollars. Stamps alone will not bring \$10,000,000 a month.

No one need go without actual necessities to save, but we urge you not to buy things which compete for labour and materials with war production.

Save Every Dollar You Can—Lend It To Canada

There's that other vital reason for saving. When this war ends, there will be a period of readjustment. Men who now have good jobs may suddenly find themselves out of work or on short time. Let us hope not. But if you have a substantial sum in War Savings Certificates (accumulated while the war is on), you will be able to "stand the gaff" when industry is changing from a war to a peace time basis. You will be eternally glad THEN that you have saved money NOW.

We have sent to every employer the message you see alongside. When your employer asks you to start saving, or to increase your present savings, co-operate with him.

The following table represents an average basis of saving for a group of employees. These figures are only illustrative, of course, as the amount of saving which is possible will vary according to each individual's family and other economic circumstances.

EARNINGS PER WEEK	SAVINGS PER WEEK	WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES PURCHASED PER YEAR
up to \$20	up to \$1.00	\$15 to \$65
over \$20 to \$30	\$1.25 to \$2.00	\$80 to \$130
over \$30 to \$40	\$2.25 to \$3.50	\$145 to \$225
over \$40	\$3.75 to \$9.25	\$245 to \$600*

*Limit for 1941

Men and women, you have a grave responsibility. These are indeed critical times, but Canada has confidence in you. We believe that you, as loyal and courageous citizens, will face the facts. We urge you to save your money and buy War Savings Certificates to see our country through to victory.

W. H. SOMERVILLE and de GASPE BEAUBIEN, Joint National Chairmen, War Savings Committee, Ottawa.

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70th Annual Meeting of Shareholders THE DOMINION BANK

**Simplify Government, Reduce Costs,
Urges President C. H. Carlisle.**

**The Dominion Bank Commercial
Loans at High Level.**

**In Strong Liquid Position to
Meet War Needs, Says General
Manager Robert Rae.**

At the 70th Annual Meeting of The Dominion Bank, held in Toronto on Wednesday, December 11th instant, shareholders were addressed by the President, Mr. C. H. Carlisle, and the General Manager, Mr. Robert Rae.

ROBERT RAE, GENERAL MANAGER, REVIEWS BANK'S YEAR

Analyzing the Balance Sheet and the Profit and Loss Account, Mr. Rae pointed out that the Profit and Loss Account now stood at \$861,188, an increase of \$23,788, over the amount carried forward at the end of 1939. Commercial Loans showed a substantial increase of \$15,761,974, and now stand at \$74,157,387, said Mr. Rae. This was largely due to the greater amount of money required towards the end of the year to finance the grain crop and the many Government war contracts undertaken by the Bank's customers at numerous points throughout the Dominion.

Deposits by the Public

Deposits by the Public, he noted, totaled \$121,698,160, showing a relatively small decrease of \$1,616,453, from a year ago when it was considered that during the past twelve months approximately \$22,000,000, had been withdrawn by customers for subscriptions to the First and Second Dominion War Loans. Non-interest-bearing deposits totaled \$41,075,839, an increase of \$3,097,156, and interest-bearing deposits totaled \$80,622,320, a decrease of \$4,713,610.

Mr. Rae pointed out the strong liquid position of the Bank. Cash assets of \$28,955,390, were equivalent to 20.82% of public liabilities, while readily realizable assets, including Government, Municipal and other bonds as well as Call and Short Loans, totaled \$71,524,716, or 51.43% of public liabilities.

The Bank's Investments

Regarding the Bank's investments, Mr. Rae said:

"The Bank's total investments amount to \$38,489,761, compared with \$60,649,317, on the 31st October, 1939, and are entered on our Statement at less than market prices. Our holdings decreased \$22,159,556, during the year through our disposing of securities to meet the increased demand for loans. The portfolio consists largely of Dominion and Provincial Government issues, of which \$21,217,931, mature within the next two years.

Call and Short Loans in Canada totaled \$2,269,722, a decrease of \$1,090,707, those elsewhere than in Canada \$1,547,893, as compared with \$2,398,947 a year ago. Both are adequately covered by readily marketable securities. Commercial Loans, showed a substantial increase of \$15,761,974, standing at \$74,157,387. Loans to Cities, Municipalities, etc., stood at \$1,247,842, showing an unimportant decrease.

Equipped for War

Mr. Rae stated that \$150,000 had been written off Bank Premises. No new buildings were erected nor was any land purchased during the year, but alterations had been made to several offices, and premises had been leased for a new main office in Hamilton. One new office was opened, and one old one closed. Tribute to the loyal co-operation of the Bank's staff was paid by Mr. Rae.

While the Empire is engaged in a devastating war, remarked Mr. Rae, "it is a satisfaction to be able to again assure you that your Bank continues in a sound position and is well equipped to provide the industrial, commercial and farming interests of this Country with banking facilities of every nature required for the successful prosecution of the War, which must be the primary objective of each and every one of us.

PRESIDENT C. H. CARLISLE DISCUSSES CANADA'S ECONOMIC POSITION

In opening his presidential address, in which he touched at length on Canada's war and post-war problems, Mr. C. H. Carlisle referred to the excellent service given by the Canadian Banks during more than fifty years, and to the improvement of The Dominion Bank's position due to reduction of its investment portfolio and increase of its loans. "There has been a revision in the Bank's system of operations which has materially simplified the work, made it more current and more efficient, and has also given a greater freedom of action and placed a greater responsibility on our branch and department managers. This is as it should be."

In spite of the great toll exacted of Canada by the War, this country had an abundance of those things, material and human, which are essential to a sound and prosperous nation, and was therefore a field for safe investments, said Mr. Carlisle.

Canada a Sound Investment

Investors may hesitate, and some have hesitated, in making investments in Canada due to our being at war. They are cognizant of the great toll exacted of us in resources, money

and men. But there is another picture of Canada. Her crops are abundant, her granaries are full to overflowing; her mines are producing large quantities of various metals; her factories are at maximum production and many more factories are in process of construction; her forest products are at a high peak of production; her banks are sound and are providing for the requirements of expanding business; her per capita natural wealth is likely greater than that of any other country; her laws are equitable; her courts are of high standing; her laws are enforced; her people are of a creditable level of intelligence, law abiding, resourceful, and meet with courage from day to day the problems that confront them. All of these things are essential to a sound and prosperous nation, where safe investments may be made.

War Brings Debt

"Thinking people throughout the world are appalled at the destruction of this war. What we have accumulated for ourselves and our families and others who are dependent upon us is now being liquidated. Several generations following us will labor under the burden of debt now being accumulated. Art, buildings centuries old and many other things we hold dear have been and are being destroyed in pitiless succession."

But while Canada had achieved remarkable progress in most things attempted, she could not boast of a high degree of efficiency in her political and government administration, Mr. Carlisle believed.

Must Cut Government Cost

"With all of her opportunities she found herself, prior to the outbreak of the present war, with a municipal, provincial and national debt of slightly less than eight billions of dollars. Some of the causes contributing to our utterly unnecessary debt are: the establishment of ten separate governments to govern eleven millions of quite intelligent and law abiding people; the constructing of luxurious and expensive public buildings and the maintenance of same to house an unwarranted number of officials and a retinue of staff; the payment of large sums of money for projects that were not essential to the people's interest although, no doubt, of political value. We trust that these practices are in the past. From coast to coast our people must have taken on a new courage when Prime Minister Mackenzie King issued an invitation to all the Provincial Premiers to meet him in Ottawa to assist in creating a new order, a better condition. It must be kept in mind though, that the remedy does not consist merely in the shifting of debt from one geographical area to another, but in the elimination of duplication and waste. In such saving no province should fear discrimination or loss, as every province has in our governmental institutions a representation proportionate to its population. As citizens and regardless of political affiliation we should lend every aid to both the Dominion and the Provincial Governments to revise the B.N.A. Act, to bring it in keeping with our current requirements, to simplify to the nth degree the operations of government, to reduce costs not only within our ability to sustain but within our ability to liquidate."

Unsound Economics and War

"Canada is setting about to measure up to her responsibilities. The cost is tremendous. She will carry on as long as her manpower and her resources permit," said Mr. Carlisle, paying a tribute to the "heroic endurance" shown by the British people in the Battle of Britain, and the "high intelligence, penetrating analysis of the things to be done, courage undaunted, decisiveness of action, and just and kindly consideration for all" of Prime Minister Churchill in his leadership of a people seeking to free itself from Hitler and Mussolini and their "inordinate and brutal demands."

"The world has not forgotten, nor could it forget, the devastation of the last war. It brought no permanent peace—it solved no problems national or international. Should not these wars and the history of other wars be sufficient for us to ascertain the causes that produced them, and then deal with those causes? The astonishing progress made in medicine and surgery lies largely in the discovery of the cause of the disease and in destroying it rather than treating its effects. Unsound economics, inadequate distribution, inequality of trade—wherever they exist—cause unrest and discontent among the people, and thereby create fertile ground wherein the shrewd, heartless and ambitious agitator gains destructive power and domination. If there be a major cause of war, this seems to be the cause."

Democracies Have Changed

"The world not so long ago was very large. We then knew but little and cared but little about such countries as China, Japan, Australia, or even the South American States. Communications and rapid transportation now make all these our next door neighbors. They know what we have and how we live."

"Our manner of living makes it difficult for us to evaluate these changed conditions. We have been raised under the aegis of democracy. We enjoyed it. We idealized it, but truly a different aegis exists today. Democracies have changed from a government of the people, by the people and for the people, to a government by a political party for the benefit of a political party. They are entangled in a procedure that makes them inefficient and uneconomic."

When war ended, continued Mr. Carlisle, a great task would confront us.

Eliminate Waste

"We cannot enter this period unprepared and achieve success," he declared. "It is equally the responsibility of the individual and of governments to join in a common effort to see, insofar as we can at this time and chiefly by the resolute elimination of waste, that all our essential activities meet post-

war conditions well equipped and adequately financed. The individual must not be crushed by the burden of taxes, the absence of profit, unemployment and the embarrassment of the dole until all hope is gone. This can be averted if taken in time. The remedy, as I have said, lies largely in a drastic economy—both individual and national—a greater production, a greater foreign trade."

Must Develop Trades

"We can no longer enshroud ourselves in the cloak of nationalism. Our hope lies in internationalism. We can no longer wait for trade to come to us. We must develop it. Much of the wealth of the world is contained on this continent—a great part of it undeveloped. This is especially true of Latin America. What has Canada done to share in the trade or the development of new trade in these countries? Practically nothing. South America produces much that we can use and should purchase. She is capable of developing a much greater variety of goods than she now produces. If this continent is to be unified under the Monroe Doctrine, and avail itself of its own climatic and geographical advantages, we must do a better job than we have done in the past. We must get acquainted."

An Opportunity in Latin-America

"At this time Brazil has on hand certain commodities in larger quantities than the market will absorb—for instance, coffee and corn. That country is burning corn for fuel and out of this year's crop has already burnt ten million bags of coffee and in addition has a surplus of about ten million bags. We likely could take more of this coffee and more of this corn, and Brazil could direct her labor into other productive channels and grow less corn and coffee. Her valuable timber areas could be developed. Her rare hardwoods should find a market in United States and Canada."

"Brazil is the home of the Hevea or rubber tree. Rubber growing could have been a real industry there, even if it required the importation for a time of some skilled Dutch East Indian labor. Had this been done, Canada and the United States would be now buying from her annually one and one-half billion pounds of rubber at a present value of three hundred and thirty millions of dollars, and these amounts would be ever increasing. Our supply would then be dependable—our trade

relations would be better. All the great rubber plantations of the Far East owe their origin to Brazil. Multi-millions of Western money have been and are invested in Far East plantations. This investment is now in jeopardy and our supply of rubber requirements is in doubt. Without going further into this matter, Latin-America affords a great opportunity to the United States and Canada for trade and mutual industrial helpfulness. We have neglected this opportunity. Some European countries have not."

Make Democracy Work

"Perhaps Great Britain, and certainly Canada, France and the United States of America failed to understand the new and adverse forces that were rising throughout the world, and failed to co-operate to prevent them from attacking the democratic system of economic, social and political freedom," continued Mr. Carlisle. "Democracies became less efficient, less economic, more harmfully dominated by political parties. They adopted methods and misconstrued principles, to the undermining of the entire system. Totalitarian states are, at least visibly, efficient and efficiency appeals to most people. We do not want totalitarianism. Can democracies continue to exist on their recent past or their present performances? We think not. Can they be so operated to give a greater freedom, a greater efficiency, a greater effectiveness in world affairs? We think they can. How can we bring about this better state of affairs? By liberating our statesmen from the shackles of party bondage, so they may unrestrictedly serve the people best; by reducing the number of governments and lightening the awful load of government machinery; by re-organizing the franchise so the unfit and unworthy do not have equal rights with those who work and produce and pay. In this respect Australia has made at least a commencement."

Liberty Not License

"We believe in the liberty of press, of speech, of thought, but there is a line between liberty and license," concluded Mr. Carlisle. "If liberty is to continue, license in speech and license to agitate cannot be permitted to destroy liberty itself. It is hoped these distressing and perilous times will make all conscious of the necessity of change, so that the fundamental institutions of democracy may still be our inheritance."

THE DOMINION BANK

Condensed Statement as at 31st October, 1940

ASSETS

Cash on Hand and in Banks, including Bank of Canada	\$ 28,955,390
Deposit with Minister of Finance	261,950
Government and Other Securities	38,489,760
Call Loans	3,817,616

Commercial Loans and Discounts	\$ 71,524,716
Bank Premises	76,829,024
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit, Acceptances and Sundry Other Assets	5,487,573
	4,610,997

\$158,452,310

LIABILITIES

Deposits	\$130,411,517
Deposits by Other Banks	3,270,542
Notes in Circulation	4,761,084
Letters of Credit, Acceptances and Sundry Other Liabilities	5,147,978

\$143,591,121

Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits	14,861,189
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\$158,452,310

The General Manager,
The Dominion Bank,
Toronto, Ontario.

We report that we have examined the above condensed Balance Sheet as at October 31st, 1940, and compared it with the books at Head Office and with the certified returns from the Branches. We have examined the cash, and the securities representing the Bank's investments, held at Head Office and certain of the larger Branches as at October 31st, 1940, and in addition we examined the cash and the securities held at certain of the important Branches during the year. We have obtained all the information and explanations that we have required, and in our opinion the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank.

In our opinion the Balance Sheet discloses the true condition of the Bank and is as shown by the books of the Bank.

Toronto, Ontario,
November 20, 1940.

A. B. SHEPHERD, F.C.A.,
of Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co.
W. D. GLENDINNING, F.C.A.,
of Glendinning, Gray & Roberts.

THE CAMERA

Recording the Illusion of Motion

BY "JAY"

LAST week we wrote about the illusions of height, breadth and space—the three dimensions. There is yet another illusion, one which the average amateur would do well to study, and that is the illusion of motion.

By motion I do not refer to the freezing of action, an all too common fault in many pictures, but rather the reverse—such as falling snow, snow which is not suspended but actually seems to be falling; the motion of waves as they beat on the shore, and of the wind as it blows through the trees. And here may I suggest that the title of a picture has much to do with the successful representation of this illusion of motion.

Recently I was asked to express an opinion of a picture, considered by the maker good enough for salon showing, which had for its title "Windswept." Now such a title con-

veys the thought of storm, of strong motion, a mood in which nature is at her worst. But nothing of the kind was expressed here, true the sky did convey the idea of wind, but the foreground and the trees suggested a mood far more characteristic of quietude. In order to sustain the title of his picture, the photographer should have arranged his subject matter, the trees, the foreground and the sky in such a manner as to imply a high wind and its effects.

I have in mind another picture which I saw a few years ago titled "The Approaching Storm." Here the illusion of a storm and the motion which accompanies it was highly successful. The cloud formation was perfect, the landscape which looked to be a wild moor was given the tonal values which an approaching storm would express, and a shepherd with his cloak flowing behind him—express-

sing the force of the wind—was hurrying his flock homeward. You knew it was towards home because in the distance could be seen the spire of a church.

In "Windswept" I would have liked to have seen the introduction of such a figure, a man or woman battling the wind, the garments of such a figure extended in the direction the wind was blowing. This, and this alone would have sustained the title.

There are exceptions to every rule, but generally speaking, horizontal and vertical lines, alone or together, suggest a sense of peace, of quietude or absence of motion, whereas slanting lines convey the suggestion of action or motion. So it must follow that if a picture contains a majority of lines of the horizontal and vertical type we have peace and quiet for a mood, and if the majority are definitely on the slant, there is a strong suggestion of movement.

"Windswept" had no slanting lines, the trees were vertical, and the foreground as well as where the landscape met the sky was horizontal. The clouds, as I have said, did suggest wind, but the suggestion was too weak to give the necessary balance.

Along the shores of our great lakes, and in some of the broad expanses of the north, the force of the prevailing winds causes isolated trees and small collections to grow in a twisted formation, and more or less on the slant. These tell the story of nature's power, and when photographed against a sky marked with cloud formation having a definite departure from the vertical and the horizontal, could well give a picture qualified to carry the title "Windswept."

Recording the illusion of motion is a technic which every amateur must work out for himself. It can only be done with the proper placement of subject matter, with a careful consideration of the direction of the lines, plus the writer's opinion that all pictures expressing motion are helped if a landscape rather than portrait shape is adapted.

Cheerio and good pictures.

How Promotion Comes

BY HERBERT A. MOWAT

THE democratization of the British Army was accelerated during the regime at the War Office of Hon. Leslie Hore-Belisha. But this process had already been realized in large measure in the Canadian militia.

Twenty-five years ago and later, the ranks were scanned frequently for men who could qualify as to type and talent for commissions. The Canadian Cadet School at Bexhill, of which Brigadier-General Critchley was commandant, was filled with men, course after course, who had shown outstanding merits as non-commissioned officers and privates in the field.

A series of promotions occurred in 1917 which illustrates this point.

IN THE 5th Canadian Infantry Battalion, First Canadian Division, it was one of the standing jokes among officers and men that Dick Larkin received his lance-corporal's stripe because Allenby went to Egypt. Let us examine the chain of promotions to discover how it came about.

The British Expeditionary Force had its base in Egypt and its active service operations in Palestine. Sir Archibald Murray, its commander-in-chief, was removed from his command and was succeeded by General Allenby, up to that time—April, 1917, commander of the Fifth Army in France.

This was after Vimy and as an army corps commander, Lieutenant-General Sir Julian Byng's stock was high. He was promoted by Haig to the full rank of general commanding the Fifth Army. This left the Canadian Army Corps without a leader. It will be remembered that Major-General Currie had charge of the First Division, and he was appointed Lieutenant-General, heading up the four Canadian divisions, a job which he held until the end of the war. Our Major-General Sir Arch-

bald Macdonell was at that time a brigadier with the 7th Brigade and succeeded Currie at First Division H.Q.

The senior colonel of the Corps was Lieut.-Col. Dyer of the 5th Battalion and he was promoted to the 7th Brigade command. Now come the battalion promotions. Major Paul Tudor took command; he had been second-in-command and was succeeded in this position by the commander of No. 4 Company. This company's second-in-command took over the company, and the lieutenant of No. 14 platoon stepped up to the post thereby vacated.

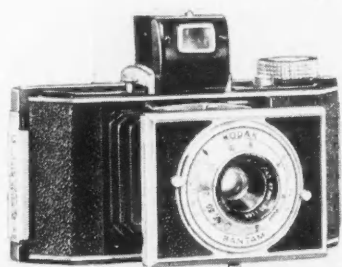
THEN the senior sergeant became provisional lieutenant. He had been an undergraduate of the Uni-

versity of Saskatchewan and the rank stars were placed on his shoulders before he left for the cadet course to qualify. This is one instance which illustrates how the system was adapted to the needs of a situation. And, down the line, the junior sergeant of the platoon became senior sergeant, a corporal was honored with sergeant's stripes, and a lance-corporal was given another stripe to make good the opening for another corporal.

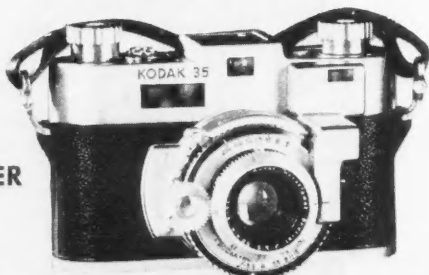
Now—a stripe was available for a private. Dick Larkin had been right marker of the platoon for six months, and the natural law of seniority operated. Dick was made lance-corporal.

And there it was as plain as a pike-staff! Dick had received his stripe because Allenby had gone to Egypt.

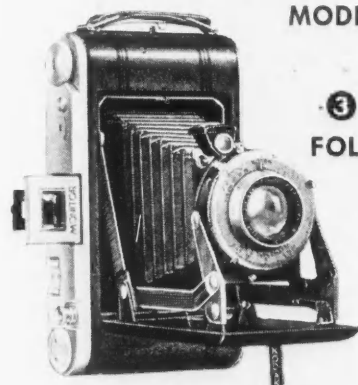
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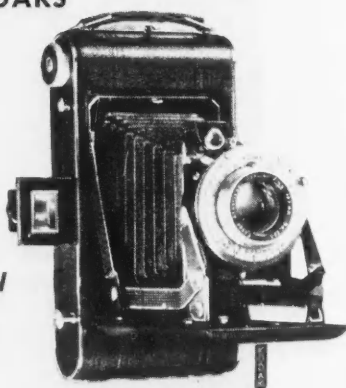
1 CONVENIENT TO CARRY AS A WATCH



2 COUPLED RANGE FINDER MODEL



3 FINEST OF FOLDING KODAKS



4 RICH IN NEW FEATURES

1 KODAK BANTAM (f/4.5)

Kodak Bantam (f/4.5) gives speed and precision of Kodak Anastigmat Special lens, 1/200-second shutter. Through modern photofinishing, it leads to black-and-white pictures 2 3/4 x 4 inches. Also takes full-color pictures on Kodachrome Film. **\$35.50**

2 KODAK 35 with range finder

All the Kodak 35 precision features—plus coupled range finder. Kodak Anastigmat Special f/3.5 lens; 1/200-second shutter. Modern photofinishing leads to black-and-white prints 2 3/4 x 4 inches. Also takes Kodachrome (full-color) Film. **\$70.75**

3 KODAK MONITOR SIX-16

One of the greatest cameras for 2 1/2 x 4 1/4-inch pictures. Kodak Monitor Six-16 has Kodak Anastigmat Special f/4.5 lens in 1/100-second Supermatic shutter (9 speeds, delayed action). Double-exposure prevention. Film-centering device. **\$70.75**

4 KODAK VIGILANT SIX-16

An instant hit... with self-erecting front. Retracting body shutter release. Kodak Anastigmat f/4.5 Special lens, 1/100-second Supermatic shutter. Pictures, 2 1/2 x 4 1/4 inches. See these fine gift Kodaks now... **\$61.50** at your dealer's.

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A GIFT SUGGESTION FROM 5,000,000 MEN



The Popularity Kit contains a Schick Injector Razor and 12 blades in a fine, pigskin-grain case, packed in a bright Christmas box. **\$1.00**

Give the gift men really want. 5,000,000 men made it easy for you. They chose the Schick Injector Razor. Why? Because it's a new kind of razor that gives a cleaner, smoother shave... in less time. It is a

scientifically designed instrument embodying the only basic improvements in safety razor design in more than 35 years. Even Santa Claus will tell you it's the fastest growing razor in the world.



AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE... A pull and push on Injector shoots out old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly. Nothing to unscrew or take apart. Nothing to reassemble.



SOLID GUIDE BAR... Schick Injector perfected solid "toothless" guide bar to control skin "action" in front of blade edge; avoids nicks, scratches, by flattening skin. You can even shave against the grain.



BLADE CORNER GUARDS... Among the most important contributions to safer shaving are Schick Injector's corner guards which shield your face against nicks from sharp blade corners.



COMPACT HEAD... Schick Injector also has the smallest head of any popular razor. Half as deep, but shaves just as wide an area; gets into hard-to-shave spots with ease.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

Magazine Repeating Razor Company, Niagara Falls, Ontario

A Message to our Canadian Friends

ST. PETERSBURG, the Sunshine City of Florida, has many friends in Canada, and Canada has many friends in this city. Each year in the past more than 10,000 Canadians have come to St. Petersburg for their winter vacations.

This year we realize that many of our Canadian friends cannot be with us, due to the present emergency. If you can come, you will be warmly welcome.

If, however, you cannot come this year, we want you to know that we shall miss you. It will be like one member of the family away from home. And we shall look forward to that time, which we hope will not be far-distant, when you may again be with us to enjoy the pleasures and hospitality of the Sunshine City.

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
ST. PETERSBURG - FLORIDA
"The Sunshine City"



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NORTH BRITISH Golf Balls for Xmas

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North British Woods and George Nicoll Irons

Hop-Picking Time

BY H. C. GRIEVE

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I sincerely hope you consider this worthy, as it is my effort to make a little money to contribute to Dr. Barnardo's Christmas Fund, to help the children in England. You can check on this by phoning the Canadian headquarters of Dr. Barnardo's Homes at 538 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

I am an invalid in bed with heart trouble (10 years) and this is the only way to contribute I could think of. You see I once was a Barnardo girl—in fact I was in England during the last war and lost a brother in an air raid. I shall anxiously await your reply.

Windsor, Ont. (Mrs.) H. C. GRIEVE.

We do consider the article worthy, and to your practical contribution to the Dr. Barnardo children's Christmas we wish to add our very sincere good wishes. Editor.

IT IS over twenty years since I went hop picking in Kent with its beautiful countryside and picturesque oast houses, where the hops are dried, but I shall never forget the excitement and fun which only those who have actually participated in this annual trek can experience.

I say trek because one is constantly on the move when hop picking, and hop gardens cover many acres of ground. I remember clearly the procedure as if it happened but yesterday, although I was only ten years old at the time.

The entire period covers several weeks, beginning in August. Hundreds of Londoners moved in to hop garden territory for the duration. There they settled in a number of stone huts which were built for their accommodation. There were no such things in those days as tourist camps, trailers or cheap hotels anywhere near that particular locality, so the Londoners did the best they could in the circumstances. In most cases, the entire family moved into a hut and my own childish observations did not make me at all envious of them. Even though my aunt and I had to walk about five miles every morning to reach the grounds, I was happy inasmuch as I had a warm and comfortable home to return to.

Of course there were the preliminaries,—registration, issuance of passbooks and general instructions about hop picking.

THEN came the first day. Up at four A.M.—a heavy white, penetrating fog. Bundled up in assorted sweater coats, woollen mittens without fingers, we started out. Our noses red and fingers stiff with cold, we wondered if we would ever thaw out enough to pick hops; but usually after an hour or so's work we would be able to cast aside mittens and sweaters and really make speed.

Of course, due to fog, the vines were always wet first thing in the morning, and it was decidedly unpleasant pulling them, for in so doing it was as if we received a cold shower, but with our clothes on.

But to get back to the first morning. We selected our bins, a hobby-horse affair with sacking fastened to hold the hops, and handles to carry it by. We selected our own alley or row of vines and waited for a steam whistle to blow, about 6:30 A.M., indicating the "pick was on." That was a real thrill; we worked with a speed as if our whole existence depended on it.

There seemed to be no age limit, for from infants to grandparents could be found in the Cockney settlements and around the bins. Indeed I remember seeing a Cockney mother nursing her infant during one of the sessions. It was a race, for each family with a bin would try to get their row picked before the rest. Sometimes there would be one lone picker with half a bin. Of course he or she hadn't a chance, and would usually be far behind the rest. Then whoever was through his row first would move over into the lone picker's alley and help there. We could not move to another garden until the one we started was completely picked. For a lone picker, the sacking of the bin was tied up in the middle, which left ample room for all the hops he or

she could pick before measuring time.

The vines were strung all one way on string and wire across the row. It was a proud day for me when I could pull a vine alone.

We would sit on the edge of the bin and pick like fury, leaves and hops being stripped with one motion of the hands. Of course we had to take time out once in awhile to pick out leaves and stems, for the measuring men were not permitted to measure what they called "dirty hops."

About 10:30 a.m. measuring began, wagons were lined up, sacks or pokes as they were called, left lying conveniently at the end of every few rows, and the bookkeeper, the measure man and the sack holder went to work. The pokes were all of six feet long and held a remarkable number of bushels. The men worked swiftly for they had to measure three times a day and there was much ground to cover.

At noon a whistle blew, giving everyone an hour and a half for lunch. I made friendships and passed the extra time swinging in vines or playing ball. Again the whistle blew and I hurried back to the bin.

NOW hop picking did not grow monotonous, for there were numerous diversions. About mid-morning and mid-afternoon specially employed men and women canvassed the hop pickers, carrying huge containers of hot tea at a penny a cup, and a supply of fresh Chelsea buns at a halfpenny each, also an assortment of candy or sweets as we called them. I suppose this was an undertaking by some enterprising concern, and I know they met with ready response, for the Englishman rarely ever turns down the chance of a cup of tea. You may be sure I looked forward to these diver-

FOR EXAMPLE

SAY that Junior isn't five
So he can ride on railroads free
Where and when you can, contrive
To fool the telephone company—

From your golf score subtract ten
When some boring friends stop by
Have Junior say you're out; and
then

Teach your child he mustn't lie!

MAY RICHSTONE.

sions, for my child's mind contended that "a candy in the mouth was well worth a halfpenny in the hand."

Then came the general migration to fresh grounds. We gathered up lunch boxes, coats, etc., hung them on the handles of bins, and trekked. Sometimes we had about half a mile or more to go.

Those in the lead got a head start, as there was no rule which prevented anyone from picking as soon as they got settled in a row. The whistle blew four times a day. To start,—to stop for lunch,—to start again, and to quit. There were spotters around too at intervals, so we could not cheat. It was a case of he who picks fastest, gets the lead both in position and financial return. When the whistle blew to quit we left our bin leaning against the row of vines ready for the morning, and started the five-mile walk home. Occasionally, when it rained, we went to the nearest station which fortunately was close by, and took the train home. We were so tired when we reached home we scarcely had the energy to pumice our hands to remove the stains of sulphur that had been sprayed on the hops.

Usually, towards the end of the season, the vines would be almost devoid of leaves, due no doubt to the frost, and thus completion was speeded considerably.

While picking our minds were constantly planning the expenditure of money earned. Usually we bought clothes or something for which we had long desired.

Then came the crowning event of all. Pay Day! Such excitement and impatience as everyone milled around the paymaster's quarters, and finally secured the precious envelope that meant so much to all of us.

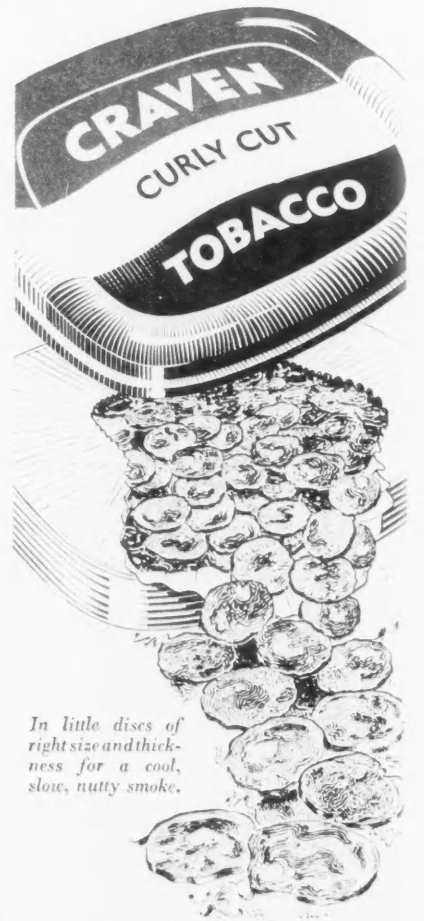
HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE YOU TO EAT?

In these busy days, many of us have to satisfy our hunger with a sandwich, often bolted hurriedly. We know we're playing fast and loose with our insides, but the job must take first place. Irregular meals, irregular sleep, and new ways of living are all causes of constipation.

How to Get Gentle Relief

Constipation, as you know, is caused mainly by the disappearance of moisture from the large intestine. Therefore, that moisture must return. This is done by the action of the several mineral salts which are present in Kruschen. At the same time Kruschen, by its diuretic action helps to flush the kidneys, thus ridding your bloodstream of its accumulated toxic poisons.

It stands to reason that the size of dose for relieving constipation depends on the individual. But once this initial constipation has been relieved, a small daily dose—just enough to cover a dime—will help to keep you regular, and cheerful. Start today to remedy the mischief wrought by irregular meals and hours. You can get Kruschen from any druggist—25c, and 75c.



In little discs of
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ness for a cool,
slow, nutty smoke.

This is a tobacco you will enjoy to the full. Based on ripe understanding and a careful study of fine tobaccos, it is a triumph of British blending by Carreras in London. In Craven Curly Cut you will find a cool, smooth and extraordinarily well-balanced smoke—richly satisfying to the palate.

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curly cut
tobacco

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2 oz. for 55c • 4 oz. for \$1.10

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The Rock City Tobacco Co. Ltd.,

Quebec.

Scot Heads C.I.O.

BY C. ROSS MacEWAN

THE political and social impact of the C.I.O. upon the United States, and indirectly upon Canada, has made both that organization and its founder, John L. Lewis, newsworthy even in times of peace. With organized labor reaching new heights of strategic importance now that the war has clearly become one of competing productive capacities, the recent change of leadership in that important American labor movement cannot help but be a matter of vital concern. Who is this Philip Murray who has inherited the mantle of Lewis? What is his background? How does his mind work?

It has been said by a steel-worker philosopher that the Welsh and the Scotch are both shaped in the same hearth, but that the Welsh are the fire and the Scotch are the rocky ore. This generalization might well symbolize John Llewellyn Lewis and Philip Murray.

Lewis is a big man, squarely built, his face cast in great chunky planes. Addressing a meeting, his personality flows out and presses the audience into acquiescence. He growls forth his message in a deep voice, shaping it into fabulously ornate phrases.

A dreamer, Lewis has the Welsh gift of innate poetry. He reads Shakespeare, and the Shakespearean approach is evident. For example in a recent speech before the C.I.O. convention he stated that "they lie in their beards and they lie in their bellies" when referring to certain critics of his movement. A mystic, he speaks in private sessions of such intimate topics as the true destiny of man, the fact that, in his opinion, the Creator has set aside such men as labor organizers to be the sacrifice upon whose furnace-tested bodies shall be built a new and nobler world. His own ambition has become sublimated, completely identified with his movement, to the point where he considers himself and organized labor as one indivisible entity.

Murray No Fuehrer

Murray, on the other hand, is the silent and philosophical Scot. Essentially an executive rather than a "fuehrer," he is more at home with a group of trusted assistants, taking part in a quiet technical discussion, than he is at a tempestuous mass rally. Where Lewis dominates, Murray draws loyalty. He speaks softly, so low that absolute silence must prevail in order that he be heard. Patient, tactful, non-committal, he ponders deeply and then makes swift, unshakeable decisions. While Lewis challenges opposition to a flaming joust, Murray is the watchful, deadly nemesis. He would never talk publicly of such things as man's personal destiny... his Scot background would rebel at such intimacies.

Born the son of a Glasgow coal miner, Murray completed his minimum six grades of school, secured his "work certificate" and went to work in the Lanarkshire coal mines at the age of ten. At sixteen he emigrated with his family to Western Pennsylvania. Carrying the old country union tradition in his blood he immediately joined the turbulent and aggressive Mine Workers. The only known time that he lost his temper occurred shortly after. He had a knockdown and drag out fight with the company weighman, whom he charged with short-weight. He was fired for his "insolence." His six hundred fellow workers joined him in idleness by striking in sympathy the next morning. He became the Local president.

From that point on his career was established. He dedicated himself to labor organization. When, a few years later, his executive capacity won him an offer of mine manager at \$5,000 per year he turned it down in order to remain at union work. His union salary was less than \$1800.

Admiration for his ability spread. One story is told of how he succeed-

ed in enforcing a union decision upon a recalcitrant local. While he was addressing the milling miners at the river's edge, several direct-actionists tipped him, platform and all, into the muddy water. Murray climbed out, set up the platform and continued to speak. Never once did he lose control. Less than thirty minutes later the entire group voted overwhelmingly to take his advice. Up and up he went, to emerge finally as vice-president of the great Mine Workers Union, second only to Lewis himself in power and influence.

Big Organizing Job

With the formation of the C.I.O. Murray followed Lewis to the C.I.O. vice-presidency. When, flushed with success in Auto and Rubber, C.I.O. turned to the great unorganized Steel industry, Murray was handed the seemingly impossible job. Within a few months the giant United States Steel Corporation had signed with the Steel Workers Organizing Committee. A little later Jones & Laughlin. Today over 650,000 steel workers in United States and Canada operate under S.W.O.C. contracts; almost half a million are dues-paying members. Bethlehem and Republic Steel still hold out in the United States, but there is no weakening in Murray's determination that they too shall go union. It is significant that Murray's nationwide broadcast, after his election as C.I.O. chief, referred almost entirely to the fact that these firms were receiving war contracts although they had broken Labor Board rulings by refusing to deal collectively with their men despite majority votes for unionism in their plants.

His election as C.I.O. president is a quite natural development. Lewis, essentially a fighter, can no longer fight effectively in the C.I.O. battle-line. From this point on the C.I.O. requires the patience and the deadly persistence which is Philip Murray more than it requires the flaming sword of Lewis. Lewis' break with Roosevelt was not the underlying reason for the change. It afforded a pretext. Lewis has sought to unload his responsibility for some years. The friction with Hillman and the election of Roosevelt combined to accomplish the inevitable. Under Murray the C.I.O. will rapidly rid itself of the small lunatic fringes which Lewis would tolerate as long as they brought in new members, but which are anathema to essentially executive minds such as Murray and Hillman. The fact that Harry Bridges, suspected radical leader of the west coast longshoremen, was not re-elected to any position was unquestionably an indication of the trend. While he will always admire and co-operate with Lewis, Murray will drive a hard bargain. His acceptance of the C.I.O. presidency was simply withheld until his terms were met.

World-Minded Leader

A native-born Scot, a veteran of the last war's American administrative effort, Murray is world-minded. There can be no doubt that the growing tide of sympathy for Britain which is fairly dominant in the Eastern Unions (such as the Amalgamated, the Miners and Steel) will receive more sympathy under the new leadership than the isolationism which still persists in the western states. It would be unnatural that any man in whose voice still persists the soft burr of his homeland could be other than profoundly concerned over the fate of Britain.

Lewis, meanwhile, seems quite satisfied. His resignation has immediately won back for him the adoration of the millions who questioned his return to the Republican fold. He stands ready for some new crusade where the flaming sword is again the necessary weapon. Perhaps it will be an American Labor Party, a long overdue institution.

Lionel Electric Trains

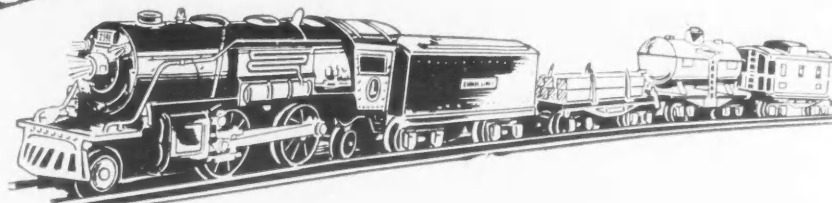
LIONEL SERVICE

Aikenhead's carry a full line of Lionel Electric Trains, accessories, track, etc. We are also an authorized Lionel Repair & Parts Service Station.

**START...
STOP...
REVERSE...
By
REMOTE
CONTROL**

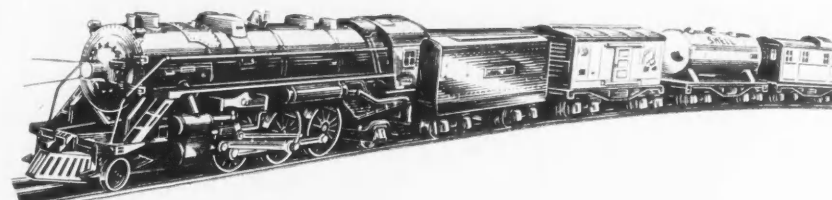
BUDGET TERMS

May be arranged on Lionel Electric Trains exceeding \$15.00 with a minimum down payment of \$2.50 and four months to pay.



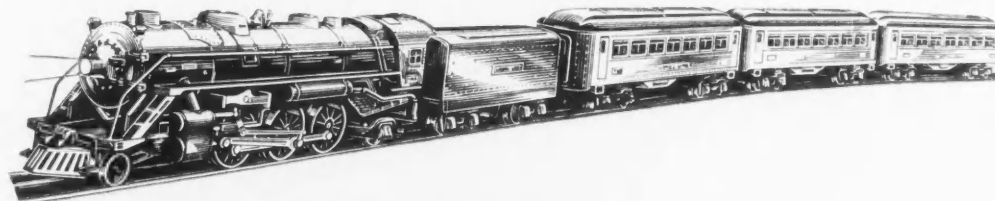
LIONEL ELECTRIC TRAIN, Model No. 7106. Conventional type locomotive, tender, double truck lumber car, Oil Car and Caboose, 8 sections of curved track, 4 sections of straight track, lockon and control button, transformer (25 or 60 cycle).

Complete Outfit **15.45**



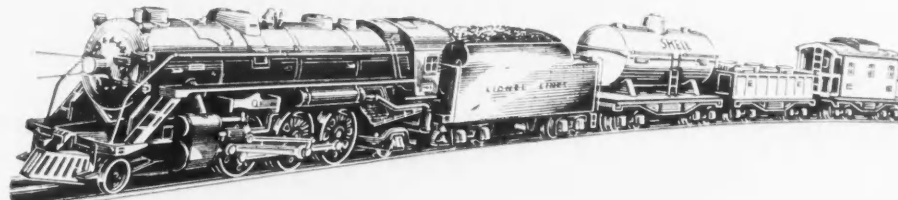
LIONEL ELECTRIC TRAIN, Model No. 1089. Six wheel drive locomotive (remote control), tender, gondola car, box car, caboose, with remote control couplers, 8 sections of curved track, 3 sections of straight track, 1 section of remote control uncoupler track, transformer (25 or 60 cycle), lockon and control button.

Complete Outfit **21.50**



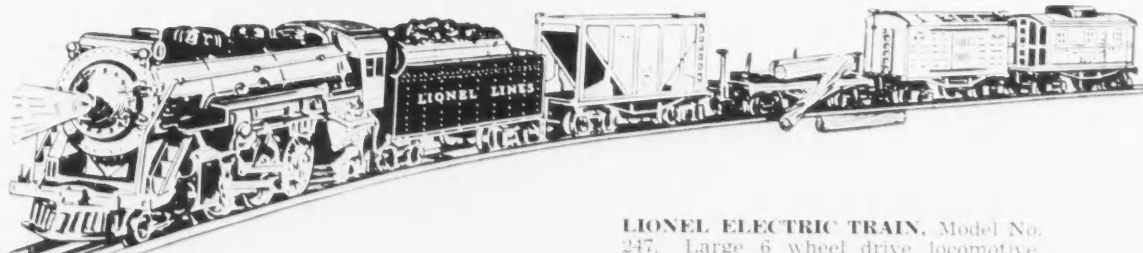
LIONEL ELECTRIC TRAIN, Model No. 1090. Six wheel drive locomotive (remote control), tender, 2 pullman cars, 1 observation car, with remote control couplers, 8 sections of curved track, 3 sections of straight track, 1 section of remote control uncoupler track, transformer (25 or 60 cycle), lockon and control button.

Complete Outfit **22.95**



LIONEL ELECTRIC TRAIN, Model No. 141. Six wheel drive locomotive (remote control), tender, gondola car, oil car, caboose, all equipped with automatic remote control couplers, 8 sections of curved track, 3 sections of straight track and 1 piece of remote control uncoupler track, lockon and control button. Transformer extra.

Outfit **25.50**



LIONEL ELECTRIC TRAIN, Model No. 247. Large 6 wheel drive locomotive, tender, coal car, cattle car, an automatic lumber car (which unloads itself), caboose, all cars equipped with automatic couplers, 8 sections of curved track, 3 sections of straight track, 1 section of remote control uncoupler track, lockon and control button. Transformer extra.

Outfit **33.75**

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GREAT IMPETUS TO BUSINESS

Mr. S. H. Logan, President of The Canadian Bank of Commerce, Reviews Past Year

WAR ORDERS TOTAL \$850,000,000

EMPIRE'S RESOURCES GREATER THAN ENEMY'S

**Mr. A. E. Arscott Presents Bank's Strong Statement—
Payrolls of Wage Earners 30 Per Cent Above Last Year**

At the Annual Meeting of Shareholders of The Canadian Bank of Commerce held in the Head Office of the Bank in the City of Toronto 10th December, Mr. S. H. Logan, President, and Mr. A. E. Arscott, General Manager, presented the Annual Statement of the Bank's operations in the past year, together with a review of Canada's war efforts, and the effects of the war upon the business of the Bank and Canadian business as a whole. Mr. Arscott's address to the meeting follows:

The Balance Sheet presented today shows some substantial changes in comparison with the Statement for 1939 and is of special interest for the reason that it covers the first year of the present war.

Our Total Assets amounted to \$704,480,000, being lower by \$41,170,000 than the aggregate for 1939. The major change in the Assets occurs in our security holdings which show a decrease of \$43,598,000. This downward trend in Total Securities held has its counter reflection chiefly in a reduction of our Liabilities to the Public and in a substantial increase in our Current Loans in Canada.

Total Quick Assets amounted to \$395,932,000, being 60.63% of the Total Liabilities to the Public. Our Total Cash Reserves amounted to \$119,121,000 represented by Notes and Deposits with the Bank of Canada and Notes of Cheques on and Deposits with Other Banks, the equivalent of 18.24% of the Total Liabilities.

ASSETS

Our Current Loans and Discounts in Canada at \$219,947,000 show an increase of \$18,172,000, which indicates a greater demand by industry for advances in connection with the increased production resulting from war activities. Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada at \$17,211,000 are lower by \$5,380,000.

LIABILITIES

Our Total Deposits this year stand at \$615,074,000 as compared with \$662,708,000 last year, a decrease of \$47,634,000. Last year, however, I explained when presenting the Statement that the deposits of the Dominion of Canada then showed a substantial increase largely represented by the proceeds of the two year bonds which were purchased from the Dominion in October, 1939, and which had not been withdrawn at the end of the Bank's year. In this Statement the Dominion of Canada deposits with the Bank show a decrease of \$22,223,000.

Our Deposits Not Bearing Interest show a decrease of \$726,000.

SAVINGS BANK DEPOSITS

Deposits by the Public Bearing Interest which largely represent Savings Bank deposits, stood at \$348,604,000 as against \$374,553,000 last year, a decrease of \$25,949,000. This decrease is the result of withdrawals by depositors for the purpose of investing in the First and Second Dominion of Canada War Loans.

BUSINESS ACTIVITY

With regard to Canadian business conditions during the year, the salient factor has been the intense activity in industrial operations and the preparation to accelerate these further by the opening of a considerable number of newly constructed plants as well as additions to existing establishments under the aegis of the Dominion Government. A year ago the Bank's index of industrial activity, which we publish each month in our Commercial Letter, showed that production was at an all-time high, 12 per cent, above the previous record of 1937. However, at this time the index shows that another record has been established, about 20 per cent, above a year ago, mainly attributable to the increased production of heavy industrial units, machinery and mechanical equipment plants in the past six months. Forestry has also been strongly progressive, as with the cutting off of North European supplies Canada has become the principle source of lumber for the United Kingdom and of pulp and paper for that country, the United States and Latin America. The largest domestic construction programme undertaken since 1930 also con-

tributed to the exceptional demand for forest products, the output of which was one of the highest in the history of the Dominion.

MINERAL PRODUCTION

Mining has also contributed heavily to our war effort. The gold production this year, it is estimated, will amount to \$215,000,000, a very important sum to assist us in providing exchange for the payment of materials which it is necessary for us to import to supplement our own supplies for the production of armament. Another branch of the industry, that of minerals used in construction, has also become increasingly important. In addition a large part of a record non-ferrous metal production has been turned into vital sinews of war in a greatly increased number of domestic industrial operations and in the plants of the United Kingdom. The value of mineral production as a whole for the year will probably exceed \$500,000,000, the highest in the spectacular history of an industry which is among the most important in the world. It is noteworthy also that this new record was established under stable prices for the major metals and, therefore, as the result of loyal service rather than from profit incentive.

EMPLOYMENT

Another major development in the trend of Canadian business during the year under review has been the increase in employment. The Minister of Finance stated in the House of Commons on 21st November that the index of employment indicated there were 550,000 more employed in Canada than when the war started—350,000 of these in industry and 200,000 in the various war services. With such a strong upward swing in employment it follows that there has been a very substantial increase in the aggregate amount distributed in wage payrolls. In an endeavor to measure the extent of what has occurred in this connection we are compiling, with the kind co-operation of many employers across Canada, a wage index which, having regard to the wide cross section from which we have gathered the particulars, may be regarded as portraying the general situation in this respect. This index, I am pleased to record, indicates that the total wages paid to Canadian workers in industry, trade, logging, mining, construction and transportation have increased about 30%. The figures available indicate the total payroll of the

above group for the year 1939 as approximately \$1,330,000,000, which, on using the percentage rise shown by our wage index would represent an increase in the dollar amount for this year of nearly \$100,000,000. These additional earnings, represented partly by higher wages, partly by more full time employment and partly by an increase in the number of employed, are the result of the increased tempo of business brought about by the very heavy Government expenditures in connection with Canada's contribution to the war effort of the British Empire. These Government expenditures, if Canada is to do her part, must continue at a high rate. At the present time the Dominion's war expenditures are running at the rate of one billion dollars a year and still increasing. These expenditures must be provided to the fullest extent possible by means of taxes and the balance required by way of the sale of bonds and savings certificates. In the months ahead, therefore, everyone should save from salaries, wages and all other sources of income to the limit of his or her ability and lend these savings to the Dominion to assist in carrying on this heroic fight for freedom and security. The people of Canada are being asked to do this voluntarily, but to be fully effective the response must be on a scale as adequate as the compulsory measures employed by the enemy. Half-hearted compliance will not be enough. It is the duty of every Canadian to invest in War Savings Certificates, Dominion War Loans or Non-Interest Bearing Certificates. I observe that the objective for the war savings campaign for 1941 has been set at \$10,000,000 a month and judging by the increase in payrolls to which I have referred above, this should be possible of accomplishment.

CANADA WILL PLAY HER PART

In so great a war as this it is impossible to make any reliable forecast as to the trend of events during the coming year. I have complete faith, however, that no matter how arduous conditions may be they will be successfully met by British skill, courage and resource, and that in this epic struggle for the preservation of the Empire and all that it means to its own peoples and the world at large Canada, in keeping with her high traditions of the past, will not be found wanting in either effort or sacrifice until final victory is attained.

President Logan Declares Past Year One of Most Eventful and Momentous in History of Mankind

The past year has been one of the most eventful and momentous in the history of mankind. Many countries have fallen victim to the ruthless aggression of the Axis powers in spite of heroic efforts to maintain their independence. Although grievous losses have been and are being suffered by the United Kingdom from massed bombing attacks, conviction grows throughout the world that the British Empire, aided by powerful liberty-loving friends, can successfully resist all assaults upon it and eventually triumph over the most destructive war machine ever designed for conquest and supremacy. This conviction is soundly based on the daring and brilliant exploits of the Royal Air Force and of the British naval and military units, together with the unexampled courage and endurance displayed by the civilian population of the British Isles. All nations who prize freedom owe an imperishable debt of gratitude to these valiant defenders of their liberty and security.

In our daily preoccupation with the military aspects of the war we may fail to realize the remarkable adaptability and genius for emergency organization which the British have displayed in the political and economic fields. These qualities have immensely strengthened Britain's powers of defense and attack. They have as well completely falsified the claims that Britain is a decadent nation, incapable of matching the co-ordinated activities

everything they possess is at stake in this world conflict. But it should be understood that the effort required is of many kinds—both direct and indirect, physical, material, financial and moral. The essentials include hard work in enthusiastic co-operation in order that, while providing for the necessary defense of Canada, we may give all the assistance in our power to the United Kingdom; strict personal economy, in order to be able to meet the inevitable continuous increase in our tax burdens and enable each of us to contribute to the successful flotation of Canadian war loans; and loyal co-operative support of all emergency measures designed by Government and Parliament for the more effectual prosecution of the war. I need not assure the shareholders that this Bank will make its full contribution to the national effort in this most critical period of the life of Canada and the Empire of which we form so important a part.

CANADA'S ECONOMIC RECORD

Nothing reflects more clearly the economic strength and productivity of Canada than her record during the past year. Besides providing employment for about 350,000 new workers and turning out fully 10 per cent, more goods for domestic consumption than in the preceding year, she has supplied the training facilities and part of the equipment for armed forces of about 350,000 and has undertaken additions to the country's industrial plant to cost over \$250,000,000. In export trade the national economy records a remarkable growth, much beyond our vision of a year ago. Indeed, the expansion could hardly have been expected owing to the spread of hostilities throughout Europe and the whole Mediterranean area. The value of exports, apart from a substantial quantity of unsold wheat placed in American storage, was about \$1,130,000,000, the highest in the past ten years, 28 per cent, above that of the twelve months ending October 1939, and about equal to that of the third year of the Great War. Since value varies with price changes it is perhaps of more interest to note that the volume of our exports increased in the period under review by about 12 per cent.

Impressive also is the fact that the rate of increase in the value of Canadian exports exceeded that of all important non-European countries, except the United States. In that country a slightly greater rise may be accounted for by higher prices of some materials and by the generous action of the American authorities in delivering military and naval equipment to the United Kingdom to replace that lost in France and Belgium. Indeed, it is a reasonable assumption that Canada and the United States have expanded their export trade in a degree not equalled elsewhere. A few European countries may have greatly increased their exports to neighboring areas, partly as a result of German requisitions of accumulated supplies, but the effect of Nazi policy must have been to cut down the volume of inter-European trade as a whole. The almost complete exclusion of German, Italian, French, Dutch, Belgian and Scandinavian products from overseas markets alone has meant a loss to Europe of several hundred million dollars. In striking contrast, the value of the United Kingdom's exports has scarcely been impaired, notwithstanding her strenuous armament efforts, the loss of practically all her European trade and the terrific bombing attacks to which she has recently been subjected. The foreign sales of South America declined in the past few months, but the full year's trade of some countries in that area, notably Argentina, compared favorably with that of the preceding twelve-month.

DISTRIBUTION OF FOREIGN TRADE

The United Kingdom and the United States took about 80 per cent, of our exports, in nearly equal proportions. There is, however, much more represented by our trade in these directions than its value of over \$900,000,000. Exports to the United Kingdom were of materials essential to the well-being of the British people and their splendid war effort, and included abnormally large shipments of metals from the vast and highly efficient mining industry which Canada has developed since the conflict of 1914-18. The shipments also included large quantities of foodstuffs, as well as of textiles, motor equipment and lumber. Never have we had greater reason for economic satisfaction than that the growth of mining, manufacturing and forestry in Canada has enabled these industries to contribute so substantial a part of the materials necessary for carrying on the war.

Our exports to the United States were in the main of a different character, although recently we have made quite heavy shipments of metals and asbestos which apparently were required for armament purposes. But the most notable increase in exports to our southern neighbour was in newsprint and wood pulp, which accounted for 30 per cent, of the rise of more than \$120,000,000 in this trade over the twelve months ending October 1939. Apart from our exports to the United Kingdom, the rise in shipments to British Empire countries, to South America and to sundry foreign markets was so substantial that it practically offset a decline of about 50 per cent, in our trade with Europe and Japan.

Imports from all sources in the twelve months ending October were valued at \$1,034,000,000, about 47 per cent, higher than a year previous. This greater rate of increase than the expansion of 28 per cent, in exports was due mainly to a rise of about \$250,000,000 in imports of American products, chiefly those required for our armament programme. As these imports from the United States are likely to continue to grow it has become necessary to limit the inflow of non-essential American goods, while at the same time the Dominion Government has found it advisable to institute measures providing for increased imports of Empire products, particularly from the United Kingdom. But these policies can be implemented in an effective manner only by a more widespread public demand for British goods, and I stress the fact, therefore, that the purchase of these is of material aid to the United Kingdom in her fight to hold the lines of democracy.

RESOURCES OF THE BELLIGERENTS

Hitler has recently stated that he is gearing the productive capacity of Europe into one vast machine which he claims will ensure a German victory. A study of the economic resources available at this time to the Axis bloc and to the democratic powers is, therefore, of interest.

The democracies have at their command a far greater proportion of the world's major raw materials than have the totalitarian states. The British Empire, together with the free colonies of its allies, the United States and the other republics of the New World, all friendly to Britain, constitute a powerful economic bloc which contains in the aggregate a volume of war materials much greater than that of the Axis powers, combined with that of their non-belligerent allies, and those countries in which their influence is effective.

The democratic bloc possesses not only a large surplus of cereals, a steady supply of animal products and of other agricultural products, but also controls many common luxuries. In contrast, the supply of foodstuffs of the Axis bloc allows for no surplus of grains, is rapidly becoming deficient in animal products and is so badly distributed that privation is increasing in most of the Nazi-held territory.

72% OF WORLD'S TEXTILES

In the textile field the democracies produce 72 per cent of the world's cotton and wool, virtually all its jute and nearly half its wood pulp. By their access to the British and Netherlands plantations in the Far East, practically the whole of the world's rubber supply is available to them and the bulk of the asbestos output is also at their command. In fuels they produce 82 per cent, of the world's coal and lignite, and 80 per cent, of the mineral oil, the contribution of the United States alone being 60 per cent. Nearly half of the world's iron ore is mined and half the crude steel produced by the democracies, which also mine about 40 per cent, of the manganese, tungsten and antimony ore, 50 per cent, of the chrome, and between 95 and 100 per cent, of the nickel, molybdenum and vanadium, all of prime importance as ferro-alloys for armament purposes.

The Allies and their associates control 75 per cent, of the world's gold production, 80 per cent, of the tin, between 70 and 80 per cent, of the copper, lead and zinc and 40 per cent, of the bauxite, the raw material of aluminium. On the other hand, the Axis powers, while greatly deficient in most ferro-alloys, control 40 per cent, of the world's production of iron ore, including the high grade ore of France. They possess ample lead, zinc and coal and have easy access to over 50 per cent, of the bauxite through their domination of Continental Europe.

COMMODITY PRICES

Under war conditions the question arises as to whether supplies of materials which can be made available

in Canada and the United States will be sufficient to meet the essential requirements of the public and those of governments engaged in immense armament programmes. There are, therefore, some feverish symptoms in commodity markets and a tendency for many buyers to build up their inventories beyond normal levels in the fear of being at a disadvantage with competitors who are in possession of large stocks of cheaper materials. Yet nothing has happened so far in this war to cause any marked lasting rise in the general price level or to create concern as to the supply of most classes of goods, particularly those of domestic and American origin. The rise of 16 per cent, in the Canadian wholesale price level since the outbreak of hostilities is accounted for largely by increased marine freight, exchange and insurance costs on commodities from foreign sources. Shortages of goods have been few and only of temporary duration for the following reasons.

WORLD PRODUCTION

World productivity expanded in the pre-war period so that the combined output of eighty-five basic materials in 1939 was about 60 per cent, above that of twenty years earlier, while the potential capacity was in many cases greatly in excess of production. For some time prior to September 1939 governments engaged in large scale armament were accumulating reserve stocks of materials. When hostilities began these governments reinforced their strong bargaining position by price, import and exchange control measures, accompanied in some of the major countries by priority demands for their own requirements and effective restrictions upon the production and distribution of civilian goods. While insistence on the priority of their claims upon materials may be extended by the democratic governments, the severance of most of the immense European market from the rest of the commercial world has made available to the latter area much greater quantities of commodities—American, African and South American minerals and foodstuffs, for example—than it has ever previously had at its command. Under these conditions there are no good reasons for frenzied buying by manufacturers and merchants.

We all realize that wars have a tendency sooner or later greatly to raise commodity prices, but even in the event of a shortage of certain materials a general scramble for the available supplies would only aggravate the situation and probably lead to further restrictions upon the production of civilian goods. All governments involved directly or indirectly in this war desire to exercise the restraints within their power upon inflationary elements, particularly those substantial increases in commodity prices which alternate with approximately corresponding advances in wage levels; in effect, a race uphill in which there is no victor—merely exhaustion for all participants.

PROBABLE ECONOMIC TRENDS

Looking beyond the present situation and the immediate possibilities,

we might attempt consideration of some of the general conditions in prospect for commodity markets in the post war period. The reconstruction of Continental Europe and the United Kingdom will require great quantities of materials, but part of these will be drawn from stocks accumulated in the hands of other nations and their governments which may include surpluses of various commodities suitable for general use. Some governments then may be sellers instead of buyers, as they were after the Great War of 1914-18. While I am hopeful that Canada will be able to retain a substantial share of the new trade obtained during the war period, she can do so only at the prices established by the competitive conditions of peace times, when lumber from the United States and Northern Europe, wood pulp and paper from Scandinavia, canned salmon from the Japanese fisheries in Siberian waters, foodstuffs (notably wheat, dairy products and meats) from Australia, Argentina, Denmark and Holland and metals from Africa, South America and elsewhere will once more move through international trade channels. Furthermore, when hostilities cease we shall probably find that because of war needs and for self preservation industrial capacity has been increased beyond all expectations in many countries besides Canada. This increased industrial plant, if kept in operation, will result in far keener competition for foreign trade when the war is ended.

DIFFICULTIES TO BE GUARDED AGAINST

We are not so far distant from the last post-war period that we can comfortably ignore the difficulties attending the liquidation of excessive inventories in steadily weakening markets. Then heavy, and in some cases ruinous, losses were suffered by many manufacturers and merchants and the task of general economic reconstruction was delayed and made much more difficult. Bearing that situation in mind, we must guard against similar difficulties being super-imposed upon the serious problems which will confront us all when we have won this struggle. When that time comes our aim should be the re-establishment of a system of international trade through which commodities for peaceful purposes may flow more freely than ever before. In such a system each country would find for itself and its nationals the opportunities for economic and social progress which this world affords with its inexhaustible wealth of resources and the human skill and ingenuity necessary for their development.

CANADA FACES CONFLICT

If we can avoid the manifest errors of the past, face courageously the facts of the present and emulate the fortitude, endurance and spirit of sacrifice daily and hourly exhibited by our valiant British kin, consecrating unstintingly our energies and resources to the prosecution of the war, Canada will have done her part in this great conflict waged by our Empire for the ideals of human liberty and the preservation of Christian civilization throughout the world.

CHRISTMAS POTPOURRI

A Converted Tavern-Song

BY J. E. MIDDLETON

A FRENCH drinking-song of the Middle Ages praised Grandfather Noah who made himself an ark to preserve him from water, and "never drank a drop of it." The tune was a giddy melody by Caveau of Paris which demanded the splitting-up of the syllables. For example, the words "*Qui fut son refuge pendant le déluge*" comes out in this manner: "*Qui fut son-son-son, Qui fut ré-ré-ré, Qui fut son, Qui fut ré, Qui fut son refuge, Pendant le déluge.*"

In 1701 a collection of "Spiritual Songs," edited, and probably written, by Father Surin, a Jesuit, was published in Paris. Mostly it consisted of "sacred words" intended to replace some of the ribald songs whooped in the taverns. When the tunes in themselves were lovely, they sometimes carried the new words with gentility and won a place among the songs of the people.

English-speaking musicians know that the hymn-tune "Helmley" has a tavern-ancestry, and even in recent times some sects have married religious words to popular songs. It isn't a new trick; that is clear.

Father Surin wrote a Christmas Carol to take the place of "Grandfather Noah," but the words and the tune are so incongruous as to be comic. Such was the just judgment of Ernest Myrand, the author of *Noëls Anciens de la Nouvelle-France*.

in which both songs are printed. The repetition of syllables reminded him of some of the Puritan hymns of New England; as

He's my best bul-
He's my best bul-
He's my best bulwark 'gainst my foes.

Or this one

Take your pil-
Take your pil-
Take your pilgrim home.

The first stanza of the Carol is as follows:

Allons, bergers, partons-nous; l'ange nous appelle.
Un Sauveur est né pour nous, l'heureuse nouvelle!
Une étable est le séjour, qu'a choisi ce Dieu d'amour.
Courons au-zau-zau, courons plus-plus-plus.
Courons au, courons plus-courons au plus vite.
A ce pauvre gîte.

Here follows an English translation, or interpretation, coopered to fit the music:

HASTEN, shepherds, on your way; heed the Angel's warning.
Christ is born, the world is gay on this happy morning.
For to-day the God of grace makes our town His dwelling-place.

In a man-man-man, in a ger-ger-ger, in a man, in a ger-ger-ger, in a manger lowly lies the Infant holy.

Still the Angel-music fills all our hearts with gladness.
Heaven marks our many ills; poverty and sadness.
Hail the King who deigns to come. Skirl the pipe and roll the drum. Let the trum-trum-trum, and the pet-pet-pet, let the trum- and the pet-Let the trumpet sound to the world around.

Satan in the depths of Hell, bright with flame surrounded
All our fears of him we quell, now he is confounded.
He and all his imps of hate find their boasted strength abate,
See their king-king-king, and their dom-dom-dom, see their king- and their dom-
See their kingdom ended and our God's extended.

Royal presents must we bring to the stable-landing.
You, Big John, a little ring; Robin, linen banding.
I a stoup of milk shall bear to the King encradled there,
And a cot-cot-cot, and a tige-tige-tige, and a cot-and a tige—
And a cottage cheese, for my loving fees,

Christmas Changes

BY P. W. LUCE

NOSTALGIA has me in its grip at this Christmas season. The feeling is neither original nor individual, but the reason is at least distinctive. I am thinking, not of the dear departed faces, but of the dear departed customs.

Christmas isn't what it used to be, and it's getting less so every year. Sentiment has been smothered by efficiency. The labor of love has been replaced by technocracy. Games and pastimes have been streamlined. The hallowed atmosphere of peace on earth and goodwill towards men has been streamlined.

Christmas has gone modern.

The first signs of Christmas used to appear about the third week of December, but today the October magazines are crammed with gift advertising, the department stores feature their toy section early in November, the woman who hasn't bought her Christmas cards before the first of December is out of luck, and by the end of the month the children are throwing out broad hints as to what they want next year.

Santa Claus, whose sole means of transportation used to be reindeer, switched to automobiles years ago, but these have now been traded in on airplanes, submarines, and rockets. On personal visits at children's parties he wore his own natural whiskers whitened with a sprinkling of flour, but the cotton batting that disguises him today doesn't fool anybody over three years old. All the kids know the old fraud is really Uncle John.

IT WAS a tradition that we should go to grandma's for dinner, doing the eleven miles in two hours bumping about on the hay-covered bottom of the horse sleigh. Today grandma comes to us in ten minutes on her motorcycle and boasts of having beaten three red lights and out-talked a traffic cop.

The carving of the Christmas turkey was a work of art that had the family goggle-eyed with admiration, and the plum pudding was an achievement that had mother almost bursting with pride. But how are the mighty fallen! Now we get turkey ready sliced from the delicatessen, and the plum pudding comes properly cooked in a brown bowl from the grocery store.

We used to tramp out to the bush for greenery to decorate the house.

Now we buy a few trumpery tinsel gewgaws probably made in Japan. We had red and blue and green candles stuck on the Christmas tree. Now we festoon it with tiny electric bulbs that sometimes work, and sometimes don't. We ate too much toffee that had been pulled to the right consistency in our own kitchen. Now we pick and choose out of a box of chocolates that has cost \$2.50 and shouldn't be touched by any woman on a diet. Our charades are forgotten, but bridge is in full swing. There is no brown October ale, but there are cocktails aplenty. And there are no shivering waits serenading us outside the window; if we want to hear "Good King Wenceslaus" we can always switch on the radio.

CHURCH used to be *de rigueur* on Christmas morning. The night club and the cabaret on Christmas

Evening are far more attractive now, so perhaps it's small wonder that the graceful Sir Roger de Coverley is too much forgotten and the Beer Barrel Polka too well remembered.

In years gone by we wrote long letters to absent friends, cheery, intimate, gossiping epistles that warmed the cockles of their hearts. Nowadays the telegraph company delivers Stereotyped Message No. 115 for us for fifty cents, and that's that.

Of all the ancient customs that have fallen into desuetude the Yule log has suffered the greatest humiliation. Once a mighty oak dragged in by a score of singing retainers it has now dwindled to an armful of old magazines saturated with salt-peter, borax acid, and copper sulphate. It is to weep.

The mistletoe is gone, too, but no substitute has taken its place. Modern youth doesn't need any.

"Happy Christmas"

BY K. J. ARNOTT

Intelligence test No. 378259004:

ANY person with a better-than-average knowledge of orthography, orthoepy, etymology, algebra, technical terminology, living and dead languages, pictography, symbolism, paranomasia, archaism, macaronies, colloquialisms, synonyms, antonyms, patronymies, paraphrases, argot, pseudonymology, and anti-phrasia, and who has access to Webster's Unabridged, Roget's Thesaurus, the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and the reference room of the public library, should answer this quiz without a mental breakdown.

One headache indicates you are rather bright.

Two headaches entitle you to challenge college professors.

Three headaches put you in the Professor Quiz class.

Properly laid out in sequence, the monosyllabic answers give you just what we hope is coming to you at this festive season.

- 1—What is the chemical symbol for hydrogen?
- 2—What is a pictographic ox's head?

3—What is a surd labial stop?

4—What corresponds to a vocalic bee?

5—What is the second of two unknown variable quantities?

6—What is opposed to Fahrenheit on the thermometric scale?

7—What is the Cockney's most prevalent misplacement?

8—What is derived from rhotacism?

9—What was surmounted by a tiny point over the minuscule in 1343?

10—What is a vocal alveolar spirant?

11—What symbol in music was formerly known by the Semitic name of "tau"?

12—What is called "mann" in the Runie "furstark"?

13—What lagged nine places behind when Ethiopic instead of Runie?

14—What remains what it is when it represents an original Indo-European "S"?

Answer on Page. . . No, on second thoughts we have decided to make you figure this one out for yourself.

Give Generously
Yet Invest Wisely
In a Babayan

ORIENTAL RUG

Super-Persian, Finest Chinese
and British India Rugs

In large variety of Sizes, Designs and Colours including Plain hand woven Rugs.

A genuine Babayan Rug makes an Everlasting Gift to a member or friend of your family—

BABAYAN'S LTD.

86 YONGE ST. NEAR KING ST.

WORLD OF WOMEN

They All Say "Merry Christmas"

BY BERNICE COFFEY

WE WISH someone would clear up a few of the mysteries peculiar to shops only at Christmas time. Perhaps you already know what we mean—things with handpainting on them strung together with cord and

intended for hanging on the wall... Voluptuously padded dress hangers with little bags of sachet dangling from them... Plump sewing baskets stuffed with spools of thread of all colors, packets of gold headed

needles of all sizes, scissors, thimbles, in fact everything but ye compleat seamstress herself. Who buys these things? Who gets them? What happens to them the day after Christmas when they apparently disappear into a limbo reserved for their species?

Has anyone ever seen a full-fledged sewing basket outside the "fancy goods" department?

When an urgent call for needle and thread is sounded through all but the most unusual household, it causes as much social upheaval as the singing of the "Nationale" at a meeting of the I.O.D.E. If the rip to be mended is crucial and if you're very fortunate indeed, the household's one lone needle may be located in a box of straight pins or stuck somewhere in the upholstery of an over-stuffed chair. And the cat has to be persuaded to part with the spool of thread which, quite rightly, it has grown to love as its own. And you can rest assured you won't be invited again.

Either some master psychologist has made an intensive study of the undisciplined state of mind of shoppers as Christmas eve approaches and has provided these things for them to snatch at in their desperation, or the whole thing's a cunning plot to undermine still further the already tottering sanity of those who stubbornly refused to be urged into doing their Christmas shopping early.

Forewarned against sewing baskets, let us consider some of the things about which there can be no doubts as to their capacity for giving pleasure or being of use.

For the House

Long ago scientists decided that the ears of the modern man were being so constantly assaulted by loud noises it wouldn't be long before he'd become as deaf as a post. That time has not yet arrived, and in the meantime we're trying to make necessary noises so pretty that no one minds them very much. Take doorbells, for instance. If you are still clinging to the old-fashioned buzzer or bell, then you've slipped a notch in the social scale. The Rittenhouse people have gone into the matter of sound rather intensively. They even have a Sound Laboratory where it is measured for tone quality, pitch and volume. All this loving care is embodied in the Rittenhouse electric door-chimes, which announce the presence of even the Fuller Brush man with musical voice. There are various models, each so handsome in its own right you'll want to hang it where everyone can see it. One, for instance has two long tubular chimes which can be hooked up to serve two entrances.

The two-note signal is for the front entrance while the one-note signal is for the rear or side door. In ivory and brass or bronze and brass. A smaller model is the enclosed bar type chime designed for use as maids' calls or in small apartments. Comes in two finishes, too, ivory with gold or white and silver. Both of these operate on the regular doorbell transformer.

Remember the days when radio listeners used to phone in chummily to their nearest radio station to inform the gratified staff that "the program is coming in fine"? Good reception is taken for granted now that radios are as slickly streamlined as automobiles. Philco's radio-phonograph, for instance, gives its possessors either radio reception or record music at the flick of a lever—and we're to be spared even the effort of changing the needle for the records are played by a rounded jewel that never needs changing—which we are assured means that records will last to a much ripier old age.

A typewriter of some kind is practically a necessity in any well-functioning household today. The writing of letters, notes of all kinds, lessons, shopping lists and records of club activities becomes less of a chore when it flies along in speedy legible type. The portable Corona which comes in numerous styles and colors is used by many foreign correspondents—and what is good enough for these doughty lads ought to be perfectly swell as a gift for the house.

If you want to present the house with what practically amounts to another maid who never has to have afternoons and evenings "off," you can't do much better than a Sunbeam Mixmaster which mixes, mashes, whips, beats, stirs and extracts juice like mad without ever tiring or having its feelings hurt. It's simply a matter of dumping the mixture in the bowl, setting the dial, and then letting 'er rip.

Larkspur, zinnia, willow green, hollyhock, yellow aster and briar rose! These are the beguiling names used to describe the colors of Kenwood Floraltints. The blankets, so fleecily soft, come in two-tone color harmonies, bound with matching satin.

Numerous weddings have taken place quietly without the usual advance notice during the past year because of regiments leaving for overseas. The result is many brides have not had time for the usual accumulating of household treasure. Christmas offers a grand opportunity for friends and relations to make up the deficiency. Flatware is among the most important equipment, and King's Plate offers covet-

ed patterns of charming individuality—Mayflower and Inspiration. These are to be had in chests pleasantly varied as to size and completeness, with staple pieces protected by the sterling silver mound.

Radio has brought us one of the strangest facts of this strange war. The ether waves know no borderlines and so citizens—at least of the democracies—can turn on their radios and range far and wide in the world of short-wave. The Musicale, one of the new magic-power Stewart-Warner radios, promises to make the journey an easy one. This is their new Super-Eight with "magic cir-

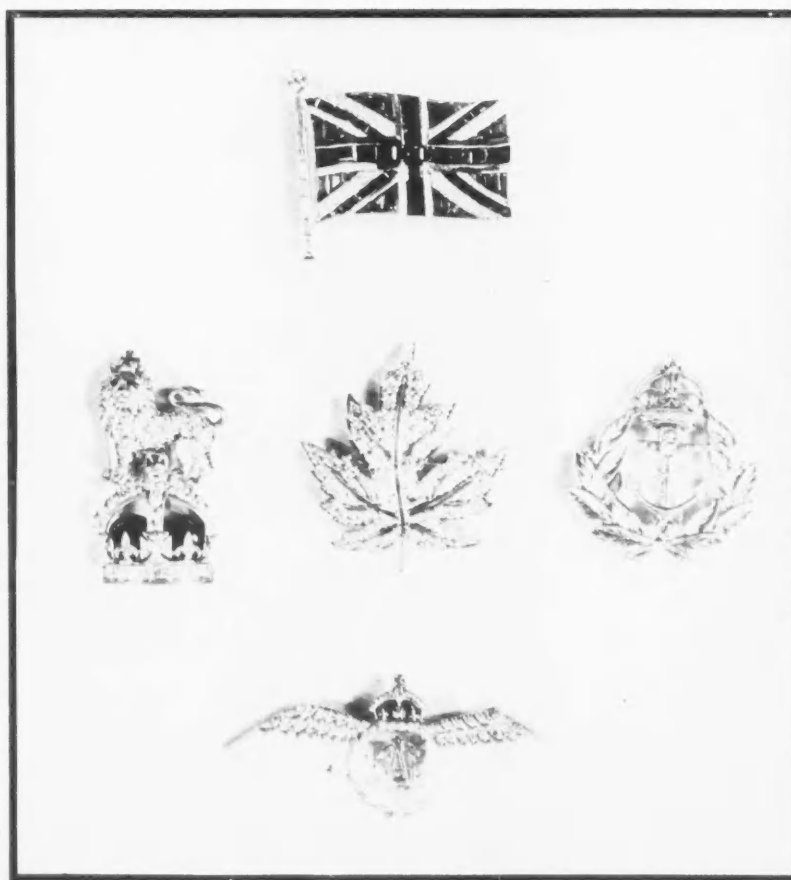


THERE is always one particular man in the fore-ground of a woman's thoughts. To him goes the quick understanding glance, the flash of the brightest smile and to him at Christmas goes the intimate gift... the personal gift... the gift such as Pinaud inspires.

Pinaud's Lilas de France Toiletries for Gentlemen stand first in the estimation of men who know, men of good taste the world over. Look for Pinaud's Toiletries in the better shops.

PINAUD'S
LILAS DE FRANCE
Toiletries for MEN

LONDON • NEW YORK • TORONTO
Sole Importers—McGILLIVRAY BROTHERS LTD., TORONTO



Navy, Army and Air Force are well represented in these diamond-set gift badges—Empire products even to the diamonds, rubies and sapphires of the Union Jack. Designed and executed by Birks-Ellis-Ryrie.



FORMALS

Bright suggestions that will add fervor to a holiday wardrobe.

CREEDS

BLOOR STREET



Occupational Therapy

interesting things to do, and kindly, relaxing care, with freedom from all worry—diet, electrotherapy, hydrotherapy, beautiful well-appointed buildings and grounds—these, under specialized medical supervision are offered by Homewood in restoring patients suffering from nervous and mental strain to normal health.

Rates moderate.

Address: Harvey Clare, M.D., Medical Superintendent, Homewood Sanitarium, Guelph, Ontario

For Christmas Give Her a
Viyella

Dress Length

BRITISH-UNSHRINKABLE-COLORFAST
36 or 34 inches wide. At all leading stores or write Wm. Hollins, Ltd., 286 King St., Toronto

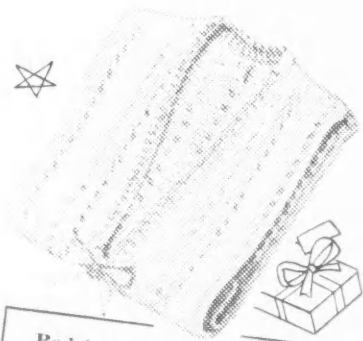


Oriental Cream
GOURAUD

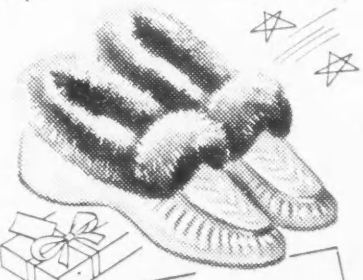
gives a touch of satisfaction. Recaptures that soft, tender skin of youth.

JAEGER
ESTD LONDON 1883

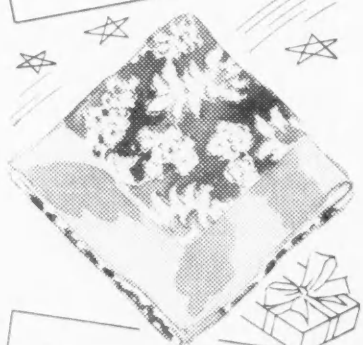
Gift hints



Bed jacket, soft Jaeger wool,
lovely pastels ----- \$3.50
Others ----- \$2.50-\$7.50



Leather, fur trimmed and
wool lined ----- \$4.50



Imported pure silk "Mist"
scarf for head or neck, col-
orful designs ----- \$3.75



Angora gloves—for smartness and
warmth ----- \$5.50
Camelhair and wool, soft leather
palms, ideal for driving \$5.50

Visit Jaeger House and see
our fine selection of
British-made gifts for men,
women and children.

JAEGER HOUSE 110 Yonge Street
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EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

Informal and entertaining
comment on the week's hap-
penings at home and abroad.

cuit" covering all bands including Standard Broadcast, 16, 19, 25 and 31 metre bands also 47 to 140 metres. The cabinet which houses it is a magnificent piece of furniture.

There is always room in the linen-closet of any household for more pillow slips and sheets. Besides plain white, Colonial has added a dash of color to blend in with the color scheme of each bedroom—with the result that there's a choice of blue, mauve, gold, pink or green borders in both sheets and slips. All this and the sheets, too, are festively wrapped ready to be opened on Christmas morning.

It isn't necessary to take anything on faith in the kitchen anymore—not when it's possible to see for one's self what actually is going on inside the cooking utensils. Pyrex puts the whole operation in plain sight in such things as a sparkling all-glass tea-kettle that is most accommodating about doing double duty as a pitcher for milk, cocoa or juices.

And while we are still prowling about the kitchen now is as good a time as any to discover the lack of any of the various electrical gadgets which have come to be classed among the necessities. Westinghouse has an automatic iron which cooks waffles to a turn with the expenditure of practically no effort. Just pour in the mixture, see that the maple syrup is close at hand and be ready with knife and fork. Surely that's not too much to ask.

For Her

Time is of the essence if she's up to her ears in war work and has a daily schedule that is timed to the split second. Hence a watch that ticks off the minutes without excursions into fits of temperament is a goodly thing. The Lady Elgins (19 jewels) not only provide the basic reliability of a finely adjusted piece of watchmaker's craftsmanship, but their outward appearance proves the old adage that "handsome is as handsome does."

Among the attractions offered by oysters on the half shell is the ever-present hope that they will yield an enormous and fabulously valuable pearl. Speaking for ourselves, our hopes have been raised and then dashed so often by the discovery that that gritty substance was not a pearl, but a loosened filling we have come to view oysters as disappointing creatures at best. How-

ever, our respect for them is raised by the thought of the cultured Queen's Pearls they have been induced to yield. These of course are as lovely as those produced at the oyster's own sweet whim at the bottom of the sea. About the only difference is that the cost of a perfectly-matched string of cultivated pearls doesn't make it necessary to place one's second-best yacht in hock. Just to give you an idea—they begin at around a thousand dollars and then move all the way down the scale to ten. In addition to whole strands to circle the throat, they are to be had in rings for the finger and earrings.

Few gifts convey Christmas greetings more gracefully than flowers in general—and roses in particular. For many months Dale's have been nurturing thousands of roses in enormous glass conservatories, timing the blossoming of the temperamental beauties so that they will arrive at the peak of their glory exactly at Christmas time. Each of these pampered glamor girls of the flower world is identified by the world "Dale," autographed on one of her leaves.

A box or chest has been an exclusively feminine piece of furniture—perhaps because it dates from very early times when it was hand-carved and sometimes painted and was used to hold the trousseau or dowry gathered for the time when a maiden left her home on her wedding day. The modern counterparts of these chests may play an equally romantic role or not, but their usefulness and decorativeness is as great as ever. Designed to fit in with the floor space available and almost any type of decor, Heirloom Cedar Chests offer such modern improvements as the Keepsafe dial lock and key, and insurance for three years against moth damage to the contents.

For Him

If you are looking about you for a very super gift for a man whose consuming passion is music and if—bless my soul—money is no object as it is sometimes so quaintly put, you won't find a lordlier gift than the Victor library of recorded music. This is a collection of the world's greatest music—two hundred and eleven records (422 selections) contained in 40 albums, no less—all of which are assembled in a beautiful cabinet. On the other

(Continued on Page 28)



Skier's or skater's Christmas wish come true! This after-sport outfit is of light, fine wool in henna and brown with narrow yellow stripe. It's worn with knitted "softies" trimmed with pliable leather. Trousers are the new harem style. The Robert Simpson Company.

These are gifts by "Elizabeth Arden" . . . gifts of loveliness and fragrance . . . gifts that gleam and glisten in their happy wrappings . . . gifts which carry a compliment as well as your best wishes . . . gifts that are sure to bring pleasure and pride . . . as "she" opens them on a bright and frosty Christmas morning.

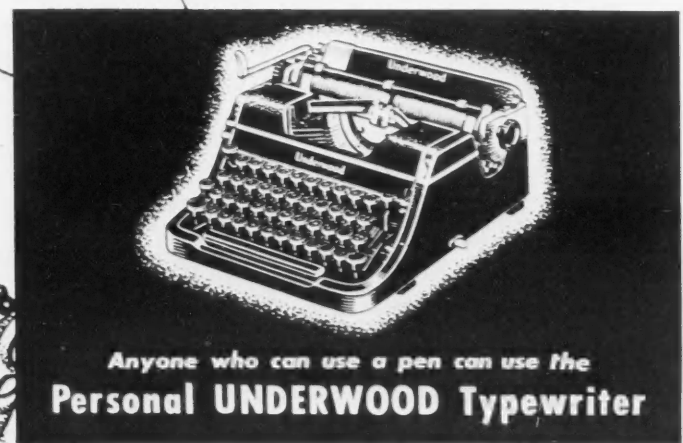
- 1—BEAUTY PRIMER — a novel Beauty Primer in a Gift containing 9 of Elizabeth Arden's essentials for loveliness — \$8.00
- 2—BLUE GRASS SET — Flower Mist and Dusting Powder beautifully boxed — \$5.25
- 3—VELVA BATH MITS — Elizabeth Arden's famous Velva Bath and Shower — \$2.00 — \$4.50
- 4—FLOWER MIST AND FLOW-ER MIST DUSTING POWDER — Orange Blossom or Carnation in gift box \$4.50 in White Orchid fragrance — \$2.75

Elizabeth Arden
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NEW YORK LONDON TORONTO



This smart gift benefits all

At home . . . in school . . . in business



NO other gift is so acceptable, so practical, so enduring as a Personal Underwood. It's a life-time asset in any home . . . Eases the task of social correspondence for Mother . . . Helps the student to higher marks in school . . . A tireless recorder of Dad's "after-office-hours" ideas. From the sturdy "Junior" to the streamlined "Noiseless" deluxe, all models operate with characteristic Underwood ease, speed and accuracy. \$37.50 to \$85.00, complete with attractive carrying case. No down payment and monthly terms, if desired. Write today for 5-day free trial or illustrated booklet.

Authorized Canadian Agent
UNDERWOOD ELLIOTT FISHER LIMITED
Branches in all Canadian cities

They All Say Merry Christmas

(Continued from Page 27)

hand, whether his taste is Bach or boogie-woogie, he can't fail but be impressed by either an RCA Victrola which offers the double entertainment of radio and records, or the small Duette—a portable radio which not only operates from either batteries or house current, but also provides standard and short wave reception.

About every imaginable contingency the most adventurous male is likely to meet from a dust-storm in Egypt to a thoroughly wet en-

counter with the sea—seems to have been foreseen by the people who make the Movado Square Acvitic and the De Luxe (round) Acvitic watches. These, as you must have gathered by now, are waterproof, dustproof, air-tight, have unbreakable crystals, with waterproof straps to boot. These apparently indestructible watches are to be had in all stainless steel, or stainless steel and gold, and we find it difficult to think of a more suitable gift for any man who does battle with the elements either for sport or necessity.

Even the dog ran away from me!



1. **THE BEST WAY I KNOW TO** tell you about the way my personality has changed is to illustrate it with these masks.



2. **YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE** anybody could look like this . . . unless you have suffered as I did from what is politely called "intestinal sluggishness."



3. **AND THEN,** when I had to make those trips to the medicine cabinet, my disposition would be so terrible even the dog would run away and hide.



4. **UNTIL ONE DAY** my mother gave me a delicious cereal called ALL-BRAN. "Stop dosing yourself," she said, "and get at the cause of the trouble. If you don't get the right kind of 'bulk' in your diet, no amount of harsh purgatives can make your intestines work right. So, if that is your trouble, eat Kellogg's All-Bran regularly and drink plenty of water." And was she right? Well, just take a good look at me now!

Get your "Ounce of Prevention" every day
with **KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN**

Your grocer has ALL-BRAN in two convenient size packages, restaurants serve the individual package. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

SERVE BY SAVING—BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES



The cause of much womanly curiosity is those strange flapping sounds which strike up a brisk symphony coming from the region of the men's dressing-room as the overnight train nears the station. For the benefit of those who come from man-less households, we might say that the sound is the result of the honing of a Rolls razor by one of the men who is about to shave. Don't ask us to explain how it works but the razor is self-stropping and self-honing, and the boys speak well of them in enthusiastic tones. Which is all you and I need to know.

It won't be difficult to convince any man of your solicitude for his comfort once you've presented him with a South Wind heater for his car. These operate by burning fuel from the engine carburetor inside a patented sealed vacuum chamber—an explanation which probably interests you but mildly. The real point is that it isn't laggard about working up quickly to a comfortable heat—an advantage not to be overlooked when the engine of the car itself sulks on a cold day or night. Its utilitarian purpose is concealed behind a handsome streamlined exterior.

We won't bore you with a lot of mathematics—let it be sufficient that if all the time the average man spends shaving during the year, was computed by some abler statistician than ourselves it would amount to—oh, a thundering lot of time. So you can't blame the creatures for being very, very particular indeed about the instrument used to perform this daily chore. The Schick people have taken all this into account with their injector razor—a most ingenious arrangement in which the blades are sealed in a coating of oil. These, in turn, are put into a small cartridge which is fixed to the razor itself. So when papa wants to change the blade he just pushes a trigger and the old blade shoots out of the razor and a fresh one shoots in. The trim head of this razor is gold plated, and the streamlined handle is made of onyx or lustrous black.

Close Shave

Another necessary piece of shaving equipment is a lather brush, and before you turn away in scorn at the idea of one of these being a suitable gift, you ought to know that the humbler of these begin in the fifty cent bracket, but those of the extra-super-special variety cost as much as twenty-five dollars. Simms Set lather brushes, are to be had in this astounding range of prices. The little twenty-five dollar number we might add somewhat unnecessarily is the de luxe model and is an extra large pure Siberian silver tip badger brush with a handle and ferrule of hand turned grained xylonite.

If your special concern at the moment happens to be a sturdy watch suitable for a man on active service you will want to know about the Rolex "Sky Rocket" which has been designed with the military man's needs in mind. In addition to being dustproof, shockproof and non-magnetic, it also has an extra large second hand and the works are all in a steel case.

Feasting

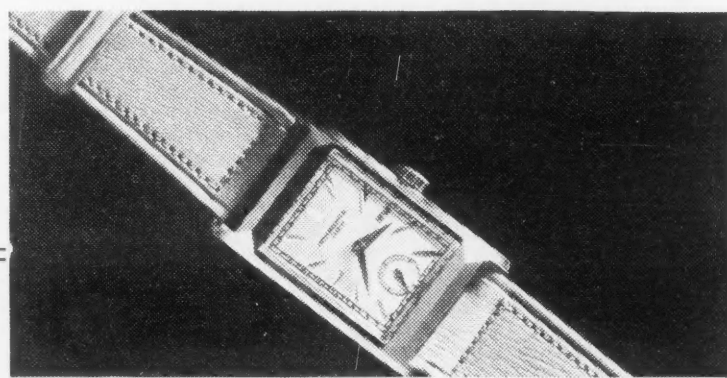
For many Torontonians memories of holidays and the King Edward Hotel are inextricably bound together, because for so many years this hotel has been the scene of their Christmas festivities. The old-fashioned Christmas dinner has grown into a tradition which will not be interrupted this year, and with the feasting there will be music and carols by the Canadian Singers' Guild Choir, the Victorians and the concert orchestra. And a week later 1941 will be welcomed in with a gay fiesta with dancing in all three ball-rooms.

To The Ladies

A handsome fountain pen and pencil is a most necessary part of every woman's personal equipment. Waterman's is ready to supply both in transparent Lucite which comes in such attractive colors as mist, sunset and black lace. And beneath all this outward beauty is long-lasting mechanism built with fine precision.



To members of the Canadian Women's Service Corps through Canada a motor cycle will become as familiar as a sewing machine. Here a group of Halifax women receive pointers on cycling from a member of the Army.



"BIRKS-ELLIS-RYRIE suggests HIS Gift"

If he is one of those discriminating men who is satisfied with nothing but the best—we suggest that you give him a Patek Philippe watch because Patek Philippe watches are the best the World provides . . . and sold in Ontario exclusively by Birks-Ellis-Ryrie.

BIRKS-ELLIS-RYRIE

YONGE AT TEMPERANCE

LONDON TORONTO SUDBURY

TRINITY COLLEGE Founded 1865
SCHOOL

PORT HOPE A Boarding School in the Country
Ontario for Boys.—Please write to
Philip A. C. KETCHUM, M.A. B. Paed., Headmaster

NEW YEAR'S FROLIC

Welcome 1941 the gay way! With delightful turkey supper . . . noisemakers, streamers and balloons . . . lots of spicy entertainment featuring Art and Vera—Four girls and a dance—and the Two Brilliants.

Music sweet and swing by

BILL ANDREW and his famed BAND

Per Person \$4.50

The STARLIGHT ROOM

Royal Connaught Hotel

HAMILTON • CANADA

Vernon G. Cardy, President
H. Alexander MacLennan, Manager

London Gallery

BY MARGARET WRONG

I. Mrs. T. Wins the War

"WELL, I've beaten him again and that's what's kept me a bit late this morning" said Mrs. Toplady, shutting the back door with vigor and depositing a full shopping basket under the kitchen table. "Got my shopping done before them sirens began their shrieking. Yesterday he caught me at it. We've got to manage as we can with these raids. I'll stay till I've finished, Miss, and see it's all straight for you. Don't you worry."

"Well, yes, we did have a bit of a time last night. Jerry was over us on and off till the 'all clear'. Seemed as though he might have our number and be paying us a call. I'd not be surprised to come out of our shelter one morning and find a hole where the house used to be."

"When do we sleep? Dawn and the twins are in the shelter with me, and Toplady he's at the morgue all night, minding the corpses you know. Good thing it's corpses he's minding. I'd be sorry for them if they weren't with Toplady in charge. You remember when I had that nice long rest in hospital, Miss, with my pneumonia and my operation, how Toplady took to breeding canaries when I was away and I got home to find the kitchen full of them and the one with asthma in our bedroom. You've no idea, Miss, what it's like sleeping with a canary with asthma and Toplady. The noise is something awful. I wouldn't wish worse for 'that man' himself. Then at meals what with the canaries singing and Toplady practising the banjo it was past belief. Toplady, he said I'd no ear for music, and I said, 'If that's music, you've said it.'"

"What about the children? Well, Dawn said when I got home yesterday, 'Did they ask after me?' Of course I said you did. She's a big girl now, is Dawn, and cheeks the twins something awful. The twins are both in munitions ever since leaving school. Ron's not near as fidgety as

garded the invitation as an insult. "Toplady leaves much to be desired, Miss, as you know well, all the years you've known him, and it's true I have to go out to work to keep the family going, but I've not come so low that I'll sit with my hands folded and be paid for it. I told her that plainly."

"Yes, Frank's in aircraft production. Wants to go into the R.A.F. but they won't release him. Say he's needed where he is. He told me to ask if he might come around one week-end. You know, Miss, when they were all young I never thought your nieces would turn out as well as they have nor Frank neither, and now we can both say there's a great change in them and it's all for the better."

"Well, I must get on or them sirens will be going before I get home. That lavatory bowl needs spirits of salt, Miss. And just you remember, Miss, whatever that man tries on we have him beat."

II. Frank Comes to Call

Frank Toplady rang the door bell one Sunday afternoon and roused us from our somnolent enjoyment of sun and quiet after a night of continuous raids and noise of A.A. guns. From a stunted boy he's grown into a slim young man with grey eyes and lashes any girl would envy.

"Mum said you'd be glad if I called. So I've come round. Yes, I'll stay to tea if that's O.K. for you. Mum says she told you I can't get into the R.A.F. Peggy looks down on her civilian brother and swanks about in her uniform no end. Yes, Mum's not too bad, but I don't want her to go out working every day. I'm making good money and can help. No, I'm not getting married at present. That girl was flighty. My going away showed her up."

"It's nice being out of London in a small town. They all know me and I hardly go out but someone says, 'Hello, Frank'. It's friendly like. You see I've gone on with my crooning and we've organized a dance band and play a lot so people know me. Then I've kept up with the light-weight boxing won a trophy the other day. Here it is, I thought you might be interested in seeing it."

"My digs? They're fine. The best in town. I'm the only lodger and the food's good. I run every evening to keep fit and they always leave some supper ready for me."

"Many soldiers about? Yes. Some Canadians among them. They paint the place red when drunk. Good chaps when sober. Terrible fierce fighters I'd say. Stop at nothing. They say they've come to do in Jerry and gosh, it'll take a lot to stop them!"

"We've some French wounded near. Our boss speaks French and I'm learning a bit of it myself. We've our own committee and have raised money for comforts for them. Give them direct so we know they get them. We paid the fare for the wife of one of them to come down from the north. Poor chaps, they're mighty anxious about their families in France no news at all."

"Thought you might like my photo now I've grown up. I've put my address on the back so as you can send me a card when you get news of your nephew. I'd like to write him."

"Yes, we have raids of course, but they've not got us yet. Raids won't stop production you can be sure of that."

"Well, I must be going got to get back Sunday night you see. Hope you keep O.K."

III. Newsvendor

"Ave an evening paper for your dug out, Miss!" The voice met me at the exit of our suburban underground station as I stumbled into the stygian darkness of a rainy night intent on reaching home before the sirens announced our regular all-night raid, and our local A.A. guns responded to the drone of Jerry, with a hail of shrapnel on roofs and pavements. Our defence supplies pedestrians with a nightly crop of minor unpleasantnesses. As tin hats for civilians are

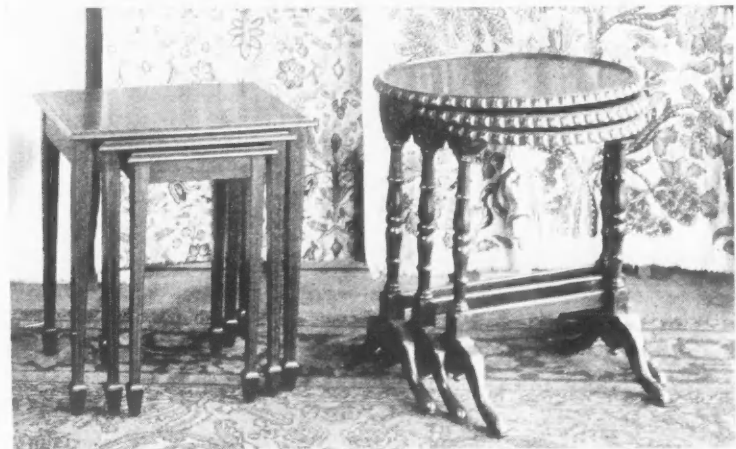
temporarily unobtainable we don yellow tea cosies surmounted by dish covers if it is necessary to go out in the suburb."

The voice was so jovial and compelling that I stopped short, in spite of the distant wailing of sirens. Our local newsvendor, only a voice by night, by day is short and square with bandy legs and a weather-worn complexion. He thrust a paper into my hand. "Ere you are. We've been at 'em again. Dropped our best new laid eggs on Hamm. Not the first time neither. More eggs than Hamm for that breakfast I'm thinking."

"How'm I managing these nights? Lor' bless yer, getting more sleep than in peace time. No good staying here much after 8, so I goes 'ome, 'as supper and goes to bed without waiting for the news. Peace-time it's 10.30 every night before I gets back. Yes, I'm getting lots of sleep in this blinking war. Bombs? Well, not on me yet. Each one's got its number and when mine comes I'll be for it."

A droning filled the air, followed by the roar of guns.

"There's Jerry on time as usual and Big Bertha after 'im proper." As I turned up a side street, unashamedly running from tree to tree in the way one does when the guns begin, the jovial voice followed me through the darkness. "Good-night Miss, and wot I say is we'll all 'ave learned to be rabbits by the end of this yere blinkin' war."



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The fruits of the Spirit.

UNDA WOOD.

he was. He's over that St. Vitus' dance that made his face go queer. Peggy? She's still in the A.T.S. Proud as punch of her uniform. Waiting in the officer's mess. Likes her commanding officer but says the food's awful.

"She don't write as regular as I'd like but there, you know what Peggy is. Back to mother if she needs anything and thinks she's a bit too good for her old Mum when she don't. Audrey? Her husband's called up and she's evacuated with the two children. The eldest, the one you had at the last Christmas party you know, has been in hospital six weeks. They called it meningitis. I've thought myself Audrey might have brought it on. You know what her temper's like when roused."

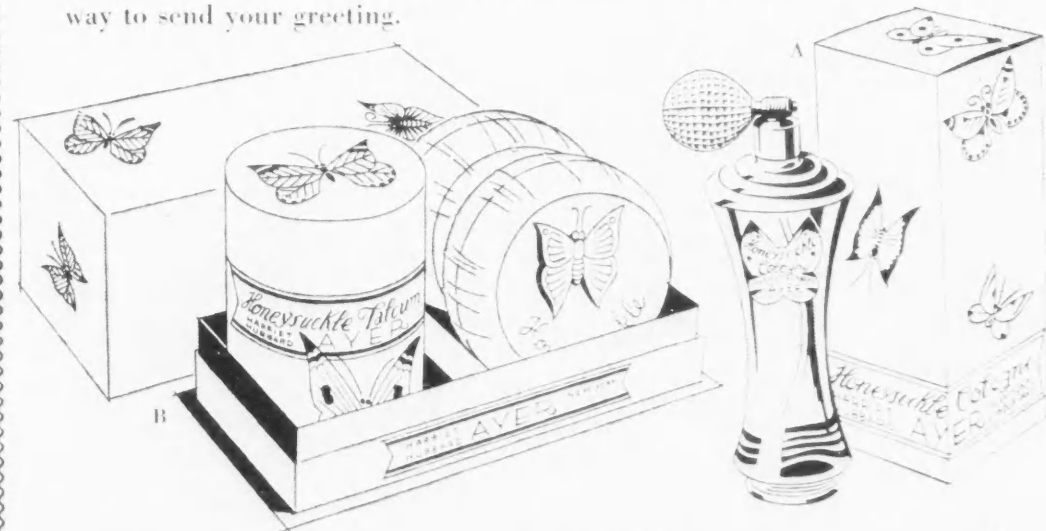
"Madge? Her man's drinking less. He's in work and the children are lovely. I'll bring their photos round to show you."

"Frank? No, he's not engaged now. When he went out of London that girl he was walking out with went about with other men and she never saved nothing so Frank ended it. He said it wasn't good enough. He's home every week-end and says I'm not to go out working every day and to take care of myself. The other day he took me out to the pictures and to tea in a teashop. He said, 'Mum, come on, high time you had a holiday' he said. Yes, Frank's a good son."

Mrs. Toplady smiled and I knew why an artist friend had asked her to sit for her. But Mrs. Toplady re-

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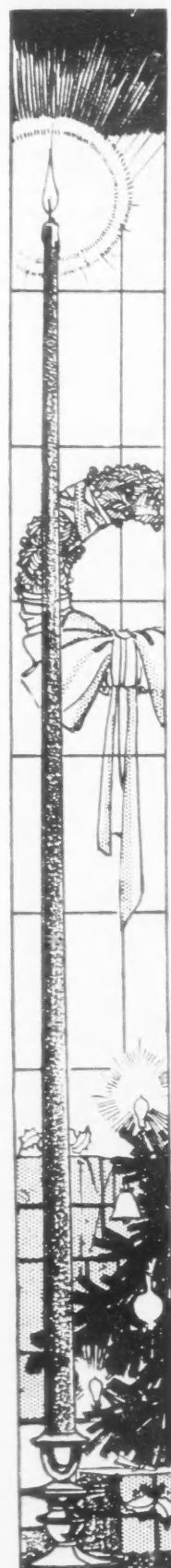
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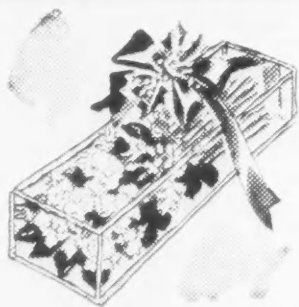
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Camille's Cousins

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

I SUPPOSE no single play ever written exercised more influence on the future of the theatre than "La Dame aux Camellias" by Alexandre Dumas the younger, first presented in Paris in 1852. Very soon it was transferred to the English-speaking theatre and the title shortened to "Camille"; though in the original the leading character was known as Marguerite Gautier.

For seventy years despite the violent protests of elderly critics like the late William Winter, emotional actresses from Duse and Bernhardt down to the humble barnstormers, continued to act the frail heroine and she survives on the operatic stage today as the Violetta of Verdi's "Traviata."

Dramatically she was the ancestress of Zaza, Sappho, Paula Tanqueray and countless other ladies "more sinned against than sinning," who, under the stage conventions that prevailed prior to 1914, were made to realize that lapses from virtue involve severe penalties. Not infrequently playgoers were shown that the "wages of sin is death." Even in such cases critics like Mr. Winter, who held it a crime to present on the stage a heroine who had not always been "pure," thought that a tragic ending intensified the offence, because they tended to arouse "sympathy with sin." Undoubtedly playgoers of an elder day liked to shed tears over the sinner, and their consciences were saved when the dramatist brought in death as a denouement.

Poor Marguerite Gautier died of consumption, but most of her successors resorted to poison or the pistol. She had an original in real life named Marie Duplessis, well-known to the younger Dumas and in the novel which preceded his play by four years, he opened with a description of the sale of her effects, when all Paris flocked to buy souvenirs. For the class to which Camille belonged, he invented the term "Demi-Monde" or "Half World," signifying ladies who lived, through the generosity of their lovers, in magnificence as luxurious as that enjoyed by great ladies of the real "Monde" whose reputations were nominally spotless. Sad it is to say that the now vanished theatrical convention he created, namely that sorrow and punishment awaited ladies who found profit in the primrose path, was seldom verified in real life; certainly not in the contemporary London of the early Victorian era.

IN 19th century memoirs are accounts of two celebrated contemporaries of Marie Duplessis, whose life-stories make hash of the convention that the wages of sin is death. References to them are to be found in the recollections of Lady St. Helier, Sir Francis Burnand (at one time Editor of Punch), Sir Willoughby Maycock, annalist of fox-hunting, and "A Mid-Victorian Pepys," based on the papers of Sir William Hardman, once editor of the London Morning Post.

Just at the time when Dumas' drama "La Dame Aux Camellias" was produced in Paris, the lady who was attracting most attention at the afternoon parades of London society in Hyde Park was an Irish girl named Laura Bell. Singularly enough she bore the same name as the rather insipid but assuredly virtuous heroine of Thackeray's "Pendennis" then recently published. She was born in 1829 at Glenconway, Antrim, where her father was a bailiff on the estates of the Marquis of Hertford, the Lord Steyne of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." She seems however to have escaped the notice of the noble lord; and began her career as a shop-girl in Belfast, and by all accounts she was a lively lass even then. At 20 she was attracting attention in Dublin by driving about Phoenix Park in a barouche with a handsome pair of white horses. By 1850 she had established herself in a mansion on Wilton Crescent, London. Ladies did not need a permit from the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Bishop of

London, to display their charms in Hyde Park during the London season. Burnand speaks of several damsels of the half-world who rode in spanking style in Rotten Row or drove about in open landaus. Laura Bell, on any fine afternoon, could be seen in such a conveyance. She would stop in front of the Achilles statue, and with a smart little "tiger" holding her horses' heads, she exchanged banter with all the swells and dandies of the day. She had a pretty doll-like face, big eyes and her glances were quick and vivacious. The great ladies used to view her aloof with mingled disdain and curiosity.

Laura had an avid appetite for luxury and reckless prodigality, which a celebrated friend Jung Bahadoor, Prince of Nepal, was willing to satisfy. She was at the height of her notoriety in 1852, and created sensation at the Opera, where audiences would rise from their seats to get a look at her, when she entered and departed. In that year a young aristocrat, Augustus Frederick Thistlethwaite of Southwick Park, Hants., married her. Her extravagance was such, that, though they lived together for 35 years he sometimes had to advertise that he would not be responsible for her debts.

Laura had a great surprise in store for the British public. A few years after her marriage she took to religion and became a public evangelist. She started as a preacher in Scotland, but got little encouragement from dour Presbyterian ministers. In England she was more successful. She made no attempt to conceal her past, rather the contrary, and curious persons who went to see the jewels she continued to wear, were not infrequently converted. Her crowning stroke as a modern Magdalen was to secure the admiration of Gladstone, who made a hobby of repentant sinners. This friendship continued until her death in 1894; and it is said that not long before, Gladstone who had decided to give up the post of Prime Minister, went to break the news to her, before placing his resignation in the hands of Queen Victoria. After her demise a large packet of his letters to her were found to have been carefully preserved.

IN 1861, a decade after Laura Bell had been the centre of attraction in Hyde Park, her place was taken by another beautiful young woman, long known in London by the nickname "Skittles" and in Paris as "Skitsie." She was Catherine Walters, born at Liverpool in 1839, daughter of a sea captain. It was said that she got her nickname while in charge of the Skittle Alley in the Black Jack Tavern, a sailor's resort in her native town. She was 22 when she made her first appearance in Hyde Park, beautifully dressed and driving a fine pair of ponies with consummate ease. She was by nature a fine horsewoman and Sir Willoughby Maycock in "Annals of the Billesden Hunt" tells of the thrilling impression she made as an equestrienne, when riding with Jim Mason, the finest horseman in England, who in 1839 won the very first Grand National on "Lottery." The amount of attention she won in Hyde Park became a public nuisance. When she pulled up in front of the Achilles statue to talk to her friends, her carriage would be surrounded by a multitude. The London Times, in an article in which she was alluded to as "Anonyma," protested that thus she held up traffic to and from the Exposition held at South Kensington in the summer of 1862.

In that year she created a social scandal by eloping to New York with a married man of distinguished family, Aubrey de Vere Beauclerk. At that time there was a public sale of her effects which caused a furore similar to that described in the novel "La Dame Aux Camellias." Beauclerk was an ass, she soon tired of him and in 1863 was back in London. One of her particular friends was Lord Hartington, afterward a noted political figure, and it is alleged that she cherished an ambition to marry him

and ultimately become Duchess of Devonshire. She was the heroine of several books which enjoyed a considerable circulation; "Skittles," a Biography of a Fascinating Woman"; "Skittles In Paris" and "Anonyma, Fair but Frail." Another great friend was the eccentric Lord Clanricade, the Irish peer who left his vast fortune to the present Earl of Harewood, husband of the Princess Royal.

In middle age Skittles settled down to a decorous life under the name of Mrs. Baillie, and lived into our own time. In her declining years her good humor and lively wit were such that both King Edward VII and Lord Kitchener enjoyed chatting with her.

She outlived both and her vitality was such that just before her sudden death in August, 1921, at the age of 82, she had planned a flight in an air-plane.

Skittles undoubtedly witnessed many performances of "Camille" and kindred emotional dramas. They probably appealed to her sense of humor.

MARRIAGES

FORDYCE-McCONNELL — On Saturday, December the seventh, in First-St. Andrew's Church at London, Ontario, Ruth Eleanor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McConnell, to Captain Alce Menzies Fordyce, 17th Duke of York's Royal Canadian Hussars, Montreal.

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An Englishwoman's Impressions of Canada

MY FIRST impression of Canada?

It is a very vivid one. Of waking up in the early morning to find the boat had stopped and we had arrived. And rushing to the porthole, opened at last after our long blacked-out voyage; and there on the quay stood a Mountie! All splendid in his scarlet coat, breeches and large hat—just as we had dreamed it! We had always had the most romantic ideas about Canada, and our first glimpse was not disappointing. The children shouted to him, and he turned round and waved and smiled his welcome.

Then we got off the boat, and in the Luggage Hall an attendant came up to me with free milk and biscuits for the children. She offered to stay with them while I found my luggage. Here was my second impression, the kindness and helpfulness of these warm-hearted people.

We found the train that took us westward so comfortable with the large seats, the iced water at one end of the carriage, and the large windows, though I was very surprised at the arrangements for smoking. I have since come to the conclusion that Canadians must smoke much less than the English. All the people were very friendly in the carriage. One business man who had scattered his papers over a whole seat insisted on gathering them all up and sharing a seat with his wife so that my little girl could lie down. When he got out he said goodbye and added: "We are glad to have you in Canada and you must stay here until it's all over."

Once I was settled in Toronto I met new and strange things every day. I liked the street-cars; I liked their straight swift movement; a street-car glides by at night like a gaily lit barge towed swiftly down a river. And the way one can travel for miles, changing from one car to

another, without having to say a word, is very congenial to the silent English.

I LIKE your big broad-chested Apollos (sunburned in the summer)! One sees them everywhere—driving coaches, editing newspapers, announcing broadcasts and designing gardens! But most magnificent, perched high on a small platform overlooking the blue lake, shaded by a scarlet umbrella, a bronzed Adonis reigned alone in his glory! The first time I saw this magnificent sight I was "knocked all of a heap." We have no watchers on the English coast. What a wonderful country, I thought; here was a land like that of the ancient Greeks, where they delighted in the beauty of the male figure to the extent of exalting it on high, not in cold marble, but the radiant living image, with the crowning glory of a flaming red parasol!

Then I particularly like the verandas outside the houses on the street fronts. They add grace to the ugliest houses. And as I walked down a street in summer and saw the groups of people sitting out on them, I always wanted to paint the scene, such a picture it made—in such a setting.

I THINK the Canadian standard of "grooming" is very high. The baker's boy arrives with the bread, and he is wearing an immaculate blue shirt. The newspaper boy at the corner of the street has his hair most carefully oiled and brushed. How smartly turned out are the young girls who flock in hundreds to the offices and shops at 8.30 in the morning. From their well coiffured hair to their neatly shod feet they are carefully dressed. And now I am on the subject of clothes I want to say that I like your Canadian clothes, with their good cut and material. They fit well; I don't know if they

BY DIANA LODGE

The writer of this article is the wife of Oliver W. F. Lodge, the English author and literary critic and historian, whose father, Sir Oliver Lodge, died recently. Mrs. Lodge came to Canada with her two children for safety from German air raiders. She is a well-known writer for the journalistic press in England and Canada under her maiden name of Diana Uppington.

wear well. There is a steady average; not many badly dressed people, and few very beautifully dressed people. By the latter I don't mean expensively dressed, but I mean clothes that are aesthetically beautiful in their line and color. Fashion has no bearing on clothes like these, and they cannot be mass-produced because they are designed to harmonize with the wearer of them.

Of course one of the most delightful things is corn on the cob. It has always been my secret desire to eat my food with my fingers, and now I can. The first time it happened was a revelation to me of the possibilities of human nature. It was at a dinner party of dignified folk, and when my elderly hostess picked up the corn-cob with her jewelled fingers and ate it I was amazed and delighted, and remembered a story about Queen Victoria picking up a drumstick of chicken with her fingers and eating it, and one of her little grandchildren who was dining with her saying, "Aren't you a dirty little pigwig?"

Canada is a wonderful country to paint, with the vivid coloring, and the outlines so sharply defined in the crystal clear air. Her painters are worthy of her, painting is a very live art out here. But why do you charge for admission to the Art Gallery every day except Saturday and Sunday? Toronto should give the arts to the people as freely as she gives the sciences. They are equally important in the search for truth.

ONCE saw a barn dance, and loved it. You can't dance these lively energetic dances with a solemn face. And I thought what an improvement this roomful of happy faces was over the crowd of serious faces one often sees in modern ballroom dancing. The man who stood in the middle called out the instructions. I remember two lines which were:

"The ladies join their lily-white hands,
The men their black and tans."

This is a very real event in the lives of the people. It is not vestigial, not the revived remains of an ancient custom, but it is as alive as it was when the pioneer farmers danced these dances, when they met at each other's farmsteads in the intervals of hard work.

Of course, as might be expected, one of the things that most impress an Englishwoman is the number of gadgets the Canadian woman can use to do her housework, so that she finishes her work so much quicker than an Englishwoman. Also she often has a smaller house, and so I found that the Canadian woman has more leisure time than the average Englishwoman. I have sometimes wondered what she did with it.

But I think I have found out. She goes to numerous tea parties and bridge parties and club meetings. Hence the large number of women's organizations in Canada can be traced to the number of gadgets freeing the women. Also the clubs are formed in the first place because the women have an appetite for learning. Here is a striking difference between Englishwomen and Canadian women.

The men on the other hand seem to me to work very hard, and when one asks them why, they say, "Well, the standard of living is high and expensive, and we must earn a lot to keep it going." The fact is that the men have to work harder to pay for the gadgets that give the women more leisure, which seems very gallant. Evidently a civilization where the woman gets the better of the bargain.

The segregation of the sexes is an other thing that English people notice. For instance in the Ontario beverage rooms there are separate

rooms for men and women, whereas in an English Pub there is no such division. Also in the University Library the men and women read in different rooms; in English universities they share the same reading-room.

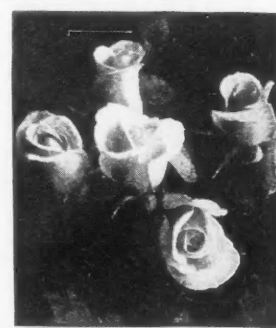
THESE are a few of my impressions of Canada. It's a more mechanical and scientific civilization than England's—because it is new and was born in a mechanical and scientific age, and this basic fact accounts for so much of the differences that we notice between the two countries. The spirit of the people is new and fresh too. A man has more chance to succeed by his own abilities. There is less red tape here than in England. I admire the fairness and open-

mindness of the young Canadians. For instance, the other day I met a Canadian boy from the University of Toronto Schools. I asked him how the English boys compared in education with Canadians. He said: "Oh, they're far in advance of us in languages and the art subjects, though behind us in mathematics." This is just what one would expect that a scientific country would give a better scientific education. But what I particularly liked was his frankness and fairness in admitting it. No inferiority complex there, but an open mind ready to learn from other countries.

To me Canada is a romantic country, where there are all kinds of strange and beautiful things to be seen—a country whose people are the kindest in the world.

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On the Handling of Bathrobes

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

THERE is an odd difference between the stage and the novel. On the stage an audience cannot bear to see a lady of notoriously easy virtue marry a respectable and admirable member of the landed gentry. In a novel this event causes them no perturbation at all. I presume the difference is caused by the fact that the reaction to a novel is purely individual, whereas the reaction to a stage performance is collective, and is influenced less by what the individual really thinks of such a situation than by what he thinks his fellow-members of the audience expect him to think. The result of this is the development of that most implausible of all stage characters, the technically innocent female *rouée*, if that word exists in the feminine gender. It is a role which can be carried off successfully only by an actress of great charm, dexterity and self-confidence, and even then it requires considerable skill in the playwright.

In "The Nutmeg Tree," a 1937 novel by Marjory Sharp which attained some success by the thinness of the ice on which it skated, there was no doubt that *Julia Packett* was a lady of easy virtue. In "Lady in Waiting," the same author's drama-

matization, we are required to believe that she is virtuous; and as she is in all other respects the same character the requirement is a bit of a strain. Miss Gladys George, who is this generation's most perfect performer of this ancient conventional type, eased the strain as much as it could be eased, but left us all thinking how much finer a job she could do if the conventions of the theatre would only allow her to play the part as that of a high-grade prostitute.

This of course is too much to expect, and in all other respects "Lady in Waiting" is excellent entertainment very well performed. A certain vagueness of character-drawing in the novel is clarified by the acting, and when character ceases to be interesting the play can always fall back on noise and bustle. In this piece, as in hundreds of its predecessors, the lady of questionable virtue has a highly respectable and well brought up daughter who is a bit of a prig (we mostly are at that age), and she has the opportunity to save the daughter's future happiness by sacrificing herself. Unlike most preceding heroines, however, Miss George has a very clever young actress, Carol Curtis-Brown to play the daughter, and *Suspi's* crying scene when she finds

herself rescued much against her will is a splendid bit of work. Alan Napier is impeccably smooth and winning as the middle-aged diplomat with whose hand *Julia* is ultimately rewarded. Leonard Penn has not quite the necessary conception of the part of *Fred Gennocchio*, head of the six Gennochios, the great trapeze team; one imagines him as flying through the air with only a moderate amount of ease.

And ease is the essence of the contract in this show. Mr. Napier has it, and as for Miss George—well, she is one of the rare actresses who can wrap a bathrobe around her exactly as if she had nothing on underneath it, and give no slightest suggestion of vulgarity. The scene in the bath will always remain one of the high spots—perhaps the high spot—of her career.

Maurice Evans who is appearing with Helen Hayes in the Theatre Guild's presentation of "Twelfth Night" at the St. James Theatre, New York. —



Broadway Theatre

New Malvolio Is a Cockney

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

THE current season's first cause for thankfulness was the Guild Theatre's production of "Twelfth Night," a glamor production, with no less than Maurice Evans as its incomparable *Malvolio*, Helen Hayes as its *Viola* and Margaret Webster its director. Gilbert Miller also had a hand in its production. Some critics, in their enthusiasm, have even tagged it "the best revival in all its parts in our memory." Perhaps your own reporter's memory goes back farther than theirs. Or perhaps gratitude outran discretion in certain critical quarters. For, like the more moderate Brooks Atkinson, for instance, we found it a "performance of mixed blessings—good in spots, very good in spots, but unable to achieve the full gaiety that it strives to evoke from one of Shakespeare's sweetest comedies."

Miss Webster is obviously a student of Shakespeare and her success, as on previous occasions, in translating the past in terms of the present, taking the Master from the schoolrooms and the book-stalls and setting him on the modern stage, deserves all praise. Even *Malvolio*, in this instance, is a Cockney and an amusing idea it is with that superb Shakespearean actor, Mr. Evans, in charge. But with this notable exception, Miss Webster's stage interpreters of her "Twelfth Night" are not Shakespearean in training, tradition or sympathy. An ocean as well as the centuries separate them.

Up to this time not one new play of importance had appeared. The new season still relied on the old and the only events were the brief return visits of Sherwood's great play, "There Shall Be No Night," which Canada has since seen, and we hope loved; Saroyan's prize-winning "The Time Of Your Life," and William Brady's revival of "Kind Lady" with Grace George in the kindly role again.

Of the new offerings, only "Johnny Belinda," an Elmer Harris production, has managed to survive critical opinion and achieve a measure of popular success. There are many tastes and appetites in New York, as patience has discovered. The locale of this Harris melodrama is our own Prince Edward Island where, in the nomadic habits of the Ministry, this reporter spent his early first years. None of this early memory, however, nor hearsay since, enabled us to recognize the Harris characters or their surroundings.

But Mr. Harris, who spends his summers there, knows his Island and both may be taken as authentic. He has pitched his story in one of the Island's dour little communities of rough, hardy fisher-folk and stern forbidding pietists. His heroine, a mute and drudge of an unfeeling

parent, is raped by one of its racially youths with the usual dramatic results. Comes to the village, straight from Montreal and McGill, a noble young doctor who shelters her from merciless parent and community, teaches her to read and write and eventually marries her after her acquittal from a justifiable case of homicide. These are the rough outlines of a story which explores every avenue of stage emotion. The acting of Helen Craig in the role of the unhappy mute is the outstanding feature of the play and a splendid performance she gives.

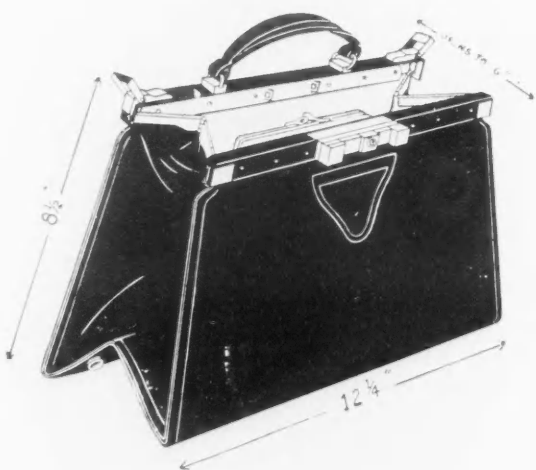
In lighter mood, with "Louisiana

Purchase" outstanding as a musical offering, the new season has fared better. Ed Wynn came along with his own brand of entertainment and a thoroughgoing musical show, "Boys and Girls Together," which we can heartily recommend. Joe Cook, juggler, magician and comedian, heads a skating follies of considerable charm, called "It Happens On Ice." Ethel Waters in "Cabin In The Sky," Ethel Merman in "Panama Hattie," are others in this amusement area. From the war propaganda trend of last season, wherein the debt of the Allies to the Broadway stage must never be forgotten, this season has seemed to look for "escape." Even "Charley's Aunt" has been revived with considerable success. Perhaps the great national drama of the presidential election, played before a waiting world, made other drama seem puny.

In fact at this moment of writing a real play, new to New York, has appeared and stirred critics to their second enthusiasm. This is Emyln Williams' "The Corn Is Green," which the author, seen here some years ago in his own "Night Must Fall," played with great success in London for a year before the war broke out. For sufficient reasons he is not with his play here, nor is Sybil Thorndike who played with him, but Herman Shumlin, to whom he has entrusted its production, has staged and cast it with every regard for its beauty and exalted drama. "Night Must Fall" left some of us with high expectations and these Mr. Williams has more than realized in "The Corn Is Green." Its story, probably personal and so told simply, straightforwardly and in affection, is of a Welsh boy of the mining districts who gave early promise of writing talent. His discoverer is an eccentric school teacher, *Miss Moffat*, who, with a little money, conceives a mission for educating such boys, saving them from the mines to which they are condemned at twelve years of age, and giving them a chance for civilized life. Her reward is great in this particular instance and in the unexpected proportions to which her mission grows. Ethel Barrymore replaces Dame Thorndyke as the *Miss Moffat* of the story and plays it magnificently.

HOLT RENFREW

Britain
Delivers
the
Goods!



HERE IS THE GENUINE

Redleaf--London Kit Bag

The most famous bag in England—it's exclusive in the Dominion with HOLT RENFREW.

It's a Classic that is always in fashion — it's practical, as well as smart.

In Morocco — Size Illustrated — 8.50

Lined with suede—large letter compartment—two compartment purse—oversize double-sided mirror—two suit-case clasps—spring lock with key, Black and colors.

Smaller Size — 11 x 7 1/2 in. — 6.50

Other new leather bags from London — including the Redleaf Envelope at 5.95 — and many other models at 3.95 to 13.50.

Every HOLT RENFREW Gift will be silver-ribboned in our gay blue and silver Christmas paper—without extra charge.

Yonge at Adelaide — TORONTO

GIVE HER

LUXURIOUS FURS

THIS CHRISTMAS



A White, Blue or
Platina Fox Jacket,
makes the ideal Christmas gift. Prices from
\$295 to \$350.

JOSEPH AND MILTON

95A BLOOR
STREET WEST
TORONTO

LAST season we had vegetables for sale—not just vegetables such as you see in the stores in the city—not wizened-up carrots, not wilted cabbage, not squidgy, squashy squash; but real honest-to-goodness vegetables. There were carrots bright and firm and shiny like unto topaz. There were heads of cabbage, big and round and chuck right full of crisp cabbage. There were squash, round ones and oblong ones, dark-green, warty all over, and as hard-shelled as a snapping-turtle. Turnips there were, with purple tops and yellow bodies; potatoes, smooth and oval; and onions that the Squire of Oxford might have envied.

But do you suppose we could sell those treasures? No, we could not. The stores seemed to be overstocked, and the private individuals whom we approached had obtained all they needed from someone else. No, that is not exactly right. One nice lady did buy some from us. She lives in Forest Hill Village. We met her one day when we were having lunch with a friend there. No, we are not making this up, we actually have a friend in plutocratic Forest Hill Village. Well, our hostess and this nice lady seemed to be interested in our garden, and asked many questions about it. In the course of conversation we chanced to say that our vegetables were going to waste because we could not sell them. The nice lady then remarked that she loved vegetables. (She looked as if she did because she

ALAS!

IN THE interest of my art I smiled and let you break my heart. Such verse I'll write—some other time. Right now I'm far too mad to rhyme.

JOYCE MARSHALL.

had a lovely natural complexion that made her beautiful. She would like to buy some of ours for herself and her growing boys. We were a little embarrassed at this, but finally accepted the order. A few days later we delivered them at her back door, were invited in for afternoon tea, and left by the front door. My, but she was a nice lady!

But that was all we could sell; and after putting a generous supply down in our cellar, we gave the rest away.

WE WONDERED why it was so unprofitable to grow vegetables. We had heard of several growers who took their vegetables to market, and after paying for gasoline, etc., had not enough left to pay for their stalls. You see, it just does not pay to grow vegetables. But why?

We finally concluded, of course, that the world was over-vegetated. We really could not imagine that there

Pass the Vegetables, Please

BY MARGARET M. DAWSON

Tantalus curse on them which keeps them from our lips.

Yes, there was no doubt in our minds. People were just filled-up, and therefore "fed-up," with vegetables. There is a word which describes this state of affairs, but for a while we could not think of it. It is this, satiated. People were satiated with vegetables. So we left it at that.

Then we had occasion to go to the city on business. On the first

evening we went to a coffee shop for dinner. The special dinner for that evening sounded very nice, even though there was only one vegetable on it other than potatoes, so we ordered it. When it came, there seemed to be plenty of it—plenty of meat, plenty of rolls, plenty of pickles, plenty of pie, plenty of coffee; but the squash! It was just about the size of a large walnut. I was about to complain to the waitress about having given me a sample instead of the order, but my friend was sure we

would not go away hungry, so I restrained.

The next night we went to another restaurant. It was cabbage this time, and because of its grey, dejected look, I did not desire to enlarge on the sample.

On the following evening we were invited to a friend's home for dinner. It was carrots there, diced up in little cubes looking as precious and as scarce as gold nuggets.

We went home the next day; and, although we had no fatted calf to kill, we did have a great, twenty-one and a half pound squash. As we ate it, rich and golden-hued, we felt a deep pity for the benighted city folk who "go skinny" on their vegetables.

For your Christmas Dinner
or for the Christmas Tree

SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM

Canada's favourite!



Cap the holiday festivities
with the marvellous flavour, spring-chicken
tenderness of Swift's Premium Ham!

For holiday feasts at their happiest, bring on a Swift's Premium Ham! You'll be serving the ham that Canadians from coast-to-coast voted their favourite in a nation-wide poll.

Tasting tells you right away why Swift's Premium Ham is the favourite. No other brand can match its delicious mildness, from Swift's secret Brown Sugar Cure . . . its captivating tang, from special Smoking in Ovens. And then Swift's Premium is so exquisitely tender, spring-chicken tender, people call it.

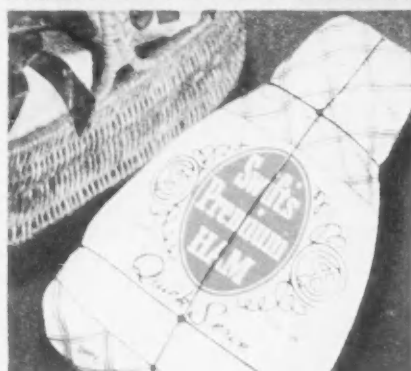
Yes, it's well worth your while to insist on Swift's Premium Ham. After all, the meat makes the meal! Swift Canadian Co., Limited.



For easy
cooking
SWIFT'S
PREMIUM HAM

FOR SMALL FAMILIES Swift's Premium Ham in CENTRE SLICES!

If there will only be two or three people at your Christmas dinner, don't forget to ask for economical Centre Slices of Swift's Premium Ham. One delectable slice has all the unmatched flavour and spring-chicken tenderness you are accustomed to from Swift's Premium Ham . . . and it serves two people generously!



Swift's Premium Ham
QUICK-SERVE STYLE
Ready to eat



Fix your Swift's Premium Christmas Ham this way . . .

Wrap Swift's Premium Ham loosely in glassine wrapper or heavy paper. Bake, fat side up, on rack in open pan in a slow (275° F.) oven without water. For cooking time, see schedule on tag on ham. Remove paper and skin. Slice, cover with brown sugar syrup. Brown in a hot oven (350° F.), basting several times with the syrup. Decorate with holly leaves cut from large green cellophane or lettuce, and placed on berries. Serve with Brussels sprouts, boiled chestnuts, and cups of glazed cranberries.



The chickens carried by this girl are destined, with many thousand others, for British war prisoners.

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT—
Swift's Premium Ham in gay, holiday wrappings!

Say SWIFT'S PREMIUM for the finest meats

THE old hitching post is coming back into service in Vancouver, in a decidedly modern style. Instead of the wooden rail of fifty years ago around which the tie rope was twisted, the new contraption is a coin-in-the-slot indicator on an upright post four feet high which is firmly anchored in the cement sidewalk. Instead of horses and mules, automobiles will stand and wait.

Vancouver will be the first Canadian city to instal parking meters on its business streets. Next January there will be 1000 of these pay-as-you-wait affairs gobbling up pennies and nickels twenty-four hours a day, on a basis of one cent for the first twelve minutes or a nickel an hour, which works out at the same thing so far as cost is concerned, but saves the owner the trouble of having to come back every time a little red flag pops up to indicate to the watchful police that the parking time has expired.

The parking meters are being installed as an experiment, after a controversy that has lasted several years. The motorists don't like the idea one little bit. The Automobile Club has always opposed it. The truck drivers have used unprintable language in expressing their candid opinions of a scheme that will force them to pay a penny every time they stop to make a delivery. The Tourist Bureau is

BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

Hitching Posts for Automobiles

BY P. W. LUCE

afraid it will annoy visitors. Downtown business firms are hoping it won't unduly increase trade in the suburban areas.

Welcome Revenue

Against all these arguments must be set the fact that the meters are going to be a source of revenue greatly welcomed by the civic treasurer. If the 5000 meters which it is hoped to have installed in a year or so worked to capacity for ten hours a day, their total takings would amount to \$2500. Of course this isn't going to happen, but even a fraction of this sum will be most welcome, especially as the expenses of operation are practically nil.

Each meter costs \$70.85, and the manufacturer is willing to wait until he can be paid out of the takings, on a fifty-fifty basis. After he has received his \$70,850.00, all the pennies

and nickels go to the city. About 55 per cent of the cost will be spent in Canada, according to the manufacturers, the Dual Parking Meter Company, of Oklahoma.

There has been much acrid discussion on the advisability of introducing parking meters. The makers claim they are in use in 215 United States cities where they give complete satisfaction, but this is disputed by opponents of the scheme who say they work well enough in small towns, but gum up traffic in large cities, as motorists keep circling around the block rather than pay the "hold-up penny" for a short stop. This difficulty has been met in some places by allowing free parking for the first five minutes.

New York, Detroit, and other large cities have discarded meters after giving them a fair trial.

Minneapolis is the only city of com-

parable size to Vancouver which seems to be satisfied with the system, according to Automobile Club officials.

Police officials are keeping an open mind, but they agree that it will make it a lot easier for them to check up on hog-parkers. A motorcycle policeman can cover a lot of ground on Automobile Row looking for the red flag that sticks up when time has expired. It certainly makes traffic bylaw enforcement much easier than by the old chalk-marking method.

What Will the Harvest Be?

The cost of installation is estimated at \$10,000.00, but running expenses will be extremely low. All repairs will be at the charge of the manufacturers for a considerable time.

A check-up has shown that the average "live" car is parked for 27 minutes per stop on the downtown business streets, which will mean a tariff of two to three cents per stop. "Sleeper" cars, which hog the same space all day long, and which it is hoped the meters will drive off the streets to privately owned parking lots, would have to pay fifty cents for ten hours, a prohibitive rate.

The Dual Parking Meter Company claims to have perfected a gadget that will accept only pennies and nickels, automatically rejecting slugs, buttons, metal tokens, and other spurious currency. Perhaps they are right, but if so the telephone company and other concerns that get revenue from coin-in-the-slot machines would very much like to be let in on how it's worked.

Vancouver has some mechanics who are proficient in turning out slugs of the right shape and weight for slot machines, but which can not possibly be considered counterfeit coins, as they bear no inscription or design. Weighing machines especially swallow a lot of these, and the authorities don't seem able to find out where they originate.

Quite a few of these worthless discs are left in the cash drawer of the *News-Herald* boxes at street corners.

WAIT UNTIL FATHER GETS HOME

SERENELY he looks up at me
His glance all innocence and guile
And I frown down, after hastily
Concealing an indulgent smile.

And when I speak of discipline
Contritely he surveys his toes
Then give me an engaging grin
He knows his power, *he knows, HE KNOWS!*

MAY RICHSTONE

where men are invited to drop in their pennies and help themselves to the morning paper. For some years these boxes carried the legend "This service is made possible through your honesty," but it is a sad reflection on the times that recently the wording has been changed to "Please report any person you see stealing one of these papers." "Fifty per cent of the papers in this box are stolen every morning," and "The newsboy who owns and operates this stand gets one cent profit per paper. For every copy stolen he loses the profit on three papers."

Once in a while a paper snitcher is caught, but usually he gets away with it. His conscience doesn't trouble him at all.

No Money for Japan

The Foreign Exchange Control Board has put a crimp in the plans of Japanese fishermen who earn good money in British Columbia in spring and summer, and then go to Japan to spend it in winter. This year the F.E.C.B. has decreed that no cash may be taken out of Canada for holidays in the Orient, and that any little brown men who insist on going "home" as usual may have passage money, but precious little besides.

Probably not more than 500 of

them will go to Japan this year. Most of these are men who have wives and families in their native villages, and the others are young men who will get married before they return to Canada. Those who can satisfy the stringent immigration regulations will bring wives back with them. The others will be absentee husbands for another twelve months or so.

It has long been obvious that large families are encouraged in the Japanese communities on the Pacific Coast, but it is not generally known that there is a careful watch kept to see that the cradles are kept filled in every home. If a couple have had no children within a reasonable time of their marriage, they are admonished as to their duty to the state—the Japanese state, of course. If there is no subsequent propagation, drastic steps are taken to remedy this neglect. It is said that it is by no means uncommon for a Japanese to be ordered to divorce a barren wife, and to remarry promptly a more satisfactory mate. The divorced woman is practically exiled to Japan, there to end her days as a disgraced outcast.

White fishermen have a new grievance against the Japanese, though this time it is really the government that is to blame. A score or more of the largest seining craft belonging to Canadians have been commandeered for naval purposes, while none of the Japanese vessels have been taken. This gives the Japanese an advantage which is strongly resented, and which is hardly likely to redound to Canada's benefit if the war should eventually spread across the Pacific to the shores of British Columbia.

About twelve per cent of the commercial fishing licenses in this province are now held by Japanese, a big drop from 1922, when they held 47 per cent. The number of Japanese engaged in the industry, however, does not seem to have materially decreased.

Real Old-Style Paper

The good old country newspaper still functions, though it is becoming a bit of a rarity. Most of the reporters for the backwoods press write as if they were honor graduates of a school of journalism, but Northern British Columbia can still boast of one "ye editor" who doesn't give a damn for grammar or syntax, and who tells his readers exactly what he thinks about what is going on in his community. He's Christy McDewitt, who runs the *Chronicle* in Wells, a gold-mining town 'way up in the Cariboo.

Here's an editorial from a recent issue:

"This district is very well taken care of from an alcoholic stand point. We have about twenty-three boot legging joints, and do we mean joints all doing their very best to insure the complete degradation of those unfortunate enough to purchase their wares.

"This isn't a question that we should get hot under the collar about but the point that sticks is those poor deluded individuals who insist that as long as we have no liquor store here we have no temptation for youth. . . .

"The only trouble is that the liquor is of an inferior quality and it costs more. Some day we'll awake to the fact that we are suckers."

Here are some personals from Page 4, with no disguising of names, either:

"We have a crow to pick with Mabel Kissner who sold us a raffle ticket after the raffle was over.

"Best part of the Christensen dance was the trips back and forth testing the various brands of likker.

"Flora Boyd thought she had encountered a masher in the theatre the other night when she felt a tugging behind her. . . She had been sitting on a wad of discarded chewing gum.

"Old Sol still treats us well here.

"Mrs. Norman Matheson and Rolly Wilson compared molars in MacKenzie's store 'tother afternoon.

"Mickey LeSaunier has barber's itch."

The Wells *Chronicle* is a bright newsy paper, and it carries enough advertising to make it a paying proposition. It sells for two dollars a year. One of its predecessors in the same district, the first newspaper published in Barkerville in the 'sixties, sold for a dollar a copy.

"Somebody knew
I was coming"

"Coca-Cola" has the charm of purity. It is prepared with the finished art that comes from a lifetime of practice. Its delicious taste never loses the freshness of appeal that first delighted you...always bringing you a cool, clean sense of complete refreshment. Thirst asks nothing more.



Even old Santa, with a whole year to rest between jobs, welcomes the pause that refreshes with ice-cold "Coca-Cola." And so will you. Ice-cold "Coca-Cola" has the taste that charms, and never cloy . . . always leaving the cool, clean after-sense of complete refreshment.



THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

CONCERNING WINE

The Wassail Bowl

BY ELYNOUR RUMMYNG

THERE is almost no other subject which arouses so much snobbery as that of drink; a rum-drinker looks down on a gin-drinker, and a whiskey-drinker cannot abide either of them, while a brandy-drinker regards a whiskey-drinker as a fellow of coarse and undainty habits. In the matter of wine-drinking the hierarchy is even more strictly observed; we talk learnedly of Bordeaux and Beaune without knowing the difference, and prefer a cheap French wine to an excellent Australian one. In short, we all like to pretend to a pretty taste in tipple, for it is a mark of cultivation, but the truth is that most of us know very little about the matter.

Now we all want to be as economical as we can this Christmas; the problem is the old one of how to make merry on little money. Therefore I am going to shock traditional and snobbish bibbers of wine by suggesting that we concoct our Christmas punches and hot drinks of Canadian wines, leaving the more expensive vintages to those who can afford them.

Many people regard Canadian wines as inferior to imported ones, and they are quite right to do so; the inferiority, however, is by no means as great as is popularly supposed. The great fault of Canadian vintages is that they lack body and smoothness; they are apt to be thin and to leave a bitter taste on the tongue. Both these disadvantages can be overcome by a little judicious doctoring of the wine. If any orthodox wine-drinker is horrified by this suggestion, let me remind him that it is only within the last hundred years that it has become usual to serve wines 'neat' on all occasions; they were usually mixed with spices and fruit juices or cordials, and were frequently laced with spirits.

It never does any red wine harm to heat it. A fine wine, of course, is best enjoyed at its proper heat, which is usually room temperature, and a heated wine is too rich to be drunk with food. A wine which is inclined to be thin, however, is greatly improved by heating. Do not imagine that if you heat your wine the goodness will leave it in some mysterious way; on the contrary, the heat will bring out latent qualities in the wine which will surprise and delight you.

"Amelioration"

As heating takes the thinness off a wine, so does sweetening rob it of its sharpness. Are you shocked at the idea of sweetening wine? If so do not sweeten it 'ameliorate' it instead. Ameliorate is the right word in the right place, for it means, literally, to put honey in something, and that is what you should do with sharp wine. If you will add a teaspoonful of clear honey to each 26 ounce bottle of wine as you heat it, it will make the drink smooth without making it sweet, which is what you want.

When heating your wine it is best to use a granite or enamel pot, unless you are the possessor of an earthenware or glass container of the proper size. Use a wooden spoon for stirring, and stir the wine gently from time to time to see that the honey is well dissolved. Never allow wine to boil; when vapours begin to arise from the pot you will know that it is hot enough.

Now let us consider the problem of Christmas entertaining. Suppose that you are giving a party and that you want to prepare a drink which will keep your guests happy and contented all the evening, without being too much expense for yourself. Personally, I heartily recommend the fine old drink called Bishop to your attention. Here is the way to make it: to each bottle of Canadian port that you use add the juice of half a lemon and a teaspoonful of honey. Heat slowly, and as you do so add a

wipe it out with rosewater first, and put some ornamental curls of lemon peel in the drink. You should allow about half a bottle of wine to each guest, for a moderate, but gay, evening. It is considerably cheaper to buy these wines in large containers but the proportions for mixing remain the same.

Mulled Wine

If you want a more reflective and mellow drink, you might care to try some Mulled Wine. The best Canadian wine for this purpose is our cherry wine; to mull it you must set

to work thus: put a teaspoon of cinnamon and eight whole cloves in a quarter of a pint of water and let it come to the boil. Then pour this mixture, with a bottle of cherry wine, into a pot and when it is almost boiling add a lemon, thinly sliced. The Mulled Wine is now ready.

Cherry wine may be made into a punch and the Mulled Wine can be the port. Do not try to make either of these drinks with the thin red Canadian wine, for it is not suitable to the purpose. Neither is Canadian sherry. Some of our white wines heat well, and are greatly improved by the addition of the sharper spices,

or by a generous mixture of mint. On the whole, however, they are more suited to summer drinks.

Both the drinks described in detail here may be made the basis of further experiment by yourself; do not be faint-hearted, but only remember never to boil the wine. Both the punch and the Mulled wine can be fortified with either brandy or rum; whisky will not do, as it is too harsh a spirit to mix well with anything made from grapes or cherries. The mixing of spirits with wines does not, as popular superstition would have us believe, provoke heaviness of heart on the following day.

Luxuries for Ladies and Smartness for Men in Gift Sets from YARDLEY

Whether it be a remembrance, or a gift from the heart... from a lovely lady to a gentleman or from a gentleman to a lovely lady... there's the perfect answer among the varied range of Yardley Gift Sets waiting for you at your nearest fine drug or department store — \$1 to \$20.

CONCERNING FOOD

"Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel!"

BY JANET MARCH

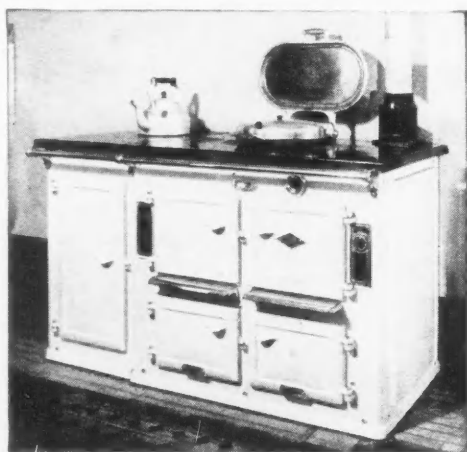
THERE isn't much of 1940 left, just a bit of a month, but it has Christmas in it. As we hurry along towards 1941 we haven't much time to spare, but there's a little breathing space in which to do honor to the great Christian Holy day. This year we'll do it with the essentials only, for we can't fool around with sissy arrangements of decorations and fancy food chosen just to be different. When you look Christmas square in the eye, you'll probably find, if you have children around,

that you want lots of red tissue paper and ribbon and Christmas trees covered with lights of every color. We aren't going in for any changes this year, we want to assert our faith in the Christmas festival in a solid and traditional way. Winston Churchill and his robust view of things has been often called Elizabethan. Well let's be Elizabethan, too.

Hilaire Belloc in his "Sailor's Carol" sings a hearty song to entertain us.

MASSIVE CASTINGS TO STORE HEAT— Large Fire Box to Keep Them Replenished

• The fire box of every Esse is large enough to assure that ample reserves of heat are stored and maintained in the massive castings to provide—quickly—all the heat necessary for the heaviest cooking requirements and to assure that this heat will be continually replenished as it is used.



Esse fire boxes are lined with long lasting carborundum bricks, thus assuring that all metal parts are protected from excessive heat and chemical action.

Let us—without obligation—analyze your cooking requirements and quote on an Esse installation.

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The ESSE
Cooker Company
(CANADA) LIMITED

Distributors for Smith
& Wellwood Limited,
Bonnybridge, Scot-
land. (Sole Manufac-
turers of Esse Heat
Storage Cooking
Ranges.)

Established 1854

At any time, but especially now, the purchase of British made equipment serves to strengthen the Empire's economic structure

*The smart start
for every meal*

AYLMER
APPLE NECTAR

PURE CANADIAN APPLE JUICE AT ITS BEST

A 100% CANADIAN PRODUCT

"Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel!"
A Catholic tale have I to tell:
And a Christian song have I to sing
While all the bells in Arundel ring.

I pray good beef and I pray good beer

This holy Night of all the year,
But I pray detestable drink for them
That give no honor to Bethlehem.

May all good fellows that here agree
Drink Audit Ale in heaven with me,
And may all my enemies go to hell!
Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel!
May all my enemies go to hell!
Noel! Noel!

There, that should make you feel better! Before we move on to good old traditional turkey and plum pudding and mince pies don't forget to order your Christmas ham. This looks like a skier's Christmas, and anyone who has ever dealt with skier's appetites knows that a ham in the refrigerator is the hostess' answer to prayer. You may want to invest in a whole one if there are enough of you, or a half may see you through. A lot of people like to have one meal off it hot, or your family may prefer it cold all the way. Buy a good one, treat it well and it will serve you loyally all through Christmas week. The Virginia type of ham has in my opinion the finest flavor, and it needs longish and careful cooking, but the reward is great. If you haven't the



Something excitingly new in dresser sets in transparent Lucite. Mirror is double-sided and brush has bristles of nylon. Birks-Ellis-Ryrie.

time to give to one of these, get a ham wrapped in cellophane and partially cooked. Indeed some of them have only to be browned in the oven.

Baked Ham

Ham
Celery
1 bay leaf
Thyme
Cloves and allspice
1 medium sized onion
Garlic
1/2 cup of vinegar
2 cups of brown sugar
Sliced pineapple
Sliced orange

Soak the ham overnight in cold water and put it on to boil in the same water the next day. Add the vinegar, celery, bay leaf, thyme, cloves and allspice, and the garlic and the onion. Let the meat simmer slowly for from one and a half to two hours. Take the ham out of the water and skin it and let it cool. Sprinkle heavily with brown sugar made into a paste with water and a little vinegar. Stick with whole cloves and cook in a lowish oven, increasing the heat so that the brown sugar browns.

It's really too late to make your own plum pudding now, and you can buy grand ones. Mince meat, too, should have been made up before this but it's very good freshly made and here is how it was done by George V's chef, Monsieur Cedard. First of all he made his pastry with equal quantities of flour and butter... but you have all got your own favorite way of making pastry and perhaps it isn't quite as expensive a way as that. This is the mince meat recipe.

Mincemeat

6 pounds of currants) Australia
6 pounds of sultanas) Australia
6 pounds of stoned raisins—South Africa
4 pounds chopped mixed peel—South Africa
4 pounds of Demerara sugar—British West Indies
1 1/2 ounces of ground cinnamon—India
1 1/2 ounces of ground nutmegs—British West Indies
1 ounce of ground cloves—Zanzibar
1/2 bushel of minced russet apples
Juice of ten lemons—South Africa
Juice of ten oranges—Palestine
Chopped rind of five lemons and five oranges—British West Indies
1 pint of brandy—Australia, South Africa, Cyprus or Palestine
1 pint of rum—Jamaica
1 pint of white wine—South Africa or Canada.
7 pounds of finely chopped suet

This makes about thirty to forty pounds of mince meat, and as we all don't have to feed a household the size of Buckingham Palace's we can do a little division. You can see how British the recipe is, as the country of origin follows each ingredient. If King George has his mince meat made by this recipe this year it is a pretty strong proof that the British Navy is doing its job up and down the Empire's waterways.

As far as your Christmas menu is concerned you will be having turkey or goose if you prefer it. Did you ever try green peppers stuffed with wild rice as an accompaniment? If you want to eat your vitamins in a Christmassy way with a red and green salad mix avocados and tomatoes and serve them with French dressing.

It is almost impossible in our family to imagine that anyone can get tired of eating cold turkey, that most delicious of meats. Still it has been heard to happen, and if your family is one of those, or if you are trying to make your beautiful turkey go further here is a way to do it.

Spinach and Turkey

Wash and cook the spinach and rub it through a collander or chop it very finely. Add half a cup of thick cream sauce and a little nutmeg and put in the oven to keep warm. Slice some slices of turkey carefully and spread them on the spinach. Make a cheese sauce with plenty of cheese and two tablespoonfuls of sherry and pour it on the meat and spinach. In the meantime sauté half a pound of mushrooms and put them on top of the meat. Serve at once very hot. This is a good dish for luncheon or supper in Christmas week.

The Roman poet Martial is well known for his remarks about Saturnalia which was Christmas to the Romans, even down to many of the

trimmings we have today. Here's something he wrote — "Because in this month of December when napkins fly about and slim spoons, wax candles and paper and tapering jars of dried damsons I have sent you nothing but my homely little books — I may perhaps seem stingy or discourteous." Books seem a pretty good idea even in 1940.

INVITATION

IF EVER a lawn belongs to me I promise the world that there will be No signs that say "Keep off the Grass." And all the blithe little lads who pass May use my cherished expanse of lawn To do their frolicking upon, And welcome indeed to come back for more — That's what little lads and lawns are for!

MAY RICHSTONE



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BOVRIL

**HAVE AN APPETISING
CUP TO-DAY**

FILM PARADE

The Howards of Virginia

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

THE notion that it is a waste of time to go to the movies is still fairly well fixed in the minds of all but the very young. We tell ourselves that we go to the movies to relax—i.e. when we have totalled up enough credits for work accomplished we feel entitled to a little self-indulgence. (Naturally no one but a born idler would go to the movies just to see Betty Grable.) Most of us make an exception however of the historical film. Even if the facts have been distorted to the needs of story treatment the historic background is there.

Over more years than I care to remember I have been going to movies and have faithfully attended each historical film as it turned up. And while most of the historical detail so carefully garnered by hundreds of research workers has faded from my memory I can honestly say that certain historical facts stand out clear. That Henry VIII. had seven wives, and behaved shockingly at table. That Comte de Lesseps built the Suez Canal. That Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. lost their heads in the French Revolution. That Essex, Mary Queen

Civil War and the standing of the James boys. So I find it hard to understand why people should take movie-history, as history, very seriously. The Hollywood director after all is aiming at the smash effects with which history is so liberally sprinkled, and not at the involved and subtle and doubtless fatiguing

causes that brought them about. Screen history strictly speaking isn't history at all.

"The Howards of Virginia" devotes about thirty minutes of its entire length (two hours) to the American Revolution. The Tories depicted here are a stiff and disagreeable lot, the rebels are represented by such dramatic figures as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, LaFayette, and Patrick Henry. Under the circumstances this is a legitimate approach, since it is what the story-treatment demands. In all fairness however it must be pointed out that Kenneth Roberts in his recent novel "Oliver Wiswell" urged the point of view that the Tories were America's only decent intelligent citizens, while the rebels represented the brutal rabble;

and that Hollywood is said to be perfectly willing to put that point of view on the screen too, if Mr. Roberts can be persuaded to sell the screen rights.

HISTORY is an enormously complex and fluid thing and an attempt to compress the significance of the American Revolution into two hours' screen entertainment might have invited disaster. Director Frank Lloyd has kept the Revolution in the background through most of the film and confined himself to the story. This has to do with a hearty backwoodsman (Cary Grant) and the proud daughter of a wealthy Tory family (Martha Scott.) Cary Grant plays his frontiersman role with all the energy of a comedian just able to

keep himself under, and the result is that Martha Scott's fragile charm has little chance to assert itself. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as the heroine's high-Tory brother manages to be disagreeable and chilly as only Sir Cedric can. It's a handsome spacious picture but a little less than gripping.

And if there are still people who don't want to be reminded that Anglo-American relations weren't always as cordial as they are today they can console themselves with the thought that after all it was a long time ago; so long ago that when another King George visited America a century and a half later he could say of the Boston uprising, "Let's see... something about tea, wasn't it?" without causing anything but a good-natured chuckle across America.

EXERCISE

IT FORTIFIES my soul to see

Those folk who ride and hike and swim

With effervescent energy

To keep themselves in perfect trim

But my own favorite exercise

Is leaning against an old stone wall
And drowsily, with half-closed eyes
Watching the sun-ripe apples fall.

MAY RICHSTONE

of Scots and Lady Jane Gray died becomingly when their turn came; Queen Elizabeth continued to survive in the most unbecoming wig imaginable. That the James boys (Frank and Jesse) were unsung heroes. That Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone and Thomas Alva Edison the electric filament. That Stanley discovered Livingstone. And that the American Civil War turned out to be the makings of Miss Scarlett O'Hara.

My faithful class-attendance at the screen's history course over the years in fact has left me exactly where I was at the end of my second year high school, except that I am now a little more confused than I was about the course of the American



Ballet dancers of the Arts Theatre, London, quit rehearsal to watch a dog fight being waged over the city.



DRESSING TABLE

Jack Frost and Other Things

BY ISABEL MORGAN

COLD winds come, frosts begin to nip—the first things to suffer are those busybody hands. Redness, rough spots—rip goes a stocking! That's the first indication winter's really here.

Peggy Sage, who spends so much time worrying about our hands, suggests the answer, and wraps it up in a little package she calls her Slumber Bundle. It's real sleeping beauty—a bundle of tricks to take to

bed with you, to turn you out a brand-new pair of hands. The tricks are simple—a luscious rich hand cream, and a pair of cotton gloves to keep the cream on *you* instead of on the sheets.

Of course you don't have to wear the gloves all night. Half an hour while you're relaxing, planning menus, telephoning, makes an effective treatment too. The thing is to keep the cream at work for more than just a brief five minutes.

It's going to be a really bare-arm season. Three-quarter sleeves, little cap sleeves are bringing hands right out into the open. Muffs are a temptation to carry gloves instead of wearing them. And even gloves aren't much protection when you're out all day in the snow.

Far be it from us to suggest that cold weather isn't good for you. It is. It whips up circulation, builds up resistance. But it does take its toll of smooth soft hands unless you're on the job. Hands are such give-aways.

The slumber bundle technique is simple. On with the cream, over it with the gloves—and off to sleep. This should follow, for best results, a soap and water cleansing in warm water. Don't forget to work a little extra cream in the pockets between the fingers, and over the wrists where lines are apt to form.

The Slumber Bundle comes in a pink and silver package, and costs only about a dollar. There's your choice of Hand Massage Cream, thick and rich with oils, creamy-white and iridescent; Hand Smoother and Softener Cream, a little quicker melting, and especially soothing and fine-textured; and Hand Mask Cream, a stimulating cream to give the hands a real "facial." In the bundle is a pair of cotton gloves wrapped in cellophane and the jar of hand cream.

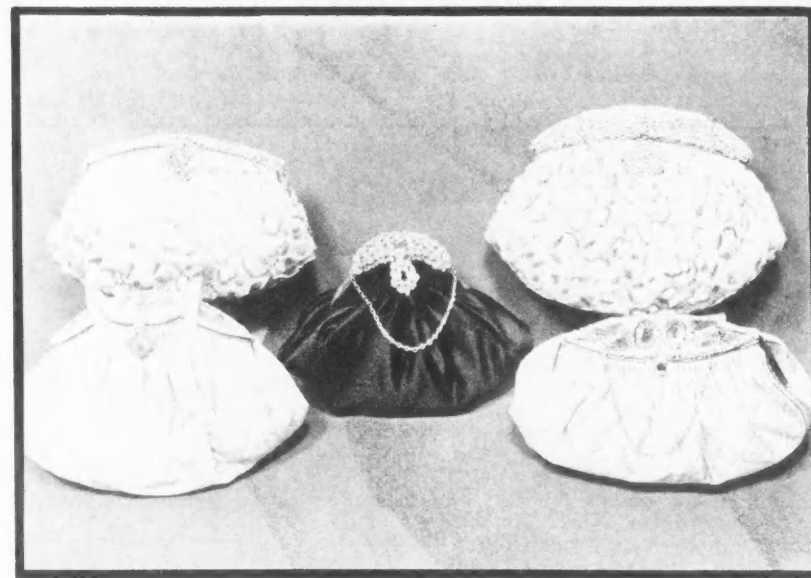
And for the more complete Christmas gift there are the Peggy Sage Skyline manicure sets. There's the Skymaid, as trim a travelling case as ever boarded a clipper, which boasts three essential preparations standing upright and four fine implements. It's made of genuine leather, smartly tailored in brown or blue beaver grain. Skyfarer in soft genuine leather, has a new transparent plastic tray that holds four preparations with room elsewhere for all the implements necessary for the complete manicure. Skytop adds distinction to the smartest dressing table. It is of genuine sheepskin with a champagne-colored silky lining. And of course contains everything needed for the glorification of the nails. Skynote is a real music box that plays an old-fashioned tune to accompany a complete modern Peggy Sage manicure. Five preparations—including two polish shades—and seven fine implements in a well-made wooden case, covered in genuine beige leather.

Cameo

For your Christmas giving you will find all the Grenoville perfumes dressed in the loveliest and most festive costumes you could wish to see. Byzance (gardenia), Lilacs in the Rain, Pledge (orchids) and Casanova, each in its own floral-decorated flacon, are presented in little oval golden boxes faced with transparent cellophane each with an easel so that it stands on the dressing-table like an old-fashioned cameo under glass. At the neck of each flacon is a garland of infinitesimal flowers. These are wondrously and skilfully fashioned of tiny colored shells found on the beaches of Florida.

Research

Should inside information tell you that someone on your Christmas list depends on the assistance of Max Factor to keep her lovely, it will not be necessary to search for the ideal gift to give her pleasure. All these preparations have been put in gay red and gold boxes for the Yuletide season... with the make-up selected in correct harmony to suit blondes, brunettes, brownettes or redheads. Just to give you an idea the pan-cake make-up set includes such essentials as face powder, rouge, Tru-color lipstick, cleansing cream and pan-cake make-up. As a small gift to hang on the tree or put



These five versions of the evening bag typify the most exquisite in this season's styles. Note the luxuriousness of the brocades and satin and the jewelled beauty of the frames solidly set with pearls, large rhinestones and enamelled mosaics. From Birks-Ellis-Ryrie, Limited.

in the stocking she hangs up on Christmas Eve, you might want to choose either one of those flat white cases filled with pan-cake make-up, a tru-color lipstick or a large and generous box of Max Factor's Hollywood face powder.

Portable Art

A portable art collection—authentic paintings scaled in miniature and meant to be worn as jewellery—is the unusual idea behind an exhibition now on view at the Julien Levy Gallery in New York. The exhibit is composed of tiny originals in jewel-

lery form by Quirt, an American painter whose work is represented in the Museum of Modern Art and the Whitney Museum.

The paintings are said to measure an inch and a half square and are one of a kind, the subjects ranging from landscapes to fantasy. The miniatures are mounted with picture frames of sterling or gold and with a tiny plaque giving the picture's title and the artist's name. These have pins attached to the backs, but when the picture is not being worn tiny shadow box frames are available so that it may be hung on the wall.

New GIFT IDEA

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Ship ahoy! A nautical desk clock in mahogany case for yachtsmen and old sea dogs generally. . . . \$18.00

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Pompadour

That neat-as-a-pin look in hair, produced mostly by the pompadour without curls or waves is still not only the leading coiffure, but more than that, the pompadour grows higher and firmer, according to news which comes from New York. The pompadour rises to a height of two inches or more in many of the hair-



Romantic as a serenade, this youthful frock is of white organza with embroidery of black tulips on skirt and bodice. A black velvet ribbon sash ties at the slender waist.

do's being worn for evening by several smart women.

In line it closely resembles the styling of the wigs worn by Madame Pompadour. At the opera this coiffure was worn by a young woman who gave her hair an Eighteenth Century style with the addition of pink moss roses used as ornaments at the front and at the back.

Shopping in Blitzkrieg

According to Elspeth Huxley, shopping in the London blitzkrieg, involves as many adventures as an African safari. Here is her account of a day's shopping in London:

Caught the 8:35, our usual train... It slowed down a couple of times on the way up, and crawled for a few miles—that meant it was running through an air raid, and made the train half an hour late... But it got me there in time to keep an appointment at 11:30... Lunch in my favorite French restaurant, but the friends I was lunching with said: "You'd better call up when you get to London and confirm, just to make sure the restaurant's still there!" It was. My friends had had a corner of their apartment house knocked off by a bomb the week before; but their apartment was all right, they said...

Two-thirty found me in Harrod's, one of our big stores... The "alert" (Wailing Willie or Mona) had gone about an hour ago, but no one pays any attention to it now—shops, of-

fices, buses, subways go on as usual... Just browsing among a lovely display of new fall sweaters and tweeds and sportswear generally when a buzzer went—that was the roof-watcher's signal, meaning "raiders overhead"...

Everyone trooped down to the central hall on the first floor, equipped with chairs and couches as a shelter, with wardens on duty everywhere and a first-aid post in the corner... This seriously interrupted shopping; however, a few "little shops" within the store were still doing business, and I found one of the items I wanted—a collection of soft woolly hoods that go over the head and tie under the chin, ideal for cold weather and wet days, and being worn everywhere now... Advertised for shelters, in fact spe-

cial "shelter-hoods" were being featured with padded pieces over the ears to keep out the loud banging noises we have got so used to now!

After half an hour a whistle went—this meant that the immediate danger was over, though the "all clear" hadn't sounded. Assistants trooped back to their departments, the great store sprang into life again, shopping continued... Everyone buying woolies for the winter, incidentally underwear, sweaters, coats; it's an all-wool winter. I saw a brisk business being done in cute little wool capes that fit snugly around the shoulders and can be quickly thrown over any sort of garb, from night-dress to costume, when you have to dash for the shelter... Wool stockings, too, are in great demand—as

light and soft as silk but twenty times warmer... More shopping, and half an hour later that buzzer went again.

This time I couldn't wait. I had a date for tea at four-thirty and it was getting on... Out in the street you could hear plenty of A.A. guns popping off, but no bombs. It *does* seem queer to rattle along Piccadilly in a bus, the sidewalks crowded as usual with girls clicking along in their high heels, clerks hurrying by with document-cases, middle-aged women consulting shopping lists and then darting for a bus—and all the while the guns banging off from somewhere very close at hand, plus a continual rumble of more distant ones. Who ever expected to hear gunfire in Piccadilly Circus?... The famous

statue of Eros is hoarded up to protect it from splinters, but everything else looks just the same—traffic policemen, red buses, flashing neon signs (by day), movies, theatres but many are closed now, shop-window displays...

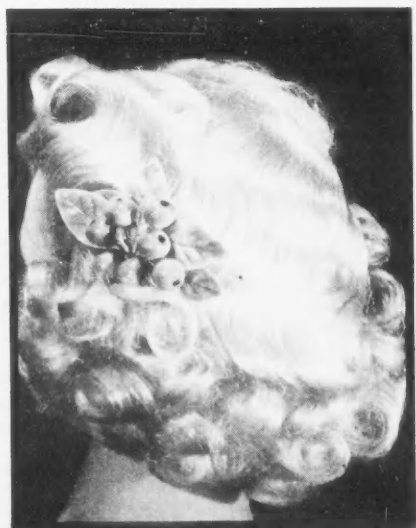
Anyway, I got all my shopping done, before catching the 6:15 am. back home... Sample conversation in a store, ordering a giraffe. "Certainly, madam, but I'm afraid there'll be a slight delay... Will early next week do?" Their factory has been hit, but they're reopening shortly and their stock is all right. It's only that their deliveries got a bit behind. "So there you have it—you can still get in a good day's shopping in London and get what you want."

a bientot

(SOON)

nouveau parfum

de Lenthéric



A festive holiday coiffure designed by Bruce of Helena Rubinstein's Salon. Note the Yuletide ornament.

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MASSEY HALL

MUSICAL EVENTS

Helen Traubel and Others

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THOUGH Helen Traubel had previously sung elsewhere in Canada, her first appearance in Toronto occurred at Eaton Auditorium last week. She is colossal vocally and physically in both respects a ver-

table Valkyr. Her poise and style would at once lead the uninformed listener to assume for her that she had had experience in the Wagnerian theatres of Europe. But in reality she is a St. Louis girl, trained exclusively in America. She made her debut in her home city fifteen years ago and was for years well known in the Middle West. Just a year ago she leaped into continent-wide fame after her Wagnerian debut at the Metropolitan Opera House as *Sieglinde* in "Die Walkure," and followed it with other impressive performances. Her success relieved Director Edward Johnson of any anxiety he may have felt lest Kirsten Flagstad should decide to retire.

Immense in volume, her voice is nevertheless beautiful. Its compass is so wide that she can sing with ease both the dramatic soprano and contralto repertory. Her production is remarkably pure and even. So far as one could judge, there is no aperture that needs covering in a long ascending passage.

The first half of her opening recital was marred by the fact that she misjudged the size of the hall and sang too loudly. When, for instance, she "turned on the heat" in Grieg's "Ich Liebe Dich" it was too much an avalanche of passion; but in the second half her exuberance was modified. She sang a 17th century folksong "The Millwheel" and Fairchild's "A Memory" with exquisite tenderness and beauty of modulation. Essentially however she is a great declamatory singer. Never has one heard "God Save the King" more impressively rendered; and it was easy to understand her Wagnerian successes when she gave "Elsa's Dream" and *Sieglinde's* "Spring Song." In "Voi lo Sapete" from "Cavalleria Rusticana" she was deficient in pathos. One could not conceive such a Santuzza putting up with any hanky-panky from Turiddu. Her tone and expression were beautiful in two pre-eminent classics among negro spirituals, arranged by H. T. Burleigh; "Deep River," the very first song of its type to make its way on to recital programs, and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" which provided Dvorak with a theme for his "New World" Symphony.

Return of Rex Battle

The Canadian pianist Rex Battle, until two years ago one of the most widely popular figures on radio networks, last week gave his first "full dress" recital program, the place being the Eaton Auditorium. In retirement he has devoted himself to intensive study of an art in which he has been facile since boyhood. His audience embraced many musical enthusiasts, and he left with them a sense of his intensely serious purpose. Even in the daily routine of broadcasting Mr. Battle was noted for unfaltering sureness, crystalline clearness of execution, and sure grip of rhythm and accent. Today his technical brilliance has been intensified, and his playing is now marked by deep thoughtfulness.

He began with a truly splendid rendering of the Bach-Busoni Prelude and Fugue in D, in which his knowledge of keyboard dynamics and capacity for lucid exposition were apparent. This was followed by Beethoven's seldom-heard Sonata in A, opus 101, the twenty-eighth of the thirty-two piano sonatas of that composer, dating from 1816 when the composer in the bondage of absolute deafness had become more and more introspective, especially in music for his original medium, the pianoforte. Mr. Battle's interpretation was at once powerful and pensive, with admirable balance. In Chopin's Scherzo in E and Ballade in F minor the same sober grasp and avoidance of sentimentality were present.

Brilliance and color marked his rendering of the Liszt arrangement of Saint-Saens' "Danse Macabre," a

very tricky Triana by Albeniz, and Balakirev's colossally exacting Oriental Fantasy "Islamey." Best of all I liked the cleanness and poetry of his Ravel pastels, "Ondine" and "Jeux d'eau."

A New Violinist

A young New York violinist, John Dembeck, recently came to Canada, gave his first Canadian recital at Conservatory Music Hall last week with Leo Barkin at the piano. Rarely does a new violinist make an impression so definitely favorable. His style combines sincerity and elegance. Though obviously well equipped in a technical sense, he is not "showy." His tone is sweet and smooth with plenty of breadth. The profoundly sensitive quality of his phrasing is a foremost attribute.

The most impressive number was Brahms' Sonata in D minor for violin and piano, in which Mr. Barkin shared honors. It was distinguished in intonation, dignity of expression and refined enthusiasm. A number ideally suited to Mr. Dembeck's style and temperament was Vivaldi's Chaconne. He also revived two works almost entirely forgotten. One was Bruch's Fantasia on Scottish Folk-Melodies, a good run-of-mine example of a type of composition popular in the 19th century. The other was a pleasing virtuosic piece, "Rondo Papageno" by Heinrich Ernst (1814-65), a disciple of Paganini's, who after the death of the latter was deemed the greatest violinist of his day. Many who were unborn when Ernst died have heard his Stradivarius, purchased by her admirers for the Bohemian violinist Norman Neruda (Lady Halle). More than three decades after Ernst's death Lady Halle played that violin on the platform of Massey Hall and one has not forgotten the loveliness of its tone. The "Rondo Papageno," neatly and gracefully rendered by Mr. Dembeck, was probably first heard on that instrument.

Precocious Miss Grudeff

Juvenile prodigies come and go; and very frequently they stay. There seems little doubt that the child pianist Marion Grudeff, born in Toronto of Bulgarian parentage, is in the category of those who will stay. She was heard at Eaton Auditorium in the second of the "Musical Manifesto" series, and her hearers were delighted as much by her artless sincerity and inborn musical inspiration, as by the precocious skill of her technical achievement. She has an astonishingly mature feeling for what she is doing, discernible in touch and phrasing, apart from digital ease and surprising power. In Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata, for instance, she showed real understanding of its haunting themes. The glamor of her precocious execution was of course extremely effective in the Liszt-Paganini "Campanella." Her Chopin was good in quality, and in short works like Ibert's "The Little Donkey" and Palmgren's poetic "Night in May" she was delightful.

Kubelik's Death

From unhappy Prague comes news of the death at 60 of Jan Kubelik, a violinist whose superb virtuosity, four decades ago, left memories that have never been effaced. The furor he created at that time sent violin students all over the world hurrying to Prague to study with his master, Sevcik. News references to his tours on this continent overlook an interesting fact. He brought with him as accompanist a fellow student of exceptional gifts, who had composed for him several pieces; the most famous of which today is "Toujours l'Amour." The young pianist who gave such beautiful co-operation to Kubelik was none other than Rudolf Friml.



Perry Bauman, new first oboe of the Toronto Symphony, will be heard on Dec. 17 in the Christmas concert.

Kathleen Busby, a very youthful Edmonton soprano whose voice and musical ability won for her the Toronto Conservatory's singing scholarship some months ago, has returned for the holidays to the Alberta capital. She has been under the well-known vocal authority George Lambert, and at a recital in Edmonton recently she sang two famous arias for the lyric soprano voice, "L'Amore" from Mozart's "Il Re Pastore" and "Air de Lia" from Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue."

The distinguished composer Arthur Benjamin is now conducting a "Prom" orchestra at Vancouver. One of the features of a recent concert was Jean Coulthard-Adams' new orchestral work based on French-Canadian folk-songs. They include "My Sweet Shepherd" and "Jesus Abatonia," used by the Jesuits at Penetang as early as 1642 and believed to be the first Christmas carol sung in the Dominion.

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Those Annual Meetings

BY CLARA BERNHARDT

FOR the moment, the war is of minor importance. For long months, nothing has been able to wrench it from the forefront of our minds. But what the American presidential elections could not do, the annual meeting has accomplished. Europe is forgotten, as doggedly we go from one annual meeting to another. Countries may rise and fall and change in name, but like Tennyson's brook, the annual meeting goes on forever.

Just why, I cannot figure out. The closer my contact with these affairs, the more puzzling it becomes. We must be a race of sadists, delighting in self torture. Otherwise we should never be foolish enough to sit for interminable hours in ill lighted, badly ventilated rooms, always too hot or too cold, too large or too small. We should never be mad enough to sit enduring page after page of poorly written, badly enunciated reports delivered in successive secretaries' soporific tones; reports detailing such world shaking events as the number of presentation bouquets purchased during the year for visiting speakers, the bottles of milk or castor oil donated to the children's hospital, or the average monthly attendance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Codfish.

EVERYONE is bored with these reports, including the perspiring officer who has spent several frantic evenings preparing the annual atrocity. Yet, let her neglect to list so much as one spool of thread (white, number 50), given to the Refugee Sewing Circle, and some militant voice from the audience will point out her carelessness. Every convener

president (or secretary, or treasurer, in fact, anything). No one, it appears, wants these offices. Contradictorily, everyone is insulted if they are not nominated.

When they are nominated, they smirk. They simper. They shake their permanented heads. They assure everyone they are not qualified. They aren't clever enough. They couldn't possibly manage. They are sure the past president (or secretary, or treasurer, or whathaveyou) would be better suited. BUT they'll take

it! Reluctantly, mind you. Under pressure, mind you. Because they consider it their duty, mind you. Never because they want to.

AS FOR the poor past president, a look of frustrated fury floods her flustered face as she realizes she has been politely but irrevocably evacuated from her position of reigning potentate. To be sure, she tendered her resignation, but she scarcely expected they'd accept it. She was prepared to be coaxed back into office, to resume her throne as guiding spirit of the Cultural Club

of Caustic Centre. She feels slighted.

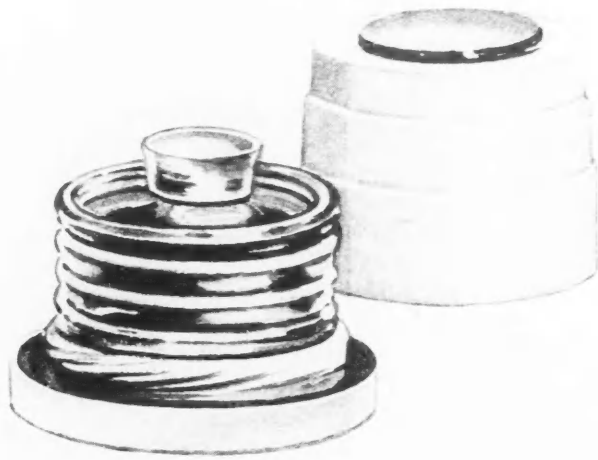
When every office has been filled, every convener appointed and every committee chosen, there may be a few moments left for the Special Speaker of the Evening. More often there is not. In which case the poor woman (rarely is a male ensnared), devoid now of patience, powder and poise, is hauled up front, introduced, permitted to express her pleasure at being there, her regret that time does not now remain for the full text of her prepared address, and she emits a few extemporaneous remarks. All of this to the distracting accompaniment of china and tongues clattering from an improvised kitchen from whence annual meeting refreshments will shortly be served.

Nevertheless, speech or no speech,

the Special Speaker has served her purpose. Be she lady lawyer, local poetess or physics professor, her name has been an attendance bait, and she has unwittingly been the means of swelling the annual ranks.

And so it goes, night after night, week after week, month after month, until the last annual meeting is accomplished and the frazzled attendants are fit only for a convalescent home much less the duties of the dozen-odd offices acquired in the fray.

Someone should form a League for the Abolishment of Annual meetings with our organization exempt, of course. For wouldn't we have to have an annual meeting to see what progress has been made during the year in Abolishing?



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As subtle and sophisticated as the name might suggest. An intoxicating floral bouquet with a conquering charm.



LILACS IN THE RAIN

A gay, carefree fragrance that softly breathes of spring and romance. If you would be utterly feminine your perfume will be Lilacs in the Rain.

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The new Cameo Presentation is available in Byzance, Casanova, Piege and Lilacs in the Rain, each odour in its own charming floral-decorated flacon.



PIEGE

Enticement is the word for Piege. A come-hither fragrance you'll like at first whiff and simply adore thereafter.

Grenoville
PARIS

SNOWSTORM

BLIND as they are blinding, the frail stars fall! Bruised against the granite they grasp and hide a wall. Slide into sea-tides where they instant drown. Or wrap a post in miniver, kirtle, robe and crown! Bound as they are binding, imperative they stay. Milk or mail or ambulance, the snow has right-of-way!

UNDA WOOD.

of every committee, every chairman of every sub-committee has her say, amid much chair scraping, throat clearing and manouverings of report sheets afflicted with wanderlust. After which an even more arduous campaign begins.

Officially, this is known as Election of Officers. More correctly it might be termed the Indoor Riot for the Elimination of the Ineligible. A strange technique prevails. Freud might find it revealing, but to the average onlooker, it is bewildering. On the surface—but only on the surface—it seems that it is going to be practically impossible to acquire a



Despite bombing, London factories still produce Christmas stockings.

ART AND ARTISTS

Here's a New Magazine

ONCE again it is the little brothers who have shown us the way. Yesterday, Saskatchewan provided a blueprint for art education. Today, the Maritime Provinces have done what art lovers have been talking about for years: they have produced a magazine devoted solely to

BY GRAHAM McINNIS

the visual arts. The first issue of this magazine has just come to hand; it is the journal of the Maritime Art Association, and is published every second month from October to June. Its editor is Professor Walter Abell

of Acadia University. Let's look at this magazine; not only is it a first rate job within its own definitely set limits, but it may well serve as a blueprint for other regional publications and even, let us hope, for a national magazine devoted to art in Canada.

Maritime Art is a 36-page mimeographed journal dealing with local art in its widest possible sense. The first issue contains, for instance, a biography and appreciation of a Maritime artist (in this case, Mabel Killam Day), an article on the restoration of the Port Royal Habitation by Ronald Peck, a department headed "Elsewhere in Canada" which gives a digest of events and personalities in the larger field of Canadian art, news from members of the M.A.A., as well as valuable editorial comment. In addition there are three pages of photographs and reproductions of paintings on coated stock, an original linocut (one of these is to be included with each issue), and a striking cover design and departmental headings by students of the Art Department of the Saint John Vocational School, under the direction of Miss Violet Gillet. Further, business manager John N. Meagher has managed to get two full pages of advertising.

Now this is extraordinary. People in Ontario and Quebec have been saying for years "What a pity we have no art magazine"; yet here, the Maritime Provinces, with a total population of not much over a million, get together and in a few months have all the preliminary groundwork done and a magazine on the market. There seem to be two reasons for this success. First, the Maritimes function more nearly as a unit than other provinces; distances are short; the co-operative spirit has had practical success, and that spirit is also in the M.A.A. Secondly, "Maritime Art" has not yet made the mistake of trying to run before it can walk.

The magazine is typed and mimeographed rather than printed, to cut down production costs; the editors have not been afraid to use the services of students; the articles are well written, and the inclusion of Mrs. Thomas J. Coughy's "Elsewhere in Canada" department plus the Association News gives the journal a sure-fire appeal among fellow travelers as well as art lovers. Admitted that all the work is voluntary, that the magazine is run by amateurs; the point is that the editors and readers know and accept these facts. The main thing was to get out a magazine and get it out on its feet. This, the M.A.A. has done.

Moreover, the journal seems assured of a future, for as Walter Abell writes in his editorial: "We are interested in the painting of the Maritime Provinces. But we are also interested in their architecture, their creative photography, their pottery, and weaving, their work with children; in their efforts at town planning, in the art departments of their schools and colleges, in the collections being formed by their museums and private collectors. All of these things are art. All of them have a contribution to make to our culture. We shall give to each of them our space and interest."

For those who want to show their interest in tangible form, a year's subscription is only a dollar. The magazine is, of course, entirely non profit making. What it is trying to do is to provide brief comment on and encouragement for art and artists in the Maritimes. The Association has done this for the past five years, the latest result of its work being the formation of a Picture Loan Society in Saint John. *Maritime Art* will underline and supplement that work; and deserves the good wish of all Canadian art lovers.

IT IS GOOD to see the Art Gallery of Toronto buying so many good contemporary Canadian paintings. The Gallery has recently acquired two works by Jack Humphrey. One



The latest painting by the dramatic Saskatoon artist, Fred Steiger, which secured admittance to the Royal Canadian Academy this year, is entitled "The Letter." It is the picture of a Western Canadian farmer's wife who has just received news from her old home in war-torn Europe.

is the head of a girl, a delightfully simple composition in restrained greens and saffrons, the other a water color, "Pottery Market". There is a large water color by Pegi Nicol — one of those wayward and colorful street scenes she does so well — and an oil, "Children at Night", by Philip Surrey of Montreal. Paraskeva Clark is now represented by an explosive kaleidoscope of shimmering yellow and green, "The Swamp".

Happy Yule and Happy you

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GOOD LIGHT
means *Good Cheer*

Inside, outside, light up the home this Christmas with cheerful, colorful, pre-tested Edison Mazda Lamps. They give better light and stay brighter longer.

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CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LIMITED

THE LONDON LETTER

Prolonging Parliament Has Its Penalties

BY P. O'D.

ONE of the inconveniences of having the life of Parliament prolonged until after the war is that constituencies anxious to change their Member will have no chance to do so. To most constituencies this will make very little difference. They may not regard their representative as a heaven-sent statesman, but, having struggled along with him for five years, they are probably willing to put up with him for a while longer.

Here and there, however, there are constituencies that would like very much to swap their horse, whether in mid-stream or anywhere else. In one case, that of Marylebone in London, they have gone so far as formally to ask him to resign—not the constituency as a whole, but the Conservative Association that selected him. And, if they don't like him, how must the Liberals and the Laborites feel about him?

Capt. Cunningham-Reid is the M.P. who has become so unpopular with his electors unpopular on a good many counts, it is said, but chiefly for having skeddaddled to the United States and Hawaii (or so his critics insist), when he should have stayed at home and attended to his duties.

The charge brought him hurrying home to defend himself. But his presence apparently made no difference, except to add considerably to the liveliness of the Association's meeting. He was condemned and formally invited to resign—an invitation which he just as formally and indignantly refused.

Capt. Cunningham-Reid himself is not a very important person—one of the playboy M.P.'s, who seem to have taken too seriously the familiar description of the House of Commons as "the best club in the world." At one time he was secretary to Sir William Ashley, afterwards Lord Mount Temple. He married the younger of his two daughters. The elder married Lord Louis Mountbatten. They were both very pretty and, as heiresses to Sir Ernest Cassel, their grandfather, they were very rich.

SO YOUNG Capt. Cunningham-Reid did very well for himself, and became a conspicuous, if not exactly distinguished, figure in London society—until he and his wife were divorced, in a case that attracted a good deal of public attention at the time. It cannot be said that the divorce added much to his reputation. Gentlemen who try to stake a claim to their former wife's estate must expect to be misunderstood.

As I said before, Capt. Cunningham-Reid is a person of very little importance. But the principle affecting the right of a constituency to change its representative in a Parliament which has already lasted five years and seems likely to go on for some years more, has some importance. Questions, in fact, are to be asked in the House—especially as Capt. Cunningham-Reid seems likely to be deprived of the Conservative Whip. This to a strongly Conservative constituency is decidedly a blow.

Hence the agitation. It may be that nothing will come of it. After all, Marylebone Conservatives selected him, and may be told that they will have to put up with him until the next General Election—a tart reminder of the folly of picking candidates chiefly because they can make a handsome contribution to the local party funds. And now they are unlikely to get even the contributions. But Marylebone has a lot of other and far more serious troubles just now, so perhaps they won't worry very much about this one.

London motorists are being encouraged to display a brotherly spirit, or, as it may be, sisterly spirit in these days of difficult and uncertain transport. Col. Moore-Brabazon, the

new Minister of Transport, has instituted a "Help Your Neighbor" scheme, under which motorists who are willing to give lifts to their less fortunate fellow-citizens are to get an extra ration of petrol. Already it is said to be working well.

The scheme applies only to motorists living within a 20-mile radius of London, who make a daily journey to and fro. They are asked to take a full load of passengers each way. If they are willing to go on record as agreeing to do this, they can get

extra vouchers for petrol—quite generous as such allowances go nowadays. It ranges from three gallons a month for an 8 h.p. car doing five miles a day to 57 gallons for a 20 h.p. car doing the full double journey of 40 miles.

Naturally the authorities are insisting on more than a mere general promise of helpfulness on the road. They are determined to keep "scroungers" out of the scheme. Applicants must apply in person to the Automobile Association or the Royal Automobile Club, where they and their cars and their claims are carefully scrutinized, and full details put down on the records.

In addition, you must plaster your car with "Help Your Neighbor" signs, including one giving notice that passengers are carried at their own risk.

The point of all these signs is that, having made your car conspicuous with them you would hardly dare to travel with anything less than a full load. Otherwise the first policeman that saw you would be entitled to stop you, and you would be almost certain to have someone or other writing in to report you—which might make it very very difficult to get your next supply of vouchers. Anyone setting out to be a Helpful Neighbor has got to make a job of it.



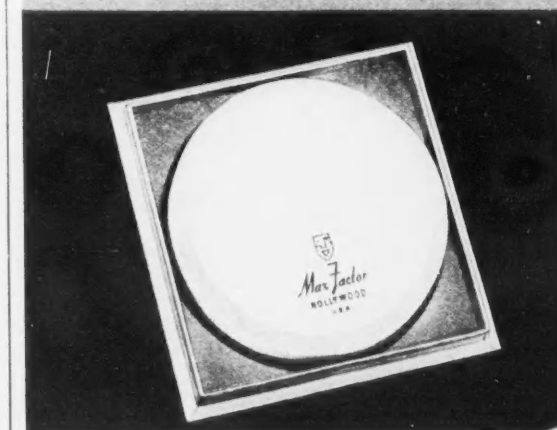
AUTOGRAPHED MAKE-UP SET

Max Factor Hollywood Powder, Rouge, Tru-Color Lipstick in correct color harmony. An exciting gift for any girl. **\$2.95**



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Hollywood's secret for a glamour complexion that has become today's make-up fashion. **\$1.65**
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Max Factor Hollywood
TRU-COLOR
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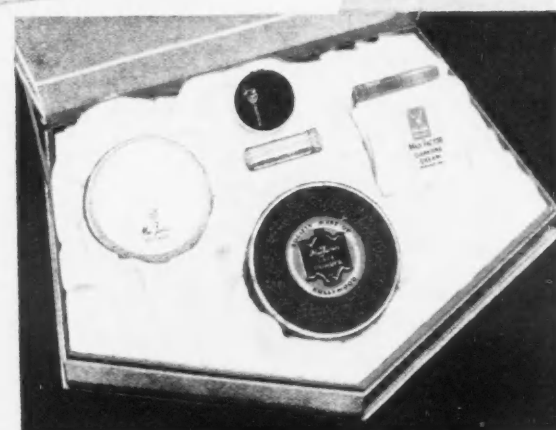
Max Factor Hollywood
FACE POWDER
\$1.15



Gifts

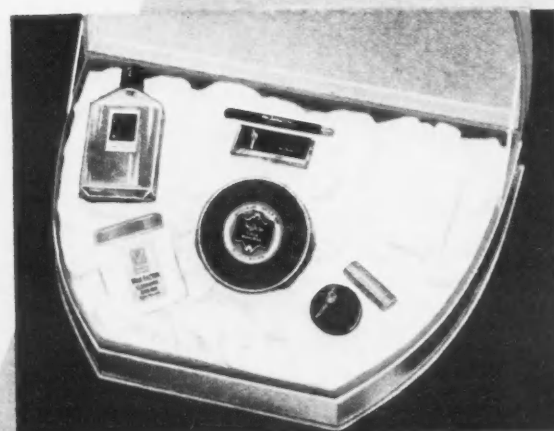
..for blondes, brunettes,
brownettes, redheads

What could be more thrilling than "A Gift from Hollywood!" It's easy to select the correct gift, too...each box contains the color harmony make-up for blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead.



PAN-CAKE MAKE-UP SET

A gift for girls in search of glamour—Face Powder, Rouge, Tru-Color Lipstick, Cleansing Cream and Pan-Cake Make-up in correct color harmony. **\$5.25**

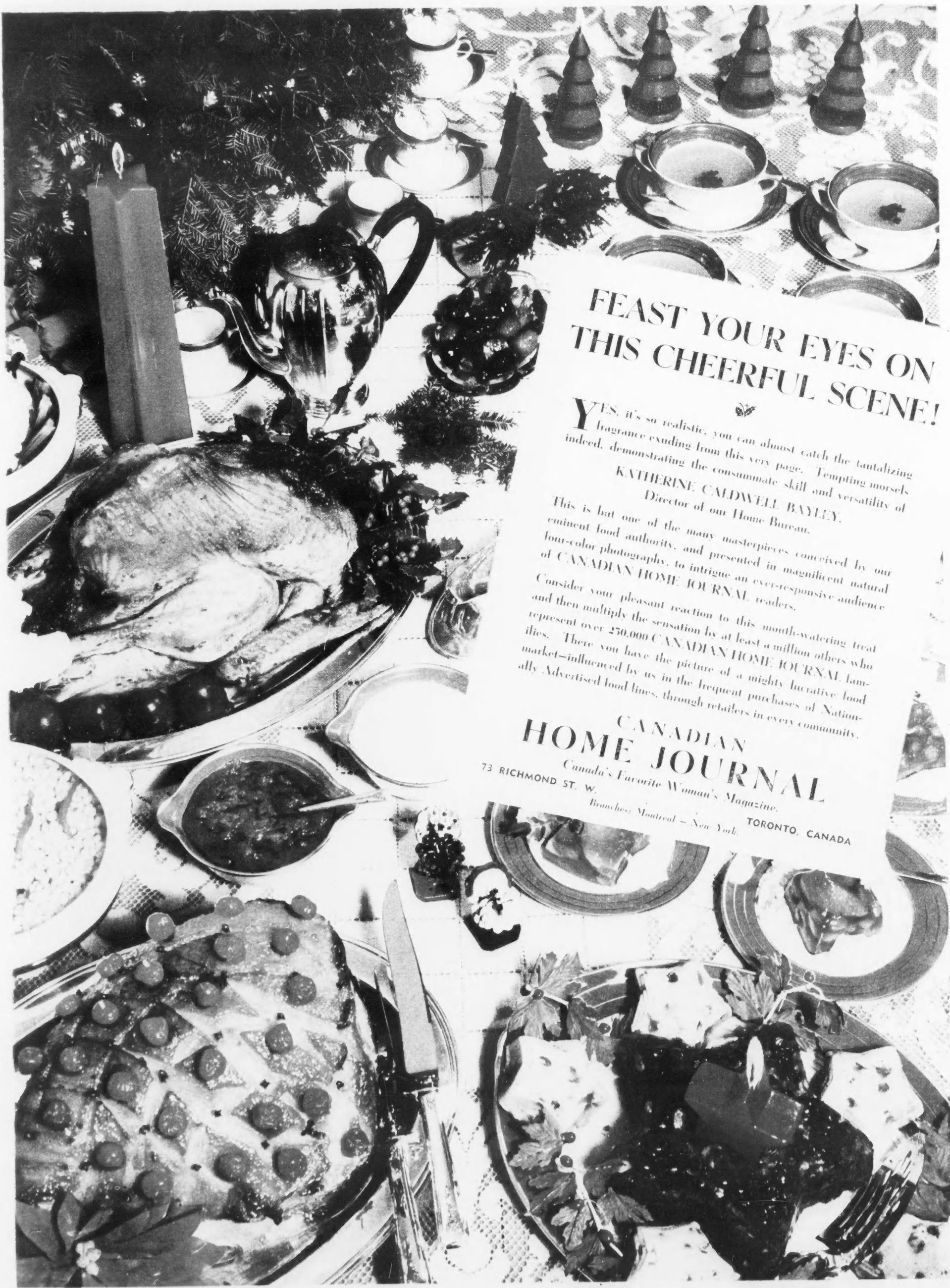


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YES, it's so realistic, you can almost catch the tantalizing fragrance exuding from this very page. Tempting morsels indeed, demonstrating the consummate skill and versatility of

KATHERINE CALDWELL BAYLEY,
Director of our Home Bureau.

This is but one of the many masterpieces conceived by our eminent food authority, and presented in magnificent natural four-color photography, to intrigue an ever-responsive audience of CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL readers.

Consider your pleasant reaction to this mouth-watering treat and then multiply the sensation by at least a million others who represent over 250,000 CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL families. There you have the picture of a mighty lucrative food market—influenced by us in the frequent purchases of Nationally Advertised food lines, through retailers in every community.

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL
Canada's Favorite Woman's Magazine.

73 RICHMOND ST. W.

Branches: Montreal — New York.

TORONTO, CANADA

This is one in a series of dramatic full-color editorial features presented during 1940 — to which CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL attests a large percentage of the growing volume of food advertising carried.

"THE BACK PAGE"

How to Win Your Man

BY MAY RICHSTONE

IT'S an incontrovertible fact: Any girl can win the man she loves. On the romantic scene, the man plays a conspicuously minor role. His one speech of importance is the traditional, feverish, fumbling "Will you marry me?" It is woman who

evolves the plot, allots the roles, designs the background, creates the illusion and in general directs the whole show. And for work well done, the little girl gets, not a big hand, but a pair of protective arms around her.

OF COURSE, to love a man is a handicap. It's easy to snare a man in whom you haven't the remotest interest. It's easy to appear indifferent. Then his conceit convinces him that the indifference is assumed merely to add fuel to his ardor. He's yours for the taking. Unfortunately, a proposal from a man you don't care about is also something you don't care about.

Here's how it's done. A devastating wardrobe is first of the essentials. When the man telephones—and don't be fool enough to fall for a man who never telephones—you shouldn't have to dash around assembling a costume. Preparedness is the watchword.

And vigilance is the password. Your clothes must be absolutely right, for your assurance and his capitulation. The man must be proud to present you to the world. Your dress must strike a note of distinction, not ostentation. Your accessories must be complements and compliments. Your hat must be fashionable and becoming.

All right. You have the clothes. The telephone rings. Let some one else answer. By facial contortion and sibilant whisper, indicate that you are out. Certainly. Do you want him to wonder why a desirable girl spends a perfectly good evening at home? Let him wonder, instead, where you are and with whom. The

more inaccessible you seem, within limits, the harder he'll strive.

And when you do bestow an evening on him, keep the radiance out of your eyes. Be elusive. Be friendly but not eager. Be sympathetic but impersonal. Once let him suspect warmth and you are lost. Or rather, he is irretrievably. Nothing dampens a man's ardor like a woman's ardor.

And if you want him to make you happy all your life, learn to listen. Listen with intelligence. Listen with wide-eyed intensity, with incredulity, with awe, with imperishable zeal. Subtle questions, spaced discreetly, will keep a man volubly interested in you indefinitely.

Casting Suspicion On an Adage

BY ERNEST BUCKLER

THERE'S a book, they say, in every male or female as the case may be:

Including, I suppose, me.

But, (putting for the moment out of mind

The amazingly fecund Mr. Coward and, of course, "Gone With The Wind," pronounced "wined"), I gravely doubt

If the man who originally propounded this startling paradox knew exactly what he was talking about.

For instance, I can think of one girl in particular who, long before the last depression sapped her,

Did not contain so much as footnotes for an introductory chapter.

Consider, also, Gertrude Stein—Can those strange sentences be pearls, and I, swine?

TO MAKE a test yourself, next time you have that sweet blonde cutie out to dinner,

Look at her firmly and ask yourself, "Has she a good book in her?"

Watch her as she fiddles with her crepes suzettes,

Is her corporeal body, do you think, the cover of a novelette?

Or, as she fiddles with her suzettes crepes,

Does she remind you of Edna St. Vincent Millay pressing "Wine From These Grapes?"

I think you will decide, on second look, that she has no more flair for rhymes

Than the financial section of, say, the New York *Sunday Times*.

And should some good soul burst

With eagerness to quote the publications of one William Randolph Hearst,

I would reply with heat, that all the literary sheep of his paternalism

Bear out my point—along with them who take short story courses in expensive schools of journalism.

As for the ubiquitous Kathleen Norris,

See Roget's "Thesaurus";

And to Sholokoff, comrade Dos Passos and such strange tongue twisters

Obviously the most plausible retort

is Mary Pickford and the Bronte sisters.

ANOTHER thing, don't fool yourself that if you were in some remote and odd-named place like Strunth,

You could sit down and write, immediately, the Book of the Month; Even in Drumheller

It's exceedingly tedious and difficult to write a bright best-seller.

In my own case, when I detect inside what seems like wriggling of a book that, once delivered, might run into say a twelfth edition,

I promptly warn myself that it is much more apt to be neuralgia or the strange mirages of a chronic malnutrition;

Indeed, such book, if any, would contain, I'm sure, less seeds of immortality

Than even Walter Winchell or the thesis of a Ph.D.

Certainly the most enthusiastic zealot

Could never sell it.

To tell the truth, I fear that, come my time to bring forth what's inside me, I shall probably abort.

And give birth, prematurely, to a short short.

FROM EATON'S — GIFTS OF GRANDEUR

Rare Collectors' Pieces

Gifts to delight a connoisseur—precious porcelains, lovely glass, exquisite china, storied and elegant trifles—gifts that tell of taste, gifts where price does not matter because the pleasure they give is priceless. Come and see our collection of these treasures and other distinguished gift pieces in china and glassware in

EATON'S FINE CHINA DEPARTMENT



* Old Crown Derby group in white bisque. Circa 1795-1815. \$300



* Hand-made, hand-painted Meissen china figure of fine design. \$150



* Old Flight, Barr & Barr Worcester spill vases. Circa 1800-1820. Pair \$165



* Old Rockingham tea and coffee service. 35 pieces. Circa 1800-1820. \$400



* Exquisite old Crown Derby bottle-vases. Circa 1795-1815. Pair, \$300

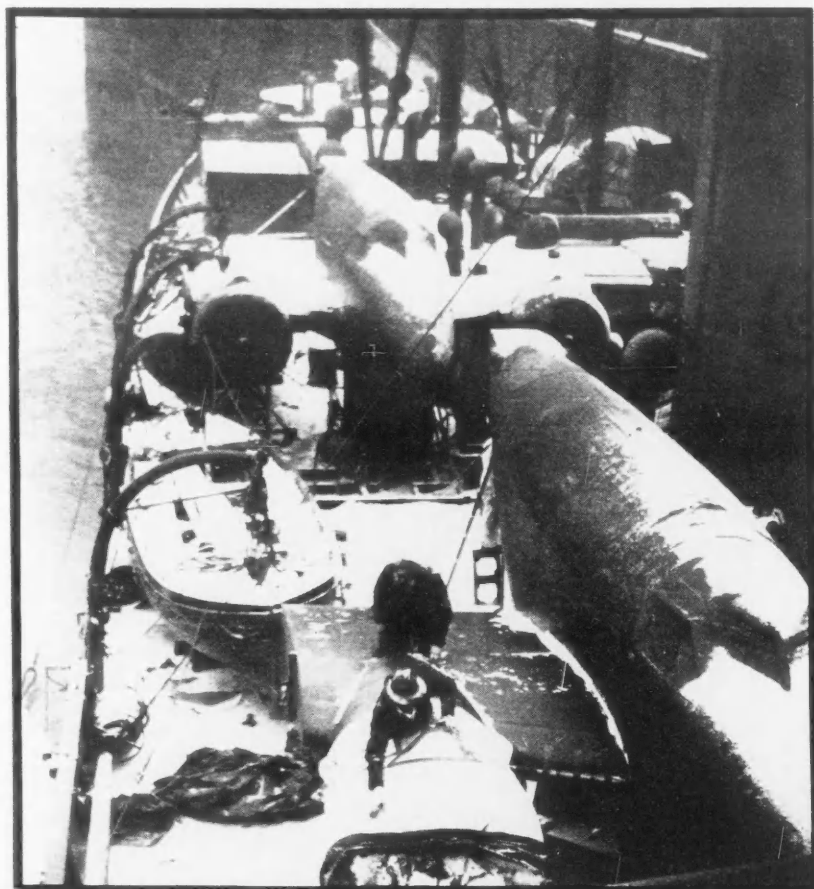
BASEMENT
YONGE ST.

Fine China Department

T. EATON CO. LIMITED

War Eases Earnings Outlook for Canadian Rails

BY DONALD B. WALLACE



American Lockheed bombers are unloaded in England during a snow storm. Though very well built, these planes lack fire power, must be fitted with gun turrets which form a big wind-resisting bump and slow their speed.

WAR traffic is the sugar-coated pill which has restored a certain degree of financial health to the railways and temporarily eased the nation's long-standing rail problem.

Peacetime business, which was not large enough to support two great duplicate systems, has been given the added fillip of heavy war traffic. The result is that black figures have largely replaced red in railway books and both systems are rolling along at the highest level since 1930. The boom may only be temporary but it must be admitted that it is at least real while it lasts.

Already the Canadian Pacific forecasts a net for 1940 of around \$19 millions after fixed charges, a figure double that of last year. The Canadian National, in turn, hopes to whittle down its annual deficit to about \$20 millions, half that of 1939. All this despite the fact that war, while it stimulated other branches of business, crippled the export of Canada's second largest wheat crop, normally the greatest single source of rail revenue.

The great surge of traffic back to the rails in wartime is not hard to explain. The long-haul mass movement of men and materials has always been a number one railway task. In an emergency period the job becomes doubly important. Add to this the fact that the railways are now also vital links in the chain of Empire

defence, joining hands with ocean carriers to keep the supply line open from Canada's industrial home front to the theatre of war, and it is clear why both systems are chalking up the highest revenue figures in a decade.

Heavy wartime traffic has greatly improved the earnings position of the Canadian railways, and Mr. Wallace considers the possibility that further war increase plus the ultimate movement of the wheat crop will eventually bring back the record earnings level of 1928.

He thinks that while gross revenues could conceivably reach that level, net will not, because of the increase of some \$16 millions in fixed charges, the downturn of rail freight rates, the growth of highway, waterway and airline competition and the all-time high level of rail wages.

Basically, the question of post-war adjustments in the whole transportation field is more important to the railways than current high earnings.

supply effort would have been doomed to failure at the outset.

War's Influence

Technically speaking, many students feel that the railway industry is better prepared to meet immediate defence needs than almost any other single unit of the national economy. After all, railway business is handled on demand, and when the rush comes it has to be met, as the rails, unlike manufacturers, cannot go on a delayed delivery basis.

Back of present railway operations lies a quarter of a century of general speeding-up in the whole railway plant. Statistically, it is true that there are fewer cars and locomotives than in 1914, but they are better units and capable of better performance.

Freight cars, for instance, average about 10 tons larger, while locomotives are nearly half again as powerful as in 1914. The tracks over which they

run heavy term have Auto train speed time today is n 1914. Ch office now volu of t cide last betw traff form men line

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

More War Savings Needed

BY P. M. RICHARDS

MR. ILSLEY said recently in the House of Commons that the government wants to get \$10 millions a month from the sale of war savings certificates. Actually the amount now aimed at is \$12 millions monthly. While receipts from the sale of certificates have been rising rapidly lately, as the result largely of the general swing throughout industry to the pledge system of monthly contributions from the former casual purchase of savings stamps by individuals, there is still an enormous gap to be made up, if the government is to realize its hopes.



The War Savings Committee is now launching a carefully-planned drive on employers and employees to increase the investment in savings certificates. The first objective, that of gaining adoption of the pledge system of definite monthly savings, is already won, in the main. The next step is to increase the amounts of the pledges. This is where the big persuasive effort has to be made. The response to the suggestion that everybody should buy war savings certificates is already excellent, but a very large proportion of the buyers are not doing as much as they can and should be doing, the committee feels. The committee hopes to educate them to doing more, by convincing them not only of the urgency of the need but also that this is a case where the national need and self-interest coincide.

An Excellent Investment

The fact is, of course, that the buyer of war savings certificates is making an excellent personal investment as well as a very-much-needed contribution to the national war effort. The security behind the certificates is the best there is anywhere, and the investment return is good. An important point, from the individual's standpoint, is that this investment will put him in possession of funds when he is most likely to need them, which is after the war when the inevitable slump in industry occurs. Larger-than-usual earnings in wartime can thus be saved against the time when they will do the most good, and the war effort helped at one and the same time.

Incidentally, the canny buyer can use war savings certificates as a means to recover tax payments such as the National Defence Tax, by buying a \$4 savings certificate (which becomes \$5 at the end of seven years) for every dollar of tax he pays. And there is, of course, the consideration that the government has to get the money for the war program somehow, and

the more the citizen invests in savings certificates the less he is likely to have to pay in taxes.

The government is going to use persuasion as long as persuasion is effective, but will put on the pressure when it is not. The next step in the program is to get employers and employees to accept the principle of deductions from wages in place of pledges to be implemented by the employee himself. Most employers don't like this, because of the clerical work involved and because they think it would antagonize their workers, especially where various other deductions are already being made.

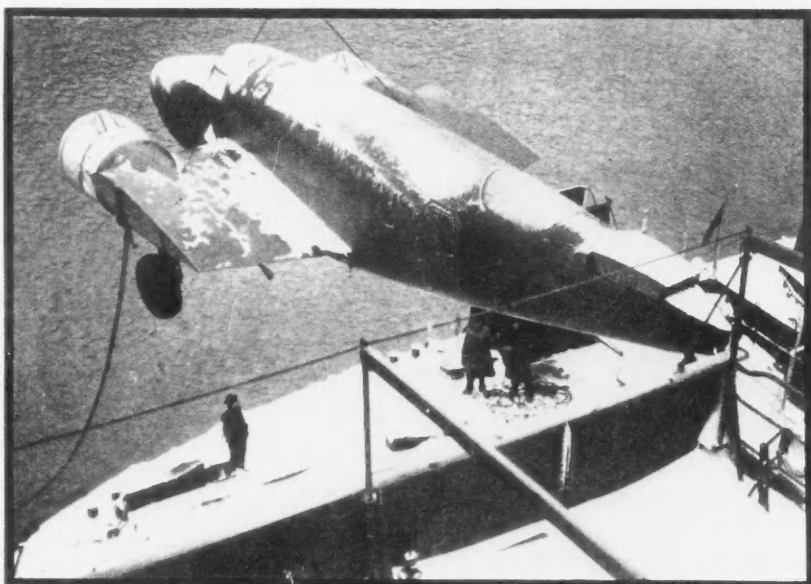
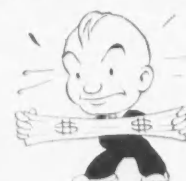
But the government plans to make them do it if they won't do it voluntarily, and later on to make the system of wage deductions for war savings apply to all employees, unwilling savers as well as willing. The final step in this pressure sequence may be the specification of minimum savings amounts by the government on a wage-percentage basis, but this is not likely to be done as long as receipts from voluntary investment are reasonably satisfactory.

Wants Public Support

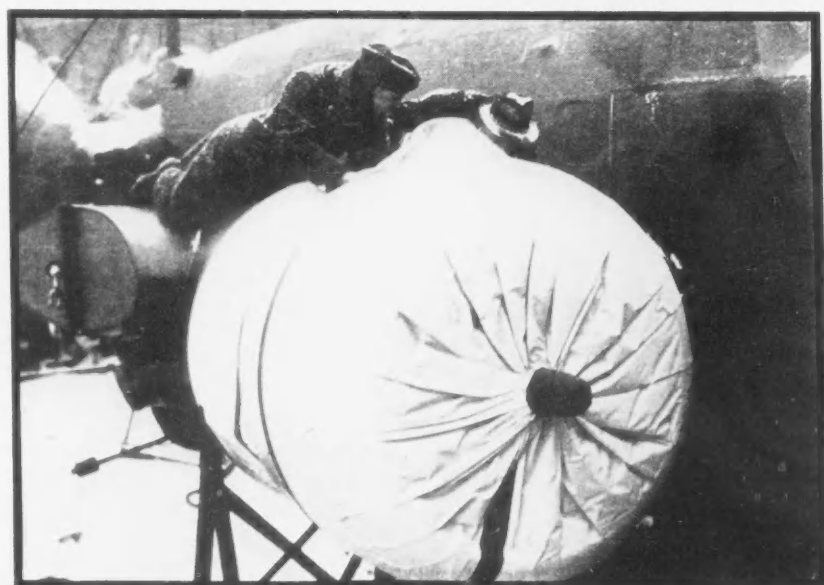
Some industrial corporations, notably one or two mining companies, are already putting very considerable pressure on their employees to invest, with rather astonishingly good results from the standpoint of receipts, but with some eyebrow-raising on the part of the government, which is very anxious to have the whole-hearted support of the public in its campaign and recognizes that only by doing so can it obtain the best results.

Ottawa wants to make the fullest possible use of the war savings plan because it knows that there is a vast reservoir of public purchasing power which cannot be reached by any system of taxation. Only the individual citizen knows what his ultimate in purchasing power is, and if that ultimate is to be made effective in support of war savings, the citizen himself must be willing as well as able.

The great virtue of war savings, as against taxation, is that the resulting reduction in personal outlay and in the consumption and production of non-essential goods is determined by the consumer himself, and thus must be more acceptable to him and more equitable for industry than any reduction imposed by government could possibly be. The consumer knows what he can do without much better than the government does.



Over the side goes the bomber. American designers, benefitting from War tests, are improving their planes. Many American planes are going to the Near East to replace obsolete ships. Instead of being pitted against the Nazis.



The bomber is prepared for rail shipment. Ralph Ingersoll, editor of PM, New York daily, urges U.S. designers to regard their airplanes as gun platforms for machine guns and cannon. Already Americans use Britain's turret.



An Italian pursuit ship buries its nose in the dirt at Orford, Suffolk. It was one of the thirteen Italian planes which were shot down in a recent raid.

run have been made stronger with heavier rail and rock ballast. The terminals which they pass through have been enlarged and modernized. Automatic signals and telephonic train control facilities make for speedier and better operating conditions all along the line. Running time has been drastically cut and today's freight train average speed is nearly two-thirds faster than in 1914.

Changes such as these lead railway officials to state that the roads can now handle double or more the volume of traffic carried at the peak of the last war, a point reached, incidentally, in 1917. Actually, during last year, in the important rail leg between Moncton and Halifax the traffic handled was double that of the former war record, and improvements recently made will permit this line to handle four times the former

war peak volume this winter. This condition, by the way, strikingly bears out the established fact that, while war needs place an overall extra traffic load of say 20 per cent on the railway plant, certain key routes may handle three to four times the general average increase.

In a modern, mechanized war like the present it is clear that supplies are the life-blood of besieged civilian population as well as of the fighting forces. In the first year of the war, just to name a few major items, the Canadian railways carried millions of pounds of lead, copper, and zinc, about 150 million bushels of wheat, close to 300 million pounds of bacon, a large volume of British Columbia lumber, about one-third of the total of 80,000 army trucks now on order, carlots of airplane engines and equipment, more than 200 tanks transferred from the U.S. Army, besides transporting the personnel of the first and second C.A.S.F. divisions to the seaboard and looking after heavy inward movements of refugees and evacuee children.

Traffic Routes Altered

The present conflict has also altered established peacetime traffic routes. For example, much of the Canadian wheat which formerly flowed through U.S. Atlantic ports during winter months was exported in record volume last winter through Saint John and Halifax. Coal from the Sydney area to Central Canada, about 90 per cent which previously moved by the water route in summer to be stored at St. Lawrence river ports, has been routed by rail in considerable volume because of the lack of shipping space on the St. Lawrence route. Timber from British Columbia, which is now being cut in record volume, and most of which formerly followed the water route via the Panama Canal, now rolls across Canada by rail.

But what does all this new war traffic and improved operating efficiency mean to the carriers in terms of financial results, particularly when Canada reaches the peak production of war goods, now estimated late next year, of around \$1.5 billions annually, and of a type which will largely move by rail. It is possible that growing war traffic, and the ultimate movement of the wheat crop, will enable the two systems to get back to the earnings level of 1928—a record year for both lines?

Rail Earnings Come Back

Here it is not easy to make a definite answer, especially as there is no way of knowing the probable length of the war or the total amount of traffic which the rails may finally be called upon to move. Rail earnings are admittedly coming back combined net for first half of 1940 totalled \$28.8 millions being nearly 6½ times that for the corresponding period of 1939—but it would seem that the gross will have to travel much further and faster if it is to leave the same relative net behind as a decade ago.

Whether or not the roads will, even with earnings swollen by war traffic, reach the 1928 record combined gross of \$556 millions is questionable, as it would mean an increase of almost \$200 millions over that of 1939. The

reason why it is much more difficult for the carriers now to derive the same relative net out of an equal amount of gross as in 1928 is due to the fact that since that year fixed charges have gone up some \$16 millions, the trend of rail freight rates has been downward, highway, waterway and airline competition has grown steadily, while the rail wage level is now at an all-time high.

On the surface, therefore, it would appear that a return of railway net earnings to the 1928 record level calls for a traffic increase well beyond the realm of probability. Revenues, of course, might even increase above 1928 levels—if we assume a violent inflationary disturbance, and this were to go so far as to produce a sharp increase in railway rates.

Perhaps even more basically important than the present heavy war traffic, and resultant increased rail earnings, both of which would seem assured so long as the war lasts, is the question of post-war adjustments in the whole broad field of transportation.

Here there is no better authority than the impartial research findings of the Rowell-Sirois Report. Turning to the field of transport, it states that there is a constantly growing and complex transportation problem taking shape in Canada, which includes all types of transport, and which ultimately must be solved as the present plight of the industry "constitutes a menace to the financial solvency and to the economic well-being of Canada."

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

STEEL ROCK

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would very much appreciate your outlining what developments have been made on the Steel Rock property and the latest news you have regarding the further development of same. Would you care to express your opinion regarding the selling, holding, or buying of this particular stock?

-D. K. L., Toronto, Ont.

Shares of Steel Rock, I think, are a good speculation and I would retain them. A huge tonnage of high grade hematite iron appears assured which is regarded as highly valuable, particularly in war time, and its production should greatly expand the

steel industry in Ontario.

I understand the company is making steady progress on its physical, as well as financial problems. All plans are being laid for big operations and while a large expenditure of money will be necessary, such action is warranted from the tremendous tonnage of high grade hematite which, it is expected, will eventually be mined.

The Steel Rock property covers an area of some 15 miles and three ore-bodies have already been demonstrated with two more indicated, but years of development will be required to determine the extent of the iron deposits fully. It now remains to be seen if underground development will confirm the large potentialities of the "A" and "B" orebodies.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

The cyclical or major direction of New York stock prices was last confirmed as downward. The short-term movement was confirmed as upward on June 12 but is now undergoing test as to continuation. Hold cash reserves.

CORRECTIVE DECLINE?

Over the past three weeks, or since its peak of early November, the stock market has registered a rather persistent decline. Because of the extent and duration of the preceding advance, that is, the upswing from June to November, we feel, as previously stated herein, that the current decline probably represents a corrective movement to such advance.

If this is the case, normal minimum and maximum limits to the correction are 128/121 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 27/25 on the rail average. Abnormal limits to the correction would be a return to the late-May/early-June lows for a double bottom. Should both averages break under such lows, however, the cyclical downward trend will have been reconfirmed, thereby classifying the swing from June to November as but a rally or technical rebound in a primary downward movement.

IMPORTANT QUESTION

An important question at the moment, therefore, is whether the May-June bottoms established a base for cyclical advance, or if new depths must be plumbed before a primary upward movement gets under way. The averages, in due course, will afford the answer. Ahead of the event, we would lean to the assumption that, barring a German defeat of Britain, which we regard as unlikely, the cyclical lows were established in May/June.

Since that date the outlook has been basically strengthened, we feel, by (1) indications that German blitz technique will not subdue Britain as it did the European Continent, (2) the initiation of a defense program in the United States and a resulting step-up in deficit expenditures to proportions suggesting probable capacity industrial operations in 1941. Even after allowance for increased taxes, this suggests a higher level of corporate earnings in 1941 than in 1940.

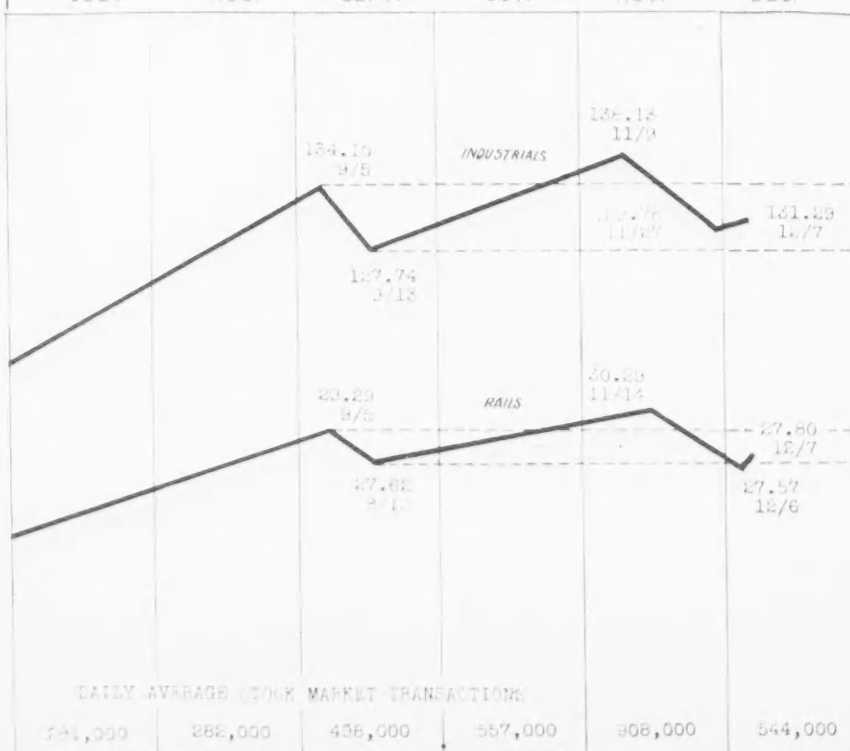
MARKET WELL LIQUIDATED

Barring extremely adverse war developments, certainly the general economic background would not seem to call for a severe liquidating movement. For one thing, there is no financial strain evident in the banking structure—quite the contrary. Again, the stock market is thoroughly liquidated. Brokers' loans, one index of the public speculative position, are below their 1932/1933 depressed levels. Industry, in turn, is in excellent cash position and, furthermore, can borrow fully from the banks and from the government. Stocks, in turn, are affording fair yields, with dividends being well covered by earnings after taxes. Lastly, there is always the potential inflation support.

Corrective price movements, such as that presumably now under way in the market, seldom are accomplished in one minor swing. Instead, a zigzag, or irregular, pattern is formed. If the current movement runs true to form, there should be recovery, or rally, of some proportions, prior to the movement's final termination.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES

JULY AUG. SEPT. OCT. NOV. DEC.



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Chartered Accountants

Toronto

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Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Limited

DIVIDEND NUMBER 339

EXTRA DIVIDEND NUMBER 68

A regular dividend of 1%, and an extra dividend of 1%, making 2% in all, have been declared by the Directors on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on the 31st day of December, 1940, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 16th day of December, 1940.

DATED the 7th day of December, 1940.

L. McIVOR,
Assistant-Treasurer.

BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER CORPORATION LIMITED

DIVIDEND No 50

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Fifty cents (\$0.50) per Share on Class "A" Shares has been declared for the three months ending December 31st, 1940, payable by cheque dated January 15th, 1941, to shareholders as of record at the close of business on Tuesday, December 31st, 1940, such cheques will be mailed on January 15th, 1941, by the Montreal Trust Company from Vancouver.

By Order of the Board,
Vancouver, B.C.
December 6th, 1940

ERNEST ROGERS, Secretary

PRECIOUS METALS

CANADA ranks high among the world producers of the precious metals. She stands third in gold and silver, second in radium and first in platinum. Radium is a relatively recent discovery among the minerals of Canada and the output of gold and platinum has been increasing rapidly. Coincident with these developments the jewellery and silverware industry of the Dominion has been growing steadily. Canada is a considerable importer of clocks, jewellery and silverware and a moderate exporter of similar manufactures.

MEAT PACKING

THE preparation of fresh and cured meats with associated products forms one of the leading branches of Canadian manufactures. It stood third in gross output value, according to the latest returns, among all Canadian manufacturing industries. Ontario leads the provinces in this industry with Quebec second; and large operations are carried on in Manitoba and Alberta. Canada does a big export trade in meats.

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THE WAY IT WORKS

GOLD & DROSS

INTERNATIONAL MILLING

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I will be very much obliged if you will advise as to whether you consider the preferred stock of the International Milling Company Limited a suitable investment for a business man.

—C. S. W., Toronto, Ont.

I think so. The 5% first preferred stock of International Milling Company has attraction for income; but appreciation possibilities are, I think, limited. You must remember in connection with this stock that, while the income is reasonably well assured, the inflationary trend upon which we seem to be entering will affect it adversely. By that I mean that the fixed income derived from a preferred stock such as this will represent less and less true purchasing power as money becomes devaluated.

Since International Milling has been doing well over the last several years, the Excess Profits Tax should not prove too burdensome. Net income for the year ended August 31st, 1940, was \$2,197,156, the highest in the company's history. This was equal to \$39.68 per preferred share, as compared with \$33.93 in the previous fiscal year. The company's financial position is exceedingly strong.

LAKE SHORE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

SATURDAY NIGHT always advises careful investigation before investing, and this policy has saved me many dollars. I am now thinking of purchasing Lake Shore Mines shares at around present figures, and would appreciate information. What about ore reserves?

—F. C., Lindsay, Ont.

While Lake Shore Mines does not estimate ore reserves, these are generally believed to be very large, an assumption based on the past performance of the mine, which indicates quite extensive orebodies; the fact that the floors above 4,500 feet, now all fairly well developed, have by no means been mined out yet; the satisfactory development at depth, which is opening excellent lengths of ore; proof of the continuity of rich ore to at least 5,000 feet, along with expectations that it will be possible to carry mining to depths of as much as 10,000 feet, or more.

Up to the end of June, 1940, since production commenced 22 years ago, Lake Shore has milled close to 10,000,000 tons of ore with a value of \$168,685,112. Ore reserves at the end of the last fiscal year were stated officially to be comparable with those of previous years, but the rate of mining is being determined to a large extent by the rock burst problem. So far there has been no interruption in the exceptional continuity of the gold bearing rocks as evidenced by results of development below 4,000 feet. In fact, the downward continuation of the veins have been proven to at least 5,000 feet.

Impressive lengths of ore are being disclosed in the main veins on the two deepest levels on which development has been practically completed. On the 4,325-foot horizon 2,732 feet, or 66.7 per cent of the total drifting is in ore, and at 4,450 feet an ore length of 2,071 feet has been opened, which is 69.5 per cent of the drifting. The veins on the 4,575 and 4,700-foot levels present much the same appearance in drifting done to date. At the end of the year the total length of drift backs available for stoping amounted to 13,290 feet.

A program for greater depth development which will last for many years is now underway and the objective of the No. 4 shaft is the 6,075-foot horizon. Several new levels are now under development and in a few months work will be proceeding on seven which should provide a substantial tonnage of ore, but it will likely be a good many years before some of the ore opened up on these levels will be mined.

LA PRAIRIE CO.

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Have you got anything on La Prairie Incorporated, Montreal? I am interested in their bonds.

H. K. K., Winnipeg, Man.

The first mortgage 6% bonds of the La Prairie Co. Inc. are quite unattractive. As you probably know, this company manufactures building and ornamental brick. Since the bulk of its income would be derived from domestic building which will necessarily be more or less dormant for the duration of the war, I would say that the outlook for the company depends a good deal on the extent to which it will benefit from war time activities. Just how much brick will be required for the construction of barracks, administration buildings, etc., it's impossible to say. Personally, I think there are a good many far more attractive securities on the market than this. The company's financial position is just fair, with net income for the years 1937, 1938 and 1939 shown at nil.

FOUR MINES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Will you kindly give me what information you can about Glenora, New Golden Rose, Eva Lake, Williamson, Hudson Bay (the old Cobalt company).

M.J., Pincher Creek, Alta.

Glenora has been inactive since July 1937, and its future appears somewhat uncertain. At the annual meeting this year the position was stated to be practically unchanged. The company is awaiting developments on adjoining properties, and at the end of 1939 had \$7,269 in cash and \$18,547 in investments at book value, with current liabilities of \$20.

New Golden Rose, which is controlled by Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company, has not experi-

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MOOSHILA

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have 200 shares of Mooshila Gold Mines bought at the fabulously high price of 77 cents a share. I see it is now 1½ to 2¼ cents. Are the mine's prospects bright enough to warrant buying a few hundred shares at the present price to "even up"?

R. Y., Sudbury, Ont.

Mooshila Gold Mines recently commenced further exploration of some untested points of interest, following a geological survey, but whether this justifies the purchase of additional shares to average down is problematical. The company suspended mining operations when it was felt the heavy expense of deepening the shaft and opening new levels was not warranted.

Funds are in hand, however, for a fairly broad exploratory program and about 3,000 feet of diamond drilling is proposed. An option on six of the company's northeast claims is held by Mic-Mac Mines. A payment of \$15,000 was made last year and the balance of the \$100,000 option price is due at the end of next March.

Western Grocers Limited

NOTICE OF DIVIDENDS

Notice is hereby given that the following dividends have been declared:

On the Preference shares, 1½% for the current quarter, payable January 15th, 1941, to shareholders of record December 20th, 1940.

On the Common Shares, 75¢ per share, payable January 15th, 1941, to shareholders of record December 20th, 1940.

By order of the Board,

W. P. RILEY,
President.

Moneta Porcupine Mines

Limited

(No Personal Liability)

DIVIDEND NO. 10

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of three cents per share has been declared by the Directors of Moneta Porcupine Mines Limited (No Personal Liability) payable in Canadian funds on January 15th, 1941, to Shareholders of record December 31st, 1940.

By order of the Board,

H. B. CLEARIHUE,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, Ontario,
December 9th, 1940.

The Toronto Mortgage Company

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of \$1.25 per share, upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company, has been declared for the current Quarter, and that the same will be payable on and after 2nd January, 1941, to Shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business on 14th instant.

By order of the Board,

WALTER GILLESPIE,
Manager.

5th December, 1940.

McCOLL-FRONTENAC OIL COMPANY LIMITED



Preferred Stock Dividend No. 52.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of \$1.00 per share being at the rate of 6 per cent per annum has been declared on the 6 per cent cumulative Preferred Stock of McColl-Frontenac Oil Company Limited, for the quarter ending December 31st, 1940, payable January 15th, 1941, to shareholders of record at the close of business December 31st, 1940.

By order of the Board,

FRED HUNT,
Secretary.

November 27th, 1940.



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COLIN E. SWORD, Manager for Canada

ABOUT INSURANCE

Savings Element in Life Policy Valuable Feature

BY GEORGE GILBERT

A consideration of level premium legal reserve life insurance from various angles must lead to the conclusion that the savings or investment element in whole life, limited payment life, endowment and retirement income policies is an exceedingly valuable addition to the function of pure protection. As a means of building up a fund to take care of them after retirement, life insurance is the best and safest method available for most people who must depend upon their earnings to provide for the future.

It would therefore seem to be the part of wisdom for them to combine their protection and investment plans in a single life insurance program, rather than attempt to divide them into two parts—one, pure protection on the term plan which has no savings or investment element at all, and the other a separate investment fund.

EXPERIENCE of over 200 years in Great Britain and of about 100 years in Canada and the United States has amply proved that the only sound and permanently satisfactory basis upon which to carry on a life insurance undertaking with safety to the public is the level premium legal reserve system.

As has been often pointed out before, the theory of level premium life insurance is based on the premise that the individual net premiums paid by policyholders will be accumulated at definite rates of interest, so that the total will be adequate to maintain a reserve sufficient to meet all of the provisions of the policy contracts as the obligations become due.

Under the level premium legal reserve system, the annual premiums remain the same throughout the whole premium-paying period, although the actual cost of carrying the risk increases each year with the advance in the age of the insured. As an illustration of how the system works in practice, let us take the case of a whole life policy with level annual premiums. The net premiums charged in the early years are greater than are necessary to cover the insurance risk, but this excess must be held and invested at interest for the later years when the advancing age of the insured will bring with it a rate of mortality higher than could be met by the net premium payable were it not reinforced by a reserve accumulated in the earlier years.

Reserves Needed

Under endowment policies, too, where the sum insured is payable at the end of a certain number of years or at prior death, even though the death of the insured has not occurred, it is necessary each year to set aside an additional sum so that when the endowment period expires the reserve will have accumulated to an amount equal to the sum insured.

Thus the reserve funds held by life insurance institutions, which seem so colossal in some cases, are simply the sums which they must have in hand in interest earning investments in order to meet their obligations in the future under existing contracts.

In considering these reserve funds, it must always be borne in mind that they are trust funds, payable in due course to the millions of policyholders who have entrusted them to the companies or to the beneficiaries of these policyholders. As stewards and trustees, rather than as owners, the companies must invest these accumulated funds in a manner that will guarantee the performance of their obligations.

Safety is the cardinal principle of investment policy in regard to life insurance funds, and the companies are restricted by law to certain prescribed classes of securities, while in this country the efficient supervision of the Dominion Insurance Department ensures that the provisions of the law in this respect are complied with by institutions operating under

the Dominion of Canada registry.

Under the legal reserve system, the insured is not only protected to the full face value of his policy however far into the future his contract may extend, but he is also building up a savings element or cash value which may be utilized by him in later life, when protection of dependents is no longer required, to provide an income for himself or for any other purpose which may best meet his needs at that time.

Non-Forfeiture

Further, after the policy has been in force for a certain number of years, there are available several non-forfeiture options. In the event of his inability to keep up his premium payments or his desire to discontinue the insurance, he may obtain a premium loan on the policy in order to keep it in force, or a paid up policy for a stated amount, or the cash value specified in the policy, or extended term insurance for a stated period of years without further payment of premiums, after which time if the insured is still living the insurance terminates. Each of these non-forfeiture values is based on the amount of the reserve accumulated under the policy.

Life insurance on the legal reserve system provides an absolutely safe plan by which a person can not only provide protection for his dependents in case of his early death but also protection for himself and his family in old age. He will find that life insurance will perform a service for him in this way that is not obtainable through any other means.

By the combination of a life insurance and annuity contract, he can assure an income for himself at retirement age which will continue throughout the remainder of life, irrespective of its length, while at the same time making ample provision for his dependents should he himself not live to retirement age. He will find, too, that he can accomplish these objects through life insurance for a smaller outlay than through any other means.

Failure at 65

A survey twelve years ago of the financial status of people aged 65 showed that even in those prosperous times the great majority of them were in a state of financial dependence. While those people, of course, did not start out with any idea of failure to achieve some measure of financial independence during the working period of their life, the fact remains that they did not make or were not able to make effective provision for old age. Perhaps in many cases the fault lay more in the plan they depended upon for success in that direction than in themselves.

For most people the method of building up a competence for old age through the investment of surplus earnings as they come to hand from time to time does not produce the desired result. The investment method requires more expert knowledge and skill than the great majority of persons possess. As fre-

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Mutual Insurance Company

Assets Exceed \$2,600,000.00

Surplus 1,330,363.89

Dominion Govt. Deposit exceeds 1,000,000.00

Wawanesa ranks 1st against all Companies operating in Canada on Net Fire Premiums Written according to Dominion figures for 1939.

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Branches at Vancouver, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Winnipeg, Montreal and Moncton.

—2,000 Agents Across Canada—



ABSOLUTE SECURITY
W. R. HOUGHTON, MANAGER

quently pointed out in this connection, the records show that the average man cannot make three consecutive successful investments.

Retirement income policies should make a stronger appeal than ever before, especially in view of the increasing difficulty of obtaining a satisfactory interest yield on ordinary investments. In the face of the prevailing low interest rates, it is becoming more difficult all the time for people to provide for the future on a straight investment basis.

Life insurance in Canada enjoys an unequalled prestige for safety and security because of the way in which it has met all tests during good times and hard times, in peace time and in war time. There has been no shrinkage in the face value of life insurance and annuity contracts, whatever may have happened to other securities, and the sound legal reserve basis upon which life insurance rests furnishes a guarantee that its contracts will continue to be worth their full face value in the future.

INSURANCE INQUIRIES

Editor, About Insurance:

I would appreciate it very much if you would kindly explain the premium note attaching to the policies issued by mutual fire insurance companies, how this premium note operates, and how long the liability under it lasts.

—B. W. E., Oshawa, Ont.

Provision is made in the insurance law for the insurance of agricultural property by mutual fire insurance companies on the premium note plan. That is, the company may accept the premium note of the insured instead of cash, such note being subject to cash payments and assessments for the losses, expenses and reserves of the company in the manner prescribed by law.

It is provided by law that the rate to be charged or taken by way of premium note for insuring agricultural property, other than brick, stone or concrete dwellings, shall not be less than \$3 for three years for every \$100 of insurance, while the minimum rate upon other property may be increased or decreased relatively with the risk according to the nature of the property.

Under the law, the insured on the premium note plan is liable to pay the cash payments and all assessments lawfully levied by the directors during the full term of the policy or within forty days thereafter in respect of which the prescribed notice has been given. The insurance company has the right, after giving the required notice, to sue and re-

cover the same with the costs of the suit.

At the time of the application for the insurance on the premium note plan the company may require a cash payment on the premium note of not less than 80 cents for three years for every \$100 of insurance.

Editor, About Insurance:

The Canadian Indemnity Company, Victory Building, Winnipeg, has, I understand, left the Board, and are at present offering greatly reduced fire insurance rates to some preferred risks in this mining camp, where until the present the rates have been almost prohibitive. Your opinion upon the soundness of this company and their change of attitude would be appreciated.

—R. H. C., Geraldton, Ont.

Canadian Indemnity Company, with head office at Winnipeg, was incorporated and commenced business in 1912, and has steadily grown in business and financial strength.

The Economic War

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

IN ONE sense the waging of economic war is a vastly simpler matter than the waging of war by means of guns, tanks, ships and aeroplanes. "Positive" war on the land, in the air, or on the sea, couples

It has had the benefit of skilful and careful management since its inception, and now occupies a strong position in the business. All claims are readily collectable and the company is safe to insure with.

At the end of 1939 its total assets were \$2,072,775.82, while its total liabilities except capital amounted to \$1,012,369.27, showing a surplus as regards policyholders of \$1,060,406.55. Comparing the amount of the surplus as regards policyholders with the amount of the unearned premium reserve liability, \$659,303.86, it will be seen that the company occupies a strong financial position in relation to the volume of business transacted. As the paid up capital amounted to \$500,000.00, there was thus a net surplus of \$500,406.55 over capital, unearned premium reserves and all liabilities. Its total income in 1939 was \$1,140,285.57, and its total expenditure, \$989,835.38, showing an excess of income over expenditure of \$150,450.19.

Its decision to reduce rates on certain risks was doubtless based on its experience with such risks over a period of years.

always the operative problem with the problems connoted by the term high strategy. In economic war the strategical objectives are clear cut and beyond dispute, so that there can be an exclusive concentration on the operative means to achieve apparent and unchanging ends.

The development of the war has certainly altered the part played by economic warfare. At the outset it appeared quite possible that there would continue on the military fronts a stalemate sufficiently protracted to give the weapon of blockade an opportunity of exercising a decisive effect. The conquest of virtually all the European Continent by Germany has, however, put paid to any idea that by itself economic warfare can win the war. Its part must continue to be as handmaid to the three Services, and its function must now be to harass the enemy and to prevent his military machine from attaining full power until the might of the Allies has grown to a clearly decisive point of superiority.

Blockade Not Enough

The word blockade does not indicate the full nature of the function of economic war. It obviously is not enough to blockade an enemy whose realm has swollen to contain vast productive areas. But the direction of military attack can in many departments be most usefully conducted, where its object is not the achievement of final victory by a single mass manoeuvre, under the control of the economic experts. Now, for instance, the highly-effective bombing of Germany and German-occupied territory is planned by consultation with the Ministry of Economic Warfare, which considers bombing as the most effective stimulant to the achievements of its own blockade.

A pamphlet, "Britain's Blockade", written by Mr. R. W. B. Clarke, emphasises the value of this collaboration. In particular, it observes that the major obstacle in the way of utilizing vast new conquests which have no coherent economic entity is the difficulty of transport, coupled with the difficulty of economic disposition, where new resources may be secured without any corresponding industrial plant for their utilization, or where new economic conquests in raw material may be unmatched by the attribution of the essential co-operative materials without which proper exploitation is impossible. It is the task of the blockade to ensure that none of the shortages in the latter category is made up by imports, and it is one of the tasks of the bomber to exaggerate the transport hindrances, so as to keep the economic advantages down to a minimum, or even to turn them into actual liability.

The prime example of transport trouble (so far as Germany is con-

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cerned) is, of course, the availability of vast Russian supplies on paper and their almost complete unavailability in fact. But the same factor operates to greater or less degree in all the areas overrun by the Nazis, and that is why the Bomber Command has not occupied itself with conducting reprisals against German air attacks on civilian Britain. They have a bigger job in hand. They have the roads, the railways and the canals to attack, and the big store centres and the manufacturing plants. It is by incessant attack on these that the Germans are prevented from making full use of their economic conquests. And that, in the broadest sense, is certainly economic warfare.

Bombers in Economic Attack

The bombers therefore represent the aggressive spearhead of the economic attack. The blockade has in no sense lost its value, however, even if it cannot now win the war off its own bat. Mr. Clarke says that the blockade makes the industrial system brittle, and in this phrase he gives the truth that blockade cannot achieve a decisive direct influence over the short-term, but that it can so rob the economic system of essential elasticity that the breaking point is reached sooner and the resulting collapse intensified to a great extent. This second aspect of economic

brittleness is likely to be illumined in more blazing colors because of the German talent for planning. The Germans, it has been said, can plan themselves silly. Certainly, they have been able to achieve a completeness of economic rationalization which has tended to conceal, even from themselves, the fundamental effects of the British blockade. But this keying-up of industrial organization only makes the inevitable collapse more certain, and more utter when it does come.

Meanwhile, the Ministry of Economic Warfare does not pretend that it has no lessons to learn. Great Britain is also the subject of the combined blockade-bomber attack, and our defences would profit, even though this sort of attack can never vitally affect our war effort, by an additional measure of that economic organization of which the Germans have made themselves masters.

And there is scope for further and more detailed co-operation between the three Services, particularly the Navy—and the Ministry in order to pull the noose tighter round the Nazi neck. What the bombers do from the air, the Navy might do, with the co-operation of the Army, from the sea. The Army's real chance will, of course, come later, but the results of that action will not be confined to the harassing category in which the Ministry of Economic Warfare's efforts must remain.

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ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT LIFE INSURANCE INSTITUTIONS

GOLD miners throughout Canada are being urged by the federal government to further intensify their efforts. The Minister of Finance, Hon. Mr. Ilsley, has again made it clear that greater production of this metal is desired. That being the case, there is no doubt entertained but that the operators of gold mines will cooperate to the utmost of their ability. Because of this, the production of gold in Canada may reasonably continue its sharp rise. The Minister of Finance recently declared: "We are producing and selling to the United States newly-mined gold in an amount which will probably reach or exceed two hundred million dollars this year, and I make

What the Mines Are Doing

BY J. A. McRAE

no excuse for laying it as a patriotic obligation upon our gold mining industry to increase that amount next year by every means known to the able and experienced operators of that industry."

Pilot work by diamond drilling at the 1,175 and 1,300 ft. levels of the Preston East Dome has indicated an orebody of major importance. One section of drill core showed a gold content of 1.5 ozs. gold to the ton. Particularly big widths are men-

tioned, but there is some hesitation to credit these pending additional evidence. It is considered possible that intersection of the deposit may have been made at an angle. A drill core drawn from the 1,175 ft. level indicated one-quarter of an ounce of gold in each ton of ore over a width of 170 ft.

Pickle Crow Gold Mines has developed a length of more than 300

ft. of ore at the 750 ft. level of its north ore zone. In this length the gold content is approximately \$20 to the ton over an average width of five feet. The prospects are favorable for this length being increased as work proceeds.

Nickel Offsets, Ltd., controlled by Albert Wende and associates of Buffalo, N.Y., is preparing for development. A new roadway 12 miles in length has been completed to the property from Chelmsford. The

grade of ore compares favorably with the general average in the Sudbury nickel-copper field. Previous work indicated ore containing \$6,500,000 based upon conservative estimates.

Siscoe Gold Mines is maintaining uniform performance, with the mill handling 58,000 to 59,000 tons of ore per month. Grade of ore, however, during 1940 has shown a serious decline to an average of around \$7.60 per ton as compared with an average of \$8.96 per ton in 1939.

Metal mines in the province of Ontario paid over \$65,000,000 in dividends during 1940. Some 41 companies participated.



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CHOOSING the right truck to meet your needs is simple—when you choose a New 1941 Fargo!

Fargo Trucks are made in 12 different models from $\frac{1}{2}$ ton to 3 ton heavy duty... with 16 different wheelbases, 6 engines and a wide range of frames, clutches, rear axles and transmissions.

If light, fast delivery is your need, Fargo offers you a choice of $\frac{1}{2}$ ton and $\frac{3}{4}$ -1 ton capacities with standard express and panel bodies in 3 lengths—or the three chassis models, illustrated below, for special body mounting.

If transport or heavy duty hauling is your problem, then Fargo offers you a wide range of models including $1\frac{1}{2}$ ton, $1\frac{1}{2}$ ton C.O.E., 2 ton, 2 ton C.O.E., $2\frac{1}{2}$ ton, 3 ton dual purpose, 3 ton special, 3 ton C.O.E., 3 ton heavy duty and 3 ton Diesel models.

Fargo Trucks are built in Canada by Chrysler—your assurance of quality that means longer life, better performance, lower upkeep and repair costs.

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Trucks too small for your work or too large for your needs are costly.



Fargo has 12 different models and 16 wheelbases—one to meet your needs.

Trucks that are overpowered or underpowered are wasteful.



Each Fargo Truck has the right one of six different truck engines.

Trucks with the right sized units throughout last longer on your job.

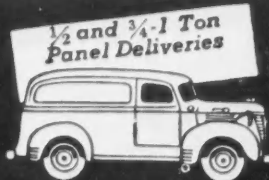


Each Fargo Truck has the right one of many clutches, transmissions, rear axles and frames.

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All 1941 Fargo Trucks are competitively priced in all capacities.



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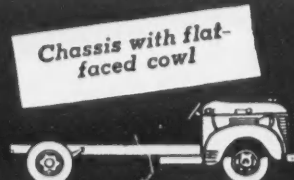
$\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ -1 Ton Express Pick-ups



Chassis and cab



Chassis with wind-shield cowl



Chassis with flat-faced cowl

Built in Canada by Chrysler